



THE
MISCELLANEOUS WORKS
OF
TIM BOBBIN, Esq.

Containing
HIS VIEW OF THE
Lancashire Dialect;

With large Additions and Improvements.

— ALSO —
HIS POEM OF THE
FLYING DRAGON
AND THE
MAN OF HEATON.

Together with other his Whimsical Amusements,

IN PROSE AND VERSE.

Some of which never before Published.

The Whole embellished with Ten Copper Plates.

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The following Observations may be useful to those who are Strangers to the Lancashire Pronunciation.

IN some Places in *Lancashire* we found *a* instead of *o*, and *o* instead of *a*. For example we say *far*, instead of *for*; *shart* instead of *short*; and again we say *hort*, instead of *heart*; and *port*, instead of *part*; *hont*, instead of *hand*, &c.

Al and *All* are generally sounded broad, as *aw* (or *o*) for *all*; *Haw* (or *Ho*) for *Hall*; *Awmeety*, for *Almighty*; *awlus*, for *always*, &c.

In some places we found *k*, instead of *g*; as *think*, instead of *thing*; *wooink* for *wooning*, &c.

The Letter *d* at the End of Words, and the Termination *ed*, are often chang'd into *t*; as *behint*, for *behind*; *wynt*, for *wind*; *awkert*, for *awkward*; *awtert*, for *altered*, &c.

In some Parts it is common to sound *ou*, and *ow* as *a*; as *tha'*, for *thou*; *Ka* (or *Ca*) for *Cow*. In other Places we found the *ou* and *ow* as *eu*; as *theaw*; for *thou*; *Keaw*, for *Cow*; *Heawse*, for *House*; *Meawse*, for *Mouse*.

The Saxon Termination *en* is generally retained

retain'd but mute ; as *hat'n*, *lov'n*, *desir'n*,
think'n, *bought'n*, &c.

In general we speak quick and short ; and cut of a great many Letters, and even Words by Apostrophies ; and sometimes found two, three or more Words as one. For Instance, we say *I'll got'* (or *I'll gut'*,) for *I'll go to* ; *runt'*, for *run to* ; *hoost*, for *she shall* ; *intle* (or *int'll*) for *If thou will* ; *I wou'didd'n*. for *I wish you wou'd*, &c.

But as Trade in a general Way has now flourish'd for near a Century, the Inhabitants not only Travel, but encourage all Sorts of useful Learning ; so that among Hills, and Places formerly unfrequented by Strangers, the People begin within the few years of the Authors Observations to speak much better English. If it can properly be called so.



READER.



R E A D E R.

Hear a Spon-new *Cank* between th'
Eawther and his *Buk*.

TIM BOBBIN enters by his fell,
beawt Wig; Grinning on scratting his nob.

Tim. **G**OOD lorjus deys, whot woso Times ar' theese!
Pot-baws-ar scant, an dear is *Seawl* an *Cheese*!
Eawr Gorum Guides hus seely Sheep dan rob;
Oytch Publick Trust is choyng'd into a Job;
Leys, Taxes, Customs, meyn our plucks to throb!
Yet I'm war thrutch'd, between two arran Rogues,
For bigger Skeawndrills never treed o'Brogues,
Than Finch an Stuart---Strawngers to aw reet,
They rob poor Timmy, e'en 'ith oppon leet?
This meys me neaw, to cross theese Rascots eends
To send agen to my owd trusty Fri ends:
For Truth is Truth, tho't favours like a Pun,
I'm poor God-wot---

Buk. Heaw so?

Tim. My Crap's aw done!

Buk. Whoo-who whoo-who whoo!

Whot pleagu't withth' owd Company ?
 Rime an Poverty agen ! Neaw een the Dule
 Scrat o'---I thowt idd'n go bank· for yoar
 Sib to thoofe Gotum tikes otteth complen'n
 fo, on ar nee'r fatisfy'd,

Tim. Whoøas tat tee owd Friend ? I
 thowt teawd bin jaunting it like hey-go-
 mad, weh thoofe Foster Feathers o'thine,
Stuart, Finch, an Schofield. o' Middlewich

Buk. Ne beleady naw I ; I'd scornt'
 touch fitch Powfments with Tungs.

Tim. Whau, boh has ta naw heard ot
 tat Creawfete tike *Stuart*, and Clummerheads
Finch, an Schofield, han donn'd oytch on
 uma Bantling eh three o' the kest-off Jumps,
 and think'nt put *Yorshar* o' fok' ? It's fitch
 wark os 'tis ot meys met' scrat where eh
 dunnaw Itch, hears to me ?

Buk. Yigh yigh ; I've heard on't ; boh
 the Dule ride humpftridd'n o begging, o'
 thoofe ot connaw tell a Bitter-bump fro a
 Gillhooter, fey I.

Tim. E, lack o' dey ! Belike theaw does
 naw know ot thoofe ott'n Steyl win lye :
 an ot teyn mey no bawks o telling fok, ot
 teres ist reet breed o' Bandyhewits ; an to
 clench it, they'n shew ther Whelps e' the
 owd Petch-wark-jump---an hew then ?

Buk. Ney this is a Cutter too-too ! a
 wofe.

woso Blessin indeed ! Boh ister no wey o cumming meet with um ? s'flesh I'd Rime on um, or summot---Yoar us't e cudd'n a Rim't.

Tim. Odds fish ; they're partly like Karron Crows, mon ; they're naw worth me Shot.

Buk. But hark o', tell me one think ; dunneh aim at sending me cawt agen on another tramp ?

Tim. Wuns eigh ; theawrt likt' strowll ogen, as shure os a Tup's a Sheep.

Buk. Oddzo then, whetherth' Hullets ar worth Shot or naw, I'd hav' o pash at Piggin if e pede for Garthing ; do yo' clap some pleagy Rimes, oth' Neb o me Cap, eh' plene Print hond, ot oytch body mey see um, chez where eh cum.

Tim. I did Berm up some Rimes o top on Sign pow, before *Stuart's Shop e Wiggin* ; boh they're fitch rackless dozening Gawbies ; ot I think o sharp Red-whot Whotyel wou'd naw prick a Priate's Conscience ; for theyn nother Feeling, Sheme, nor Grease !

Buk. Do as I bid o' for wonst ; let't leet heav't will.

Tim. Whau, weh aw my Heart--boh
howd ;

howd ; le me see its none so good t' begin
o Riming, ot I see on---hum---neaw for't.

Robbing's a Trade that's practis'd by the Great,
Our ruling Men are only Th—es of State.

Buk. Howd howd howd the Dickons
tak o'---! I see whot's topmost ; yoan be
hong'd or some Mischief---on then aw'll
be whooup with o' efeath !

Tim. Not e Goddil belike !---dust think
fo---? 'flid boh I hete honging---do thee
set ogete then.

Buk. Whau, I'll begin o this'n.

E Whiff-waff *Stuart*—! sniftering *Finch*! yoknown,
Virtue has laft o'—Truth is fro o' flown!
Pirate's a Name——

Tim. Whot te Dule art' woode---
Whot il't doo weh this Whisso whaffo
Stuff? dust think Rime mun owlus tawk
stump Loncashire?

Buk. Eigh, why naw.: let um speyk
greadly os we done e Godsnum.

Tim. Ne ne ; ittle naw doo ; to mitch
of owt's good for nowt ; heawe'er in't
wou'd hav' umt' meeon some heawo that'n,
theyd'n bettert'be o this'n

Ah, doughty *Stuart*! worthy *Finch*! you know
Virtue's a Bubble—Honesty a Shew!
Pirate's a Name, you're not asham'd to own
Tho' this and Foot-pad unto Tim's all one.

Such

Such Men as these for gaining of Groat
If screen'd by Law—wou'd—

Neaw byth' maskins if I be naw fast !

Buk. Then year fast with a little efeath ;
for I con lose o' e that point.

Tim. Le me see---ho, neaw I height,
it's be,

Slash ther Neighbour's Coat.

Buk. Ne byth' Lord Harry shall it naw ;
if I mun rule ; for it's be,

Cut ther Neighbour's Throat.

Tim. Whau whau, with aw my heart ;
boh let *Stuart*, *Finch*, and *Schofield*, thoofe
Bellweathers, an *Hitch*, and *Haws* ; ther
sheepish Followers ley ther Sows together,
an tey which they lik'n best.

Buk. Well well its cleverly Rim'to Tim
heawe'er, let't be whether it will : whot
an awf wur I t'pretend Rime weh yo !

Tim. Well boh we'n had enough o this
foisty matter ; lets tawk o' summot
elze ; on furst tell me heaw tha' went on
eh the last jaunt ?

Buk. Go a on ! beleady, I cou'd ha
gon on weantly, on bin o whoam ogen
with Crape meh Slop in a snift ; if id
naw met at oytch nook, thoofe bastertly
Whelps sent cawt be *Stuart*, *Finch*, an
Schofield.

Tim.

Tim Pooh---I dunnaw meeon heaw fok harbort'n't or cuttern't o'er thee ; boh whot thoofe fawfe Lunnoners sed'n abeawt te Jump ot's new Over-bodyt ?

Buk. Ho ha---neaw I height ; yo meeon'n thoofe lung feetit fok ot glooar'n fecont time a tBuks ; an whooa I'r feer'd woud rent me Jump to Chatters.*

Tim. Reet mon reet---that's hit---

Buk. Why then to tell o'true I'r breed with a Gorfe wagging ; for they took'n me ith' reetleet too a hure.

Tim. Heaw's tat e Godsnun ?

Buk. Why ot yoad'n donn'd me a thifs'n like a Meawntebanks foo, for th' wonst, to meyth' Rabblement fun.

Tim. E, law ! on did'n the awvsh shap, an the Pecklt jump pan, sed'n the ?

Buk. Eigh eigh primely efeath---! for the glooar'nt sooar at me ; turn't me reawnt like a Tealier, when e meafers fok ; chuck't me under th' Chin ; ga me a honey-buttercake, on sed opp'nly, they ne'er saigh an awkert look, a queer shap, an a peckl't jump, gee better eh ther live †

Tim. Neaw ee'n fair-faw um sey I---theefe

* The Reviewers

† For understanding this Sentence, vid. *Monthly Review*, for Dec. 1750, pa. 156.

theese wur'n th'boggarts ot flayd'n thee!
but I'd awlus a notion at tear'n no Gon-
norheeds.

Buk. Gonnerheeds ! now now not te
marry : boh I carrit me sell meety meeverly
tooto, an did as o bidd'n meh.

Tim. Then theaw tow'd um th' tele, 'an
fed th' Rimes, an aw, did to ?

Buk. Th' Tele an th' Rimes ! 's flesh I
believe e did, boh I know no moor on
um neaw, than a seawking-pig.

Tim. Od rottle the ; whot seys to ! has
to foryeat'n th' Tealier finding th' Urchon ;
an th' Rimes !

Buk. Quite, quite ; as e hope to chieve !

Tim. Neaw ee'n the Dule steawnd te
sey I ! whot a fufs mun I hav' to teytch
um the ogen !

Buk. Come come, dunnaw fly up in a
frap ; o body connow carry oytch mander
o think e ther Nob.

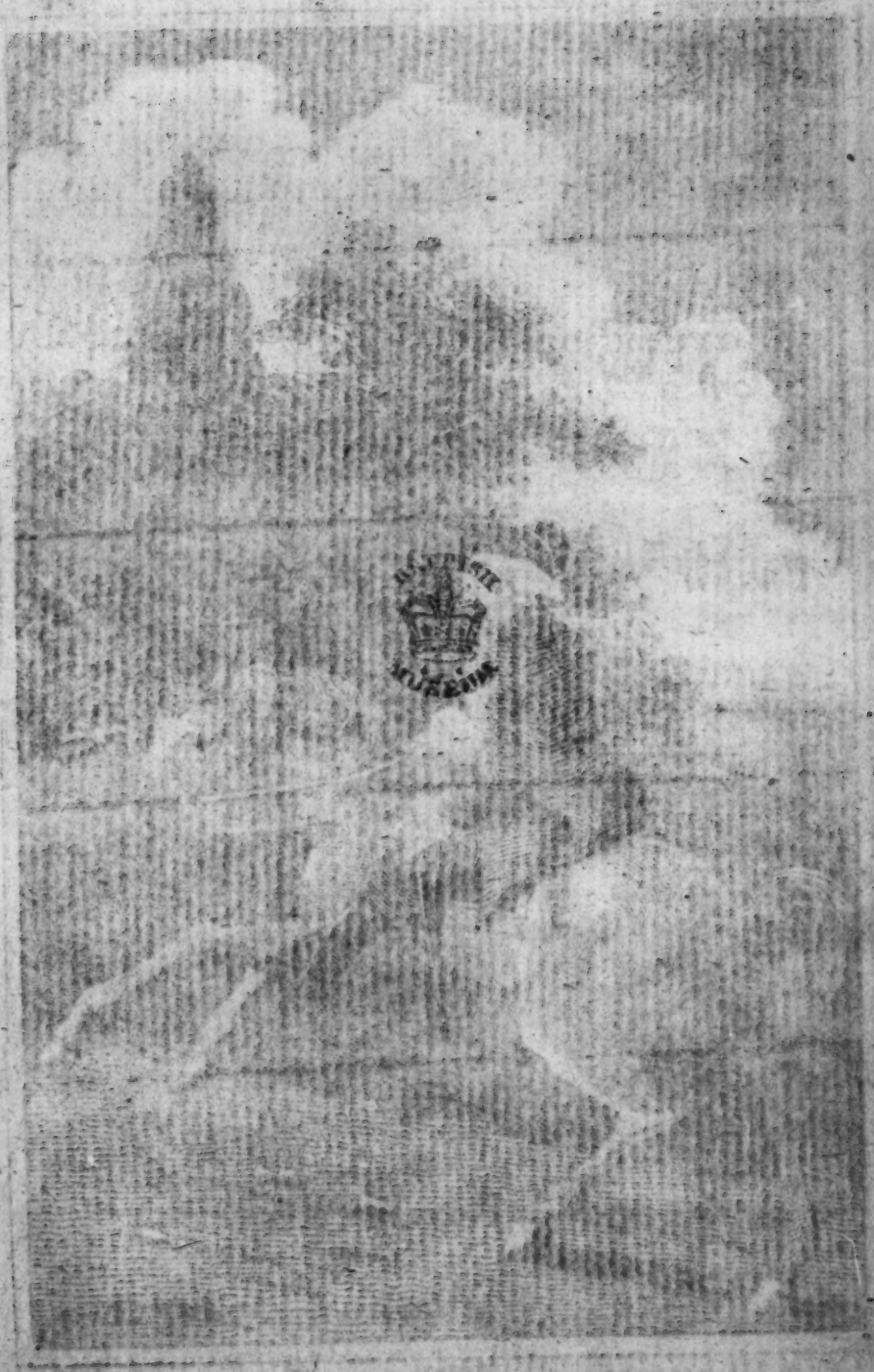
Tim. Whau, boh mind neaw, theaw
gawmbling tike, otto con tell th tele, and
seyth' Rimes be rot, titely.

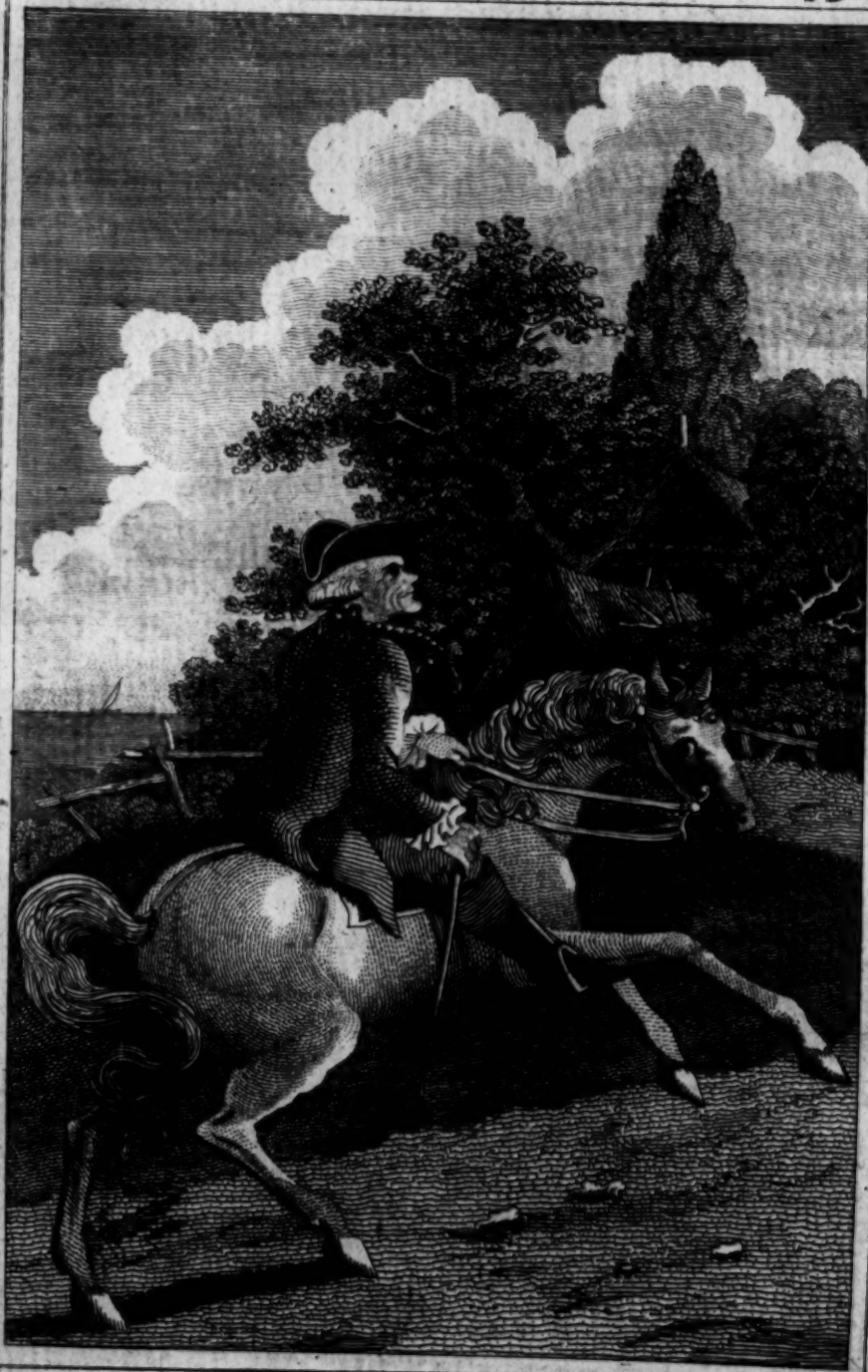
Buk. Fear me naw, fed Doton ; begin.

Tim. A Tealier e Crummil's time wur
thrunk pooing Turmits in his Pingot, on
fund en Urchon ith' Had-loont-reean ;
he glendurt at't lung boh cou'd mey nowt
on't

on't. He whoavt his Whisket oe'rt, runs Whoam, an tells his Neighbours he thowt in his Guts ot he'd fund a think at God newer mede cawt ; for it, had nother hecad nor tele ; Hont nor Hough ; midst nor eend ! Loath t' believe this, hoave a Duzz'n on um wou'd geawtsee if they cou'd'n mey shift t' gawm it, boh is capt um aw ; for they newer o won on um ee'r saigh th' like afore. Then theyd'n a Keawnfil, anth'eend ont wur, ot teyd'n fotch a lawm, fawse, owd Felly ; het on Elder, ot cou'd tell oytch think ; for they look'nt on him as th' Hammil-Scoance, an thowt he'r fuller o Leet thin a Glow-worm's A---se. When they'dn towd him th' kесе, he stroakt his Beeart ; Sowght ; an ordert' th' Wheelbarrow with Spon-new Trindle t' be fotch. 'Twur dun, and the beawlt'nt him away toth' Urchon in a Crack. He glooart att a good while ; droyd his Beeart deawn, an wawtit it o'er with his Crutch. Wheel meh obeawt ogen, oth' tother Side fed he, for it sturs, an be that it shou'd be whick. Then he dons his Spectacles, steart at't agen, on Sowghing fed ; Breether, its summot : Boh Feather *Adam* nother did nor cou'd Kerfun it ---Wheel me Whoam ogen.

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Buk. I remember it neaw weel enough, bo if theese Viewers cou'd gawm it, oytch Body cou'd naw ; for I find neaw ot yo com pare'n me too an Urchon, ot has noather Heead nor Tele ; 'Sflesh is not it like running me deawn, an a bit to Bobberfome ?

Tim. Now now naw it, for o meeny o fok wou'd gawm th' Rimes, but very lite wou'd understond th' Tealier an his Urchon.

Buk. 'Th Rimes---hum---le me see---Sblid, I foryeat'n thoofe too, I deawt !

Tim. Whoo-who who whoo ! whot a 'dozening Jobberknow at teaw !

Buk. Good lorjus o'me, a body connaw doo moor thin the con ; con the ! Boh if in teytch um me agen, an I foryeat um agen, een raddle meh Hoyd titely, sey I.

Tim. Mind te hits then.

Some write to shew their Wit and Parts.

Some shew you *Whig*, some *Tory* Hearts.

Some flatter *Knaves*, some *Fops*, some *Fools*,

And some are *M---st---l* Tools.

Buk. Eigh marry, oytchbody seys so---an Gonnorheeds they are forther Labbor.

Tim. Some few in Virtue's Cause do write,
But these, alas ! get little by't.

Buk. Indeed I con believe o'----Wheel rim't heawe'er---gooa on.

B

Tim. Some

Tim. Some turn out *Maggots* from their Head,
Which die, before their *Author's* dead

Buk. Zuns! Aw *Englandshire'll* think
at yoarglenting at toose Fratching, Byzen,
Craddinly Taykes, as writ'n sich Papers
osth' *Test!* and sich Cawf-teles as *Cornish*
Peter, ot fund a New Ward, Snying weh
Glums and Gawries.

Tim. Some write such Sense in *Prose* and *Rhime*,
Their works will *wrestle hard*, with Time.

Buk. That will be prime wrosthling
efeath,---for I've heard um sey. Time con-
quers aw Things.

Tim. Some few print *Truth*, but many *Lies*,
On *Spirits*---down to *Butterflies*.

Buk. Reet abeawt Boggarts---on th'
tother Ward---on Mon ith' Moon, an
fitch like Geer :-----Get Eendwey ; its
prime Rime efeath.

Tim. Some write to *please*, some do't for *Spite*,
But want of *Money* makes me write.

Buk. By th' Miss th'owd story ogen,
boh I think e meh Guts at it's true---ittle
doo--yo need'n Rime no more, for it is
better in lickly--Whewt on Tummus on
Meary.

Enter



Enter TUMMUS and MEARY.

TUM. Odds me Meary! whooa the Dickons wou'd o' thowt o' leeting o' thee here so soyne this Morning? Where has to bin? Theaw'rt aw on a Swat, I think; for theaw looks primely.

Mea. Beleemy Tummus, I welly lost my wynt; for I've had fitch o'traunce this Morning as eh neer had e'meh live: For I went to Jone's o' Harry's o'lung Jone's, for't borrow their Thible, to stur th' Furmetry weh, an his Wife had lent it to Bet o'my Gronny's: So I skeawrt eend-wey, an' when eh coom there hoo'd lent it Kester o'Dick's, an the Dule steawnd 'im for a Brindl'tCur, he'd mede it int' Shoon Pegs! Neaw wou'd naw fitch o' Moonshine traunce Potter any body's Plucks?

T. Mark whot e tell the Meary; for I think lunger ot fok liv'n an'th' moor mischoances they han.

M. Not awlus o' Goddil.---But whot meys o't'sowgh on seem so dane-kest? For I con tell o' I'm fene see o'wick an hearty.

T. Whick an hearty too! Oddzo, but I con tell the whot, its moor in bargain

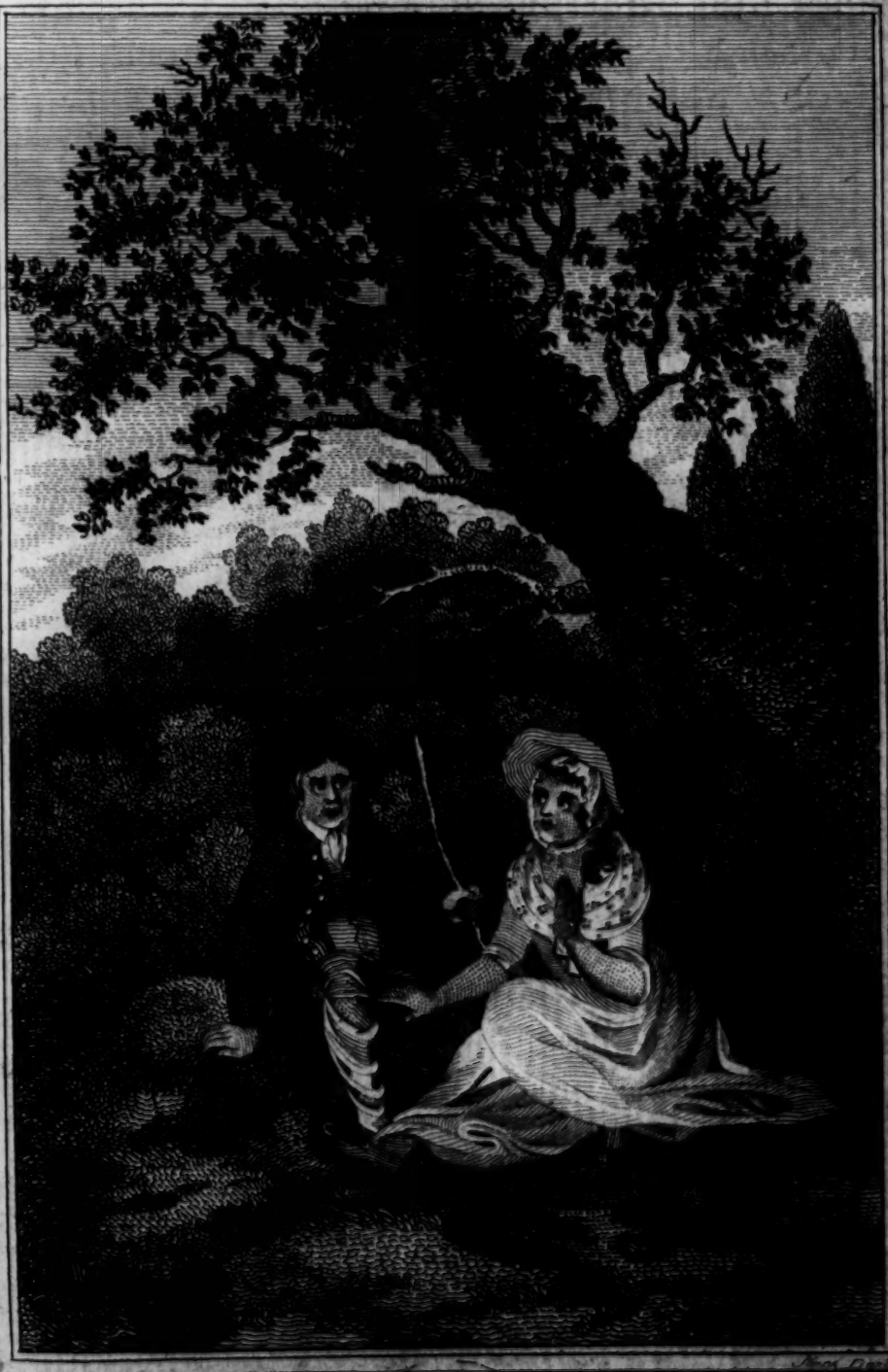
o't im oather wick or hearty, for 'twur Seign Peawnd t'a tuppunny Jannock, I'd bin os deed os o Dur Nele be this awer ; for th' last oandurth boh one me Measter had lik't o killt meh : on just neaw, os shure os thee and me ar stonning here, I'm actilly running meh Country.

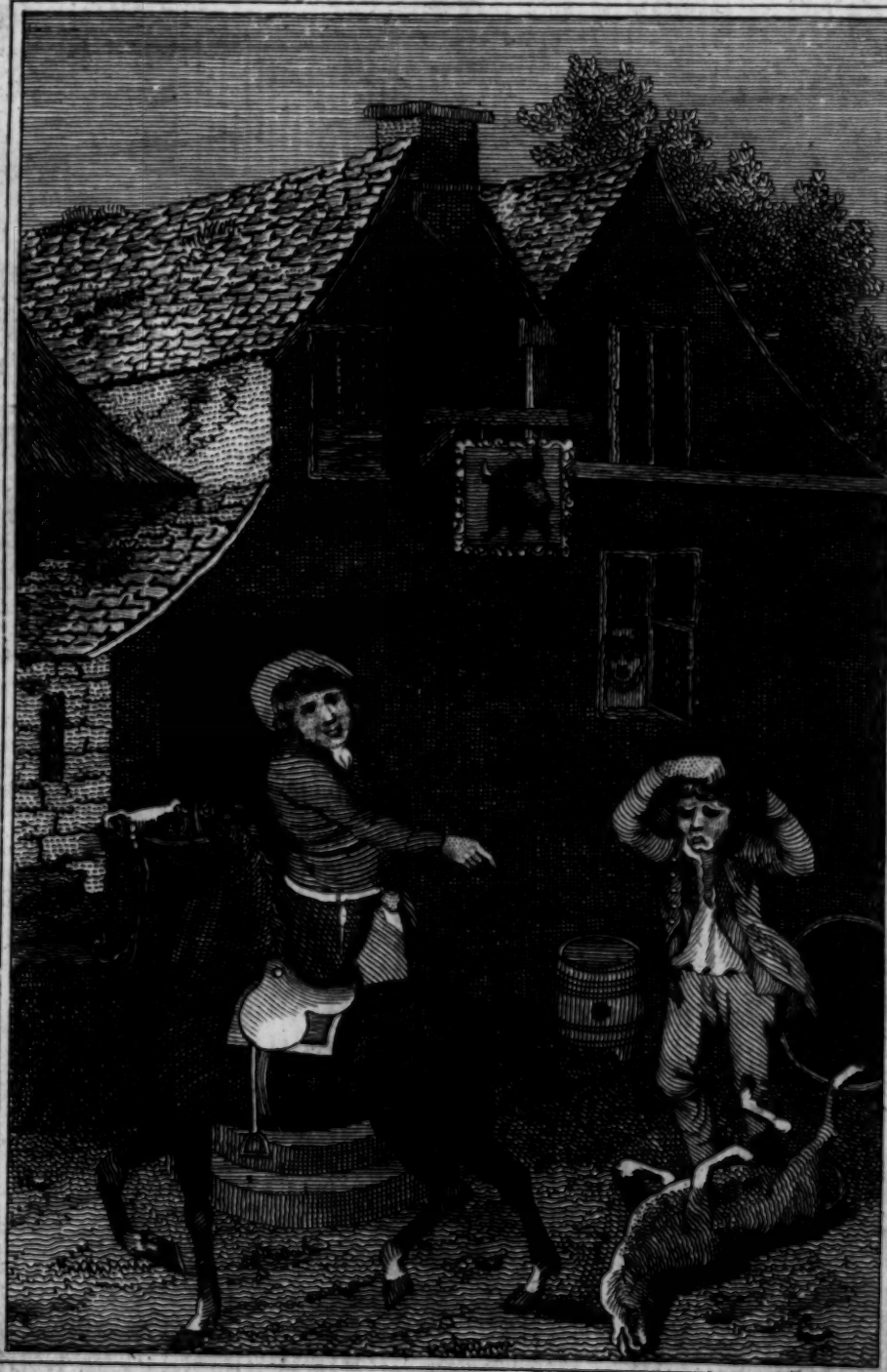
M. Why, whot's bin th' matter, hanney fawn cawt withur Measter ?

T. Whot ! there's bin moort' do in a Gonnort muck, I'll uphowsd tey !---For whot dust think' ? bo'th' tother Day boh Yuflerday, huz Lads moot'n ha' o bit on o Hallidey, (becose it wur th' Circumcision onner Ledey I believe) yet we munt do some Odds-on-cends ; on I munt oather breed Mowdywarp-holes or gut' Ratchdaw weh o Keaw on o Why-kawve---Neaw, loothy Meary, I'r lither ; on had o mind on o Jawnt : so I donn'd meh Sunday Jump, o top o meh Singlet, on wou'd goa with Keaw on th' Kawve ; and the Dule tey aw bad Luck far me, far eawer Bitch Nip went wimmey, on that mede ill wurr.

M. I connaw gawm heaw that coud mey ill Luck Tummus.

T. Now, nor no Mon elze till they known ; boh here's a fine droy canking Pleck under this Thurn, let's keawer us deawn





deawn oth Yearth o bit, on I'll tell the aw heaw't wur.

M. Weh aw meh Heart, for meh Deme's gon fro Whoam, on hoo'll naw cum ogen till Bagging-time.

T. Whau, os I'r telling the, I'd gut' Ratchdaw : So I geet up be skrike o Dey, on feet eawt ; on went o greath tilly welly coom within a Mile oth Teawn ; when os the Dule woud height, o Tit wur stonning ot an Eleheawse Dur ; on me Kawve (the Dule bore eawt it Een for meh) took th' Tit for it Mother, on would need seawk her : On I believe th' foolish Tooad of a Tit took th' Kawve far hur Cowl, hoo whinnit so when hoo saigh it ; boh wen hoo feld it seawke, hoo up with'ur Hough on kilt meh Kawve os deed os o Nit !

M. E Lord ;----whot o Trick wur that !

T. Trick ! Odds flesh, fitch o Trick wur newer plede eh Englonndshiar.

M. Why hark ye Tummus, whot cudney doo weet ? Yoad'n be quite brok'n !

T. Doo ! what cou'd eh do ? 'flesh in't had bin kilt greedly, twou'd ha bin os good Veeol os e'er deed on a Thwittle ; for me Measter moot ha had seignteen

B. 3

Shillings

Shillings on fufepence for't th' yeandurth
ofore.

M. On didney lecof it ith' Lone ?

T. Ne Meary ; I'r naw fitch o Gawby
os tat coom too noather : For as luck
wou'd height, o Butcher wur ith' Ele-
heawfe, on he coom eawt when he heard
meh Kawve bawh. Boh eftid o being
fooary, when he faigh it fprawling oth
Yeorth, th' fly'ring Karron feet up o
Gurd o Leawghing, on cou'd for fhawm
tell meh he'd berry it meh for a Pint of
Ele.

M. Whau, that wur pratty cheap ;
for Dicky o Will's o Jone's o Sam's, tow'd
me, at he berrit o Chilt tother Dey ot
Ratchdaw, on he pede *Jo. Green* o Groat
for a Greave no bigger in o phippunny
Trunk.

T. Whau, that moot be : but I'd naw
geet im : For I borrot a Shoo on wou'd
berrit meh feln ; I'r thrunk fhoaving it
in when a Thowt coom int' meh Noddle,
ot th' Hoyde cou'd be no War ; fo I'd flee
it ; but the Dule o Thwittle wurt' be leet
on bo'th' Buther's, on the fpoytfoo Tike,
wou'd naw lecond it me : Neaw Meary,
what cou'd onny Mon doo ?

M. Doo ! I'ft o gon fark Woode.

T. I be-

T. I believe ot wou'd, or onny Mon-
elze; boh that wou'd doo nowt eh my
kese: So I bargint with th' Rascot; he'ur
to tyth' Hoyde grooing toth' Carcufs, on-
geh meh throtteen Pence: So I geet th'
Bras, on went endway with Keaw.

M. Neaw meh Mind misgives meh ot
yoar'n gooing a fleeveless Arnt; on at-
felly wou'd naw tak'th Kah bateth' Kawve.

T. Uddzo, Meary! theaw geawfes
within two tumbles of a Leawse; for it
wur lung, on lurger, ofore eh wou'd:
Boh when I towd him heawt wur knock
oth Sow, with a Tit Coak'n os he coom,
on that he moot order weh meh
Measter obeawt it, he took her ot lung-
length: Then I went on bowt two Peawnd
o Sawt, on on Eawnce of black Pepper
for eawr Fok, on went toart Whoam ogen.

M. With o fearfoo heyvy Heart I'll
uphowd'o.

T. Eigh, eigh; that's true--boh whottle
to sey when ot eh tell the he ne'er berrit
Kawve; boh fowd it et *Owdum* that Oan-
durth, for two pence haw penny o
Peawnd!

M. Sey! why be meh Troth it wur
fere cheecoting: but it's meet like their
rascotly Tricks; for there's not an honest

Boqan

Booan ith Hoyde o newer o greasy Tyke
on um aw.

T. Indeed Meary, I'm eh thy Mind ;
for it wur reet Rank : Boh I think eh
meh Guts ot Rascots ith' Ward, ar os
thick, as Wasps in o Hummabee-neest.

M. Its not tell, buh I'tt marvil straunge-
ly an yo leet on o wur Kneave in this.

T. Alack o dey theaw knows boh lit-
tle oth matter.-----Boh theawst hear-----i'd
naw gett'n forrud, back ogen, oboon a
Mile or so, ofore eh saigh o Parcel o Lads
on Hobbetyhoys, as thrunk as Thrap-
Wife : When ot eh geet too um, I cou'd
naw gawm what tearn obeawt ; for two
on um carrit o Steeigh o ther Shilders,
onother had o Riddle in his Hont, on
Hal o' Nab's ith' *Midge lone* had his Knockus
lapt in his Barmskin : Awth' rest on um
had Hoyts, or lung Kibhoes, like swing-
ing Sticks or Raddlings.

M. I th' neme o Katty, whot wur'n
the for ?

T. Nowt ots owt theaw mey be sure, if
that hawmpoing tyke Hal was weh um :
Neaw theaw mun know, ot one neet last
Shearing-time, when *Jone's o Harry's* geete
thear Churn ; this seme Scap-gallows wur
tean eh thear Pleawmtre ; on wur en
fitch

fitch e flunter eh getting deawn o gen, ot he fell, on broke th' Collar-boan on his Leg.

M. O wrang joyrt hong im : I know him weel enough, for th' last great Snow he'ur for honging o Hare e some hure Gillers ; on throtle eaw'r poor Teawzer in o Clewkin-grin.

T. The varra seme---So I asht him what tearn far ? Why sed he, ween meet neaw seen on Ewl fly thro' yon Leawp hoyl into th' Leath, on we'er gooing tey hur : Come Tum (sed he) Egad, ifle geaw with us, theawst see fitch gam os tha newer saigh eh the live : Beside theawst howd the Riddle ; ---sed I, I know naw whot to mecons be howding th' Riddle, boh I'll geaw we aw meh heart intle teytch meh ; I con show the in a crack sed he : So owey we went, on begun o cromming oth Leawp-hoyles, on th' Slifters ith Leath Woughs full o Awts ; then we recart th' Steeigh sawfly ogen th' Wough under th' Eawl hoyle. Neaw Lads---(sed Hal) mind yer hits : I'll lap meh honds eh meh Barmskin ot hoo cannaw scrat meh when ot eh tak' ur ith' hoyle : *Tum o'William's* mun clime th' Steeigh, thrutch th' Strey cawt oth' Leawp hoyle, on howd the Riddle cloyse on't.
Awth'

Awth' rest mun be Fowlerers, on flay hur into't---So owey they feete into th' Leath, on toynt dur; on I----

M. Why neaw, I'll be far, if i'd naw rether ha seent in o Puppy-Show.

T. Good Lorjus, Meary! theawrt so heasty; so I clum th' Steeigh in o snift, Shoavt th' Awts eawt, on smackt me Riddle oth' hoyle: I'd no soyner done sooa, but I heard one on um-sey; see o, see o, hoos tear!---Shu fed one; Shu, fed another.---Then they aw begun o hallowing on whooping like hey gomad. I thowt it wer rear'st spoōart otewer mortal Monfaigh: So-I gran, on I thrutcht, till meh Arms wartcht ogen; still they kept Shuing, on Powlering ith Leath; on then I thowt I felt summot nudge th' Steeigh---I lookt deawn, on there were an owd Soo-bizzy scratting hur A---se o one o'th' strines.---'Sflesh, thinks It' meh feln hool ha me deawn eend neaw:---Just then I thowt I heard th' Eawl come into the hoyle; on presently summot come with a greyt flusk thro' th' Riddle.

M Odds mine on didney let hur gooa or yo took'n hur?

T. Took'n hur! Ney Meary; on Eawl's naw so sooyne tean---boh I con hardly tell



Awth' rest mun be Powlerers, on flay hur into't---So owey they feete into th' Leath, on toynt dur ; on I----

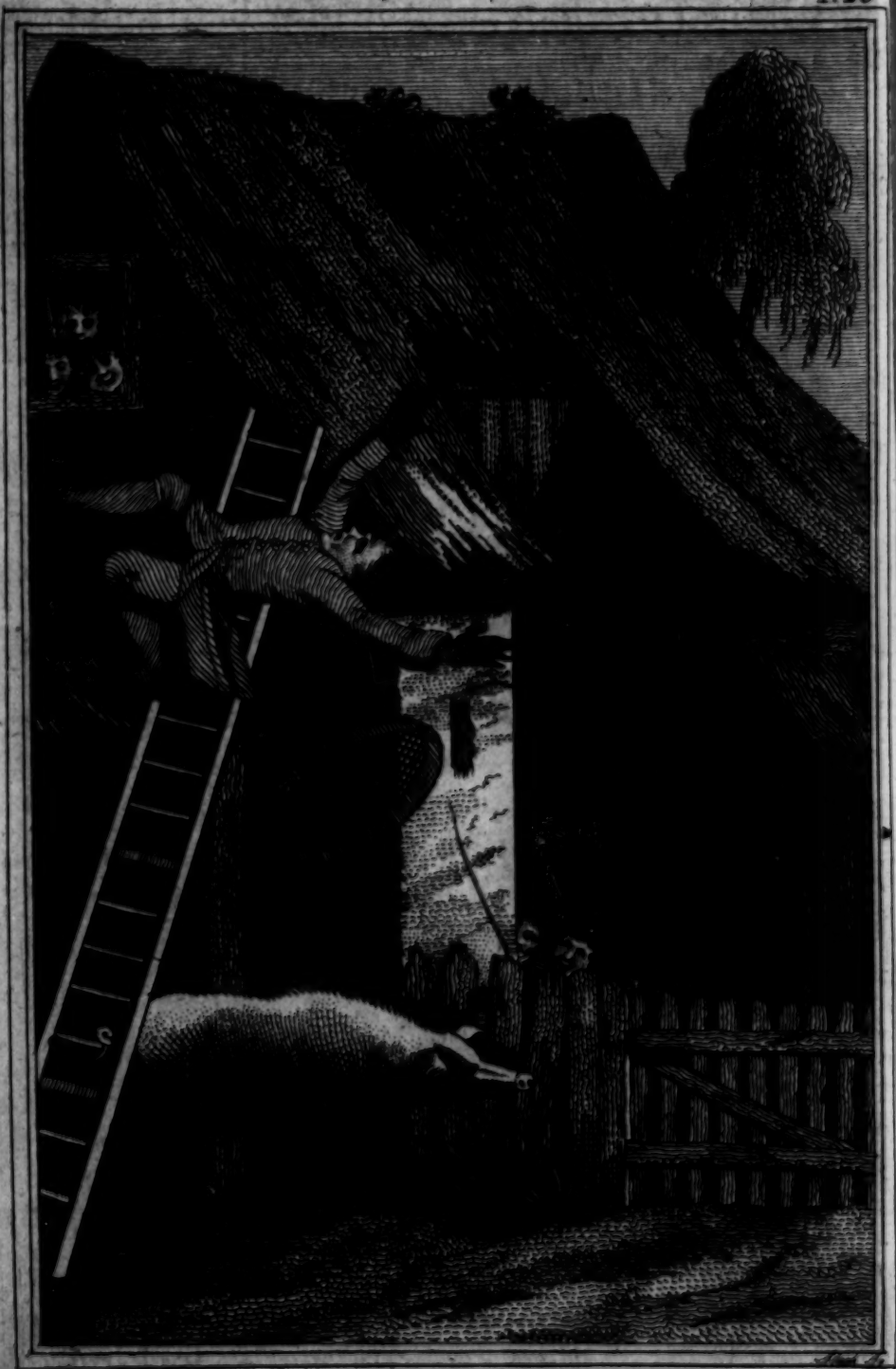
M. Why neaw, I'll be far, if i'd naw rether ha seent in o Puppy-Show.

T. Good Lorjus, Meary ! theawrt so heasty ; so I clum th' Steeigh in o snift, Shoavt th' Awts eawt, on smackt me Riddle oth' hoyle : I'd no soyner done sooa, but I heard one on um-sey ; see o, see o, hoos tear !---Shu fed one ; Shu, fed another.---Then they aw begun o hallowing on whooping-like hey gomad. I thowt it wer rear'ft spooart otewer mortal Monfaigh : So I gran, on I thrutcht, till meh Arms wartcht ogen ; still they kept Shuing, on Powlering ith Leath ; on then I thowt I felt summot nudge th' Steeigh---I lookt deawn, on there were an owd Soo-bizzy scratting hur A---se o one o'th' strines. ---'Sflesh, thinks It' meh-feln hool ha me deawn eend neaw :---Just then I thowt I heard th' Eawl come into the hoyle ; on presently summot come with a greyt flusk thro' th' Riddle.

M Odds mine on didney let hur gooa or yo-took'n hur ?

T. Took'n hur ! Ney Meary ; on Eawl's naw so sooyne tean---boh I con hardly tell





tell the I'm---fo waughish---for I'm readyt
cowk'n with th' thowts ont; there wur
non tey Meary.

M. Whot no Eawl?

T. Now, now,---not tear---it wus
nowt oth' Warld o God boh arron owd
Lant ot teyd'n mede war weh loasing ther
Breeches in't: on that Hodge-Podge
coom ch me fease weh fitch o ber, ot o
fumheaw it made meh meazy, on I feel
off th' Steeigh: Boh moor be choance thin
onny good luck, I leet disactly oth' Soo
wey fitch o Soltch; ot I think eh meh
guts ot hoor booath wur flay'd on hurt
in I wur.

M. Elord! whot o wofoo saw had'n yo!

T. Eigh, saw eigh; for I thowt id
brok'n th' Crupper-booan o meh A--se,
boh it wur better in lickly; for I'd no
hurt boh th' tone Theawm stunnisht, on
th' skin bruzz'd off th' whirlbooan o meh
knee, ot mede meh t'hawmpo o bit.

M. Awt upon um, whot unmannerly
powsements! I stobin stark-giddy at um,
on ha raddlt ther booans.

T. I'r os woode os teaw cou'd be, or
onny Mon elze, boh theaw knows ev'ry
Mon's not a Witch: Heaweer I hawmpo't
rawnd th' Leath fort' snap some oth' bul-
locking

locking basturts ; Boh none cou'd eh leet on, for they for they'rnaw cropp'n intoth' Leath ; on th' Durs os sese os *Beeft'n* Castle : Boh they mead'n me't hear um efeath ; far thear'n aw Wherrying on Leawghing, Whooping on Sheawting, like Maddlocks ot ther new tean Eawl os teh cawd'n meh : Wuns, Meary ! in id had foyar i'st o set th' how Leath on o Halliblash in id deed for't ; boh then th' Sookept sitch o skrike-ing Reeking din, os if hur back wur eteaw eh two spots, ot I durst stey no longer for fear o sumbody comming, on meying me necessary too hur decooth : so I scamspoot owey as hard os eh cou'd Pinn : On ran o Mileeh that Pickle ofore eh ga one glent behund meh : Then I leep o'er o Ryz'n-hedge, on os o Rindle o Wetur wur wheem, I washt aw meh clooas, till it coom to meh hure : On aw little enough too ; for I think eh meh guts I'st stink like a Foomurt while me neme's *Tum*.

M. Neaw een be meh troath ! I thowt ye favort'n fearfoo strung on o Yarb : Boh when aw's done *Tummus*, this Killing o'th Kawve, on Eawl-catching, wur non awlung o Nip.

T. Odds heart howd teh tung *Meary* ; far I oather angurt some He Witch, or
the

the Dule threw his Club oe'r meh that Morning when eh geete up : Far Misfartins coom on me os thick os Leet.

M. Uddzlud, non thro' Nip o Goddil!

T. Thro' Nip, yigh thro' Nip : On I wud hur Neek had bin brock'n eh neen Spots, when hoo'r Whelpt far mee (God fargi' meh ; th' deawmp Cretur does no hurt, noather) far I'd naw greadly walht, on settl't meh ! on lipp'n into th' lone ogen, boh I met a fattish dowing Felly in o blackish Wigg ; on he stoode on glooart ot Nip : Ko he onnest Mon wilt sell the Dog ? Sed I, meh Dog's o Bitch, on so's ne'er o Dogith' Teawn : for be meh troath Meary I'r os cross os o f--t.

M. Odd, boh yoarn bobberfome, on awnsurt him awvishly too-to.

T. Well, boh Dog or Bitch sed t' Felley, if I'd known on hur three Deys sin. I'd o gen the Twenty Shilling far hur, for I see hoos o reet stawnch *Bandyhewit* ; on there's o Gentlemon ot wooans abeawt three Mile off, ot wants one meet neaw. ----Neaw Meary, to tell the true, I'd o mind t' cheeot (God fargi' meh) on sell im meh *Sheep-Cur* for o *Bandyhewit* ; tho, I no moor knew, in th' Mon ith Moon whot a *Bandyhewit* wur. Whaw sed I, hoose
C
primely

primely bred ; for hur Moother coom fro *Lunnun*, tho' hoor Whelpt ot meh Master's ; on tho' hoos os good os onny eh *England-shiar*, I'll sell hur if meh Price come.

M. Well done *Tummus* ! Whot sed eh then ?

T. Wau, ko he, whot dust ax for hur ? Hoos worth a Ginny on o hawve o Gowd, sed I ; boh o Ginny I'll ha far hur : Ko he, I gen o Ginny far mine on I'd rether ha thine be o Creawn, boh iftle gooa to Justice---Justice hum---le me see.---But I freat'n heaw he het (boh o greyte Matter on im, far I think he's Piece on o Rascot, as weel oft rest) he'll be fene o'th' Bargin.

M. That wur clever, too-to ; wur it naw ?

T. Yigh' meeterly.---Then I asht im whot Wey he munt gooa ? On he tow'd meh : On o wey I seete, weh meh Heart as leet os o bit on o Flaight ; on carrit Nip under meh Arm ; for neaw theaw mun understond I'r fear o loysing hur ; ne'er deawting I cou'd be roytch enough, t' pay meh Master for th' Kawve, an ha summot t' spere.

M. Odds-fish ! boh that wur breve, yoarn eh no ill kele neaw *Tummus*.

T. Whau





T Whau, boh theawst hear : it wur
 o dree Wey too-to ; heawe'er I geete there
 by three o'Clock ; on ofore eh opp'nt Dur,
 I covert Nip with th' Cleawt, ot eh droy
 me Nese weh, t' let him see heaw I floart
 hur.---Then I opp'nt Dur ; on who te
 Dule dust think, boh three little tyney
Bandyhewits : os I thowt then coom Weaw-
 ghing os if th' little Rott'ns wou'd ha
 worrit meh, on after that swollut meh
 whick. Then there coom o fine freshcul-
 lert Wummon ot keckt as stiff as if hood
 swallut a Poker, on I took hur for o hoo
 Justice, hoor so meety fine :---For I heard
Rotchot o' Jack's, *o' Yem's* tell meh Measter,
 that th' hoo Justices awlus did mooast o'th'
 Wark.---Heawe'er, I axthur if Mr. Justice
 wur o Whoam ; hoo cou'd naw opp'n hur
 Meawth t' fey eigh, or now ; boh simpurt
 on sed ifs, (the Dickons ifs'ur on him too)
 sed I, I wudid'd'n tell him I'd fene speyk
 too 'im.

M. Odd, boh year'n bowd ; i'ft o bin
 timmersome :---But let's know heaw ye
 went'n on.

T. Whau, weell enough, for theaw mey
 Nip, on Checot os ill os one other Clarks
 on they'n naw meddle with the ; boh theaw
 C 2 mun naw

mun naw frump, nor teeos um, for they
hate to be vexed.

M. Boh heaw went'n yeon?---Wurth'
Justice o Whoam?

T. Eigh, on coom snap, on axt meh
whot he wantut? Whau, fed I, i've o
varra fine *Bandyhewit* t' sell, on I hear yo
want'n one Sur:---Humph---fed he---a
Bandyhewit---prethee let's look at.---Yigh
said I; on I' pood th' Cleawt fro off on
hur, stroakt hur deawn th' Back, on fed;
hoos os fine o *Bandyhewit* os ewer run ofore
o Tele.

M. Well done *Tummus*! yo cud'n naw
mend tat, in eh had'n it t' doo ogen: Boh
yo're fit t' gooa cawt efeath.

T. Hoos a fine on indeed fed th' Justice;
on its o theawson Pities boh I'd known on
hur Yusterdey: For o Felly coom, on I
bowt one naw so good os this by hoave o
Ginny; on i'll uphowdtey theaw'll tey o
Ginny for this. On that i'll hav' in eh
cou'd leet on a Chapmon, fed I. Hoos
roytchly worth it, fed he, on I think, I con
tell thee whear theaw mey part with hur,
if he be not fittut awready.

M. Odds-like, boh that wur o good
neatert Justice, wur he naw?

T. E, Meary

T. E, Meary ; theaw tawks like o seely
 Ninnyhommer : For tey mey wort fort,
 nowt ot's ow't con come on't, when o Mon
 deeols weh rascotly fok : Boh as i'r telling
 thee, he neamt a Felley ot wooant obeawt
 two Mile off on him (boh the Dule forget
 him os I done) so I munt gooa back ogen
 thro' *Rachdaw*. So I geet *Nip* under meh
 Arm ogen, mede o scroap weh meh hough,
 on bid th' justice good neet, weh o heyvy
 heart thew meh be shure : On boh os eh,
 thowt he cou'd asfelt sell hur eh this to-
 ther Pleck, it wou'd fartinly ha brock'n.

M. Lord blefs us ! it wur lik't trouble
 o meetily !

T Boh theawst hear. I'd naw gon o'er
 oboon a Feelt or two, boh I coom to o
 greyt Bruck, weh o feaw narrow Sappling
 Brigo'er it. As it had reint th' Neet afore,
 os th' Welkin wou'd ha opp'nt, th' Wetur
 wur Bonkful ; tho' it wur seggur o deool
 i'th Mourning ; on o someheaw, when I'r
 obeawt hoave o'er meh Shough slipt, on
 deawn coom I, Arsyversy, weh Nip eh me
 Arm i'th Wetur, Nip I leet fend for hur
 sell'n, on flaskert int' eh geete how'd on o
 Sawgh, on so charr'd meh sell'n ; or elze
 nother theaw, nor no Mon elze had newer

fee *Tum* ogen : For be meh troth I'r welly-
werk'nt.

M. Good Lorjus. Deys ! th' like wur
never ! this hadlik't to shad awth' tother !
on yet yo coom'n farrantly off marry, for
it wur a greyt Marcy ye wur'n naw
Dreawnt.

T. I know naw whether't wur or naw,
noather : Boh theaw meh be shure I'r
primely boyrnt, on os Weet os ewer eh
could fye : Beside i'd no Com to keem
meh Hure, soot I lookt licker o Dreawnt
Mease in o Mon.

M. Beside, yoad'n be as cowl os Iccles.

T. Eigh theaw mey geawse i'r non
Mough'n : Boh theawst hear. I'd naw
gone oboon o Stone's thrut ; efore eh
wundurt whot teh Pleague wur th' matter
wimmey, for I begun t' smart os if five
hundurt Pissmotes wur eh me Breechus :
I loast um deawn' boh cou'd see nowt ot
wur whick : on yet I lookt as rey os o
fled Meawse ; (for were feln beawt th'
ferat at my Measter's) 'Sflesh, i'r ready t'
gooa woode on knew neaw whot eh ealt :
-----On then I unbethowt meh o me Sawt.

M. Ewea's me ! i'd freeat'n that too ! I
deawt it wou'd quite mar o'?

T. Now, now, Meary, i'r naw quite
marr'd :

marr'd: Its true, I went Wigglety-Wag-
glety, for an Eawer or so, ofore i'r ogreath-
ogen: On when he geet reet, on coom t'
groap eh meh Singlet Pocket for meh sawt,
the Dule o bit a sawt wurthur, for it wur
aw run owey---On new it jump't into meh
Mind ot I saigh-two rott'n Pynot (Hongum)
ot tis seme Brig os eh coom.

M. Did ever! that wur o sign o bad
Fartin: Far I heard my Gronny sey,
hoode os leef o seen two owd Harries os
two Pynots.

T. Eigh, so seys meh Noant *Margit*, on:
o meeny o Fok: On I know Pynots ar-
os cunning Eawls os wawk'n oth' Yeorth.
Boh as I'r telling the Meary, whot with
smart, on one think on onother, i're so
stract Woode, ot I cou'd ha fund eh meh
Heart ta puncht th' Bitches Guts cawt: On
then I thowt ogen Nip's eh no Fawt: For
be meh troth I'r welly off at side.

M. Indeed *Tumms* I believe o; boh o
lack o dey purring th' Bitch, wou'd ha
bin reet rank.

T. That's true, boh theaw knows one
cun boh doo whot tey cun doo.

M. Reet; boh heaw didney doo with'r
weet Glooas; wur'ney naw whelly pa-
risht?

T. Yigh be me troth; I dithert ot meh Teeth hackt eh meh heeod ogen: Boh that wur naw aw; it begun t' be dark, on I'r beawt Scoance in a Strawnge Country, five or fufe Mile fro Whoam: So that I maundet ith' Fields oboon two Eawers, on cou'd naw gawm where eh wur; for I moot os weel o bin in o Noon: On in id howd'n up meh Hont I cou'd no moor ha seen't in he con see o Fleigh o thee neaw; on here it wur I geet into a Gete: For I thowt, I heard summot coming, an if Truth mun be spok'n, I'r so feerfully breed, at meh Hure stood on eend, for theaw knows I noather knew whooa, nor whot it moot be.

M. True *Tummas*, no marvil ot o wur so flay'd; it wur so fearfoo dark!

T. Heawe'er, I resolv't meyth' best on't an up speek I---Whooas tat; A Lad's Voice answert in a crying Din, elaw, dunnaw tey meh, dunnaw tey meh; now, fed I, I'll naw tey the, Beleadly: Whooas Lad ait to? ---Whau, fed he, i'm Jone's o'Lall's o'Simmy's, o'Marriom's o'Dick's o'Nethons, o'Lall's o'Simmy's ith' Hooms, an i'm gooink Whoam. Odd, thinks i't meh fell, theaw's a dree-er Neme in me: An here *Meary* I cou'd naw boh think whot lung Nemes sum on us han; for
thine

thine and mine ar meeterly; boh this Lad's wur so mitch dree-er, ot I thowt it dockt mine tone Hawve.

M. Preo na, tell meh ha theese lung Nemes leet'n?

T. Um---m---mn, le meh see--I connaw tell the greadly, boh I think its to tell fok by.

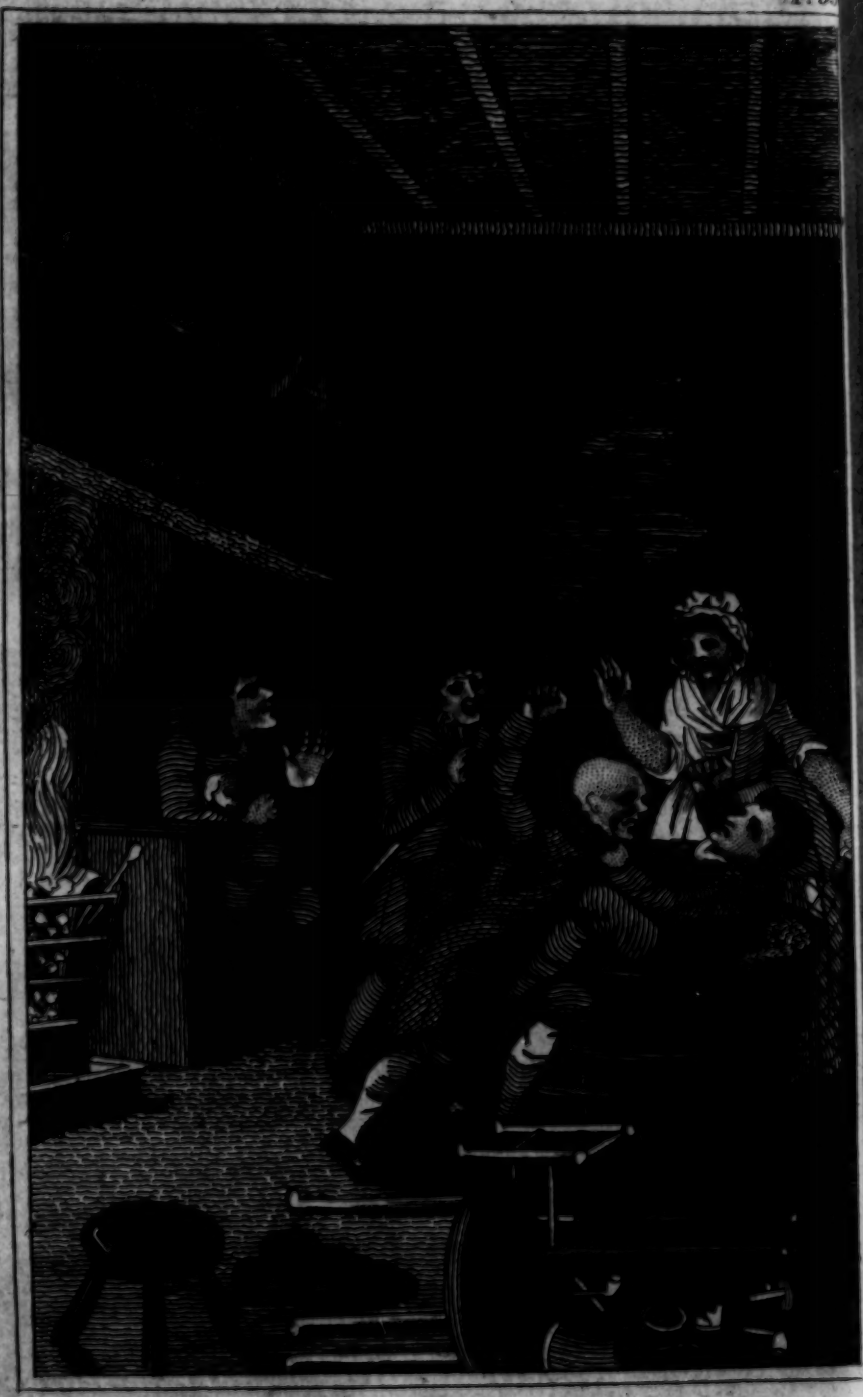
M. Well, an ha didneh gooa on with him.

T. Then (as I thowt he tawkt so awkertly) i'd asht him for th' wonst whot Un-coth's he heard sturrink. I here none, but ot Jack o'Ned's stowd meh, ot Sam's o'Jacks o Yeds Marleñ, has wed Mall o'Nan's o' Sall's o'Pegs, ot gus obeawt o beggink Churn-milk with Pitcher, with Lid on. Then I asht him where Jack o'Ned's wooant? seys he, he's 'Prentice weh Isaac o' Tim's o'Nick's oth' Hough-lone; on he'd bin ot Jammy's o'George's o'Peter's ith' Dingles for hooave a Peawnd o Treacle t' seaws'n a Beest-puddink weh on his Feather and Moother wooan at *Rossendow*, boh his Gronney's alive an wooans weh his Noant Margety a Grinfilt, at Pleck where his nown Mother coom fro. Good Lad, sed I, boh heew far's tis *Littlebrough* off; For I aint' see it to Neet if he con hit.

hit. Seys t' Lad, it's obeawt a Mile, on
yo mun keep streight forrud o yer Lift
Hont, on yoan happ'n do. So a thifs'n
we partit; but I mawkint, an lost me
Gete ogen snap. So I powlert o'er Yetes
on Steels, Hedges on Doytches, til eh
coom to this *Littlebrough*; on there I'r ill
breed ogen, for I thowt i'd seen a Boggart;
boh it prooft o Mon. weh o Piece-woo,
resting im on o Stoop ith' Lone. As soon
os eh cou'd speyk for wuackering, I asht
him where ther wur on Eleheawse? On
he shoad meh: I went in on fund tn two
fat troddy Fok wun't teer: On theyd'n
some oth' warst fratchingst Company, or
e'er e saigh, for theyr'n warrying, ban-
ning, on cawing on onother leawsy
Eawls, os thick os leet: Heawe'er I pood
o Cricket, on keaw'rt meh deawn ith'
Nook, o side oth' Hob: i'd no soyner done
so, boh o feaw seawr lookt Felley, with
o Wythen Kibbo he had in his Hont,
slapt o Sort of o wither Meazzilt seas't
Mon, sitch o thwang oth' Scawp, ot aw
varra reecht ogen with; on deawn he
coom oth' Harstone, on his Heed ith'
Efshole: His scrunt Wig feel off, on o
hontle o whot corks feel into't, on brunt,
on frizzlt it so, ot when he ost don it, on
unlucky

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unlucky karron gen it o poo, on it flipt
 o'er his Sow, on lee like o hawmbark on his
 thilders. I glenduit like a stikt Tup, for
 fear on o dust meh seln: On crope fur
 into th' Chimney. Oytch body thowt ot
 Mezzil sease wou'd mey a Flittink on't,
 on dee in a crack; so sum on um cryd'n
 cawt a Doctor a Doctor, while others
 mead'n th' Landlort go Saddle th' Tit to
 fotch one. While this wur e dooink,
 some on um had leet on a kin on a Doctor
 ot wooant o bit off, an shew'd'im th Mon
 oth' Harstone. He leyd how'd on his
 Arm to feel his Pulse I geawse, an pood,
 os if he'd sin death pooink at th' tother
 Arm; an wur resolv't o'er-poo him:
 After looking dawkinly-wise a bit, he
 geete fro his Whirly booans, and sed to
 um aw, while his Heart beeots an his
 Blood sarclates there's Hopes, boh when
 that stops its whooup with him efeath.
 Mezzil sease hearink summon o' whooup,
 startit to his Feet, stote none, boh gran
 like a Foomurt-Dog; on seete ot black
 swarffy Tyke, weh booath Neaves, on
 wawtit him o'er into th Gal keer, ful o
 new Drink wortching: He begun o poss-
 ing, on peyling him int' so, ot aw wur
 blendit t'gether snap. 'Sflesh Meary!
 theaw'd

theaw'd o bepifs't teh, 'ta' seen heaw'th Gobbin wur awtert, when ot tey pood'n him cawt; and whot o Hobthrust eh lookt weh aw that Berm obeawt im: He kept droying his Een. Boh he moot as weel ha fowt um in his A----e, tinth' Lonledy had mede an Eaw's labbor on'im ot Pump: When he coom in ogen, he glooart aw-vishly ot Mezzil seafe; on Mezzil seafe glendurt os wrythenly ot him ogen; boh noather warrit, nor thrapt: So they seete um deawn, on then th' Londledy coom in, on wou'd mey um't pey farth lumber ot teyd'n done ur. Meh Drink's war be o Creawn, sed hoo; beside, there's two Tumblers, three Quisting Pots, on four Pipes masht, on o how Papper o Bacca shed: This mede 'umt glendor ot tone tother ogen; but black Tyke's Passion wur coolt at't Pump, on th' Wythen Kibbo had quiet'nt tohter; so ot teh camm'd little or none; boh agreed t'pey aw meeon, then seet'n um deawn, on wur Friends ogen in o Sniff.

M. This wur mad gawmling wark; on welly os ill os th' teying th' Eawl.

T. Ney, naw quite, noather Mearey; for Berm's o howsome Smell: Heawe'er, when aw wur sattl't, I crope nar th' Foyar
ogen;

ogen; for I wantot o whawm fearfully
for I'r booath coud on weet, os well as
hongry on droy.

M. Beleemy Tummus yomootn weell;
boh yoarn in o good Kele too to, ot idd'n
Money eh yer Pocket.

T. Eigh, I thowt I'd Money enough;
but theowst hear moor o that een na. So I
I cawd for summot t'eat, on o Pint o Ele;
on hoo browt me some Hog-rautt'n on
special Turmits; on as prime Veeol on
Pestil os ned be toucht: I creemt Nip
neaw on then o Lunshun, boh Tum took
Care oth' tother, steawp on reawp; for
I eet like o *Yorshar-Mon*, en clecart th'
Stoo.

M Well done Tumms! yoad'n sure
need no Ree supper; for yo shadd'n Wry-
not, on slanst th' Charges frowt I hear.

T. True: So I seete on restut meh, on
drank me Pint o Ele; boh as I'r naw
greaddy fleckt, I cawd for another, on
bezzilt tat too; for I'r, os droy as Soot:
On as't wur t' lete t'gooa anny whither
weh meh Bitch, I asked th' Londledey in
eh cou'd stay aw Neet; Hoo tow'd meh I
moot in eh wou'd: Sed I, I'll geaw neaw,
innin geaw wimmey? I geaw with the
ko hoo? Whot ar to feear'd o Boggarts,

D

or

or theaw'rt naw weynt yet on connaw
 sleep beawt o Pap? 'Sfesh, sed I, who
 ar ye tawking on? I want gut' Bed! Ho,
 ho; if that be aw sed hoo Margit s't shew
 the: So Margit leet o Conde, on shewd
 meh o wisley Reawm, on o Bed weh
 Curturs forfuth: Ithowt Margit pottert on
 fettlt lung ith Choamber ofore ho last it;
 on I mistrust it ot hoor 'meawlt for o bit o
 tufsling on teawing; boh o someheaw I'r
 so toyart on healo, ot I'r eh no fettle for
 Catterweawing: So I sed nowt too 'ur:
 Boh I forthowt Sin, for hoor no Daggle-
 tele I'll uphowdtey, boh os snug o Lofs
 os Seroh o'Rutchots eary bit.

M. Marry kemeawt, like enough, why
 not: Is Seroh o'Rutchots so honfome?

T. Eigh, hoos meeterly. Heawe'er,
 when hoor gon, I doft meh donk Shoon
 on Hoyse, on me doage Clooas, on geet
 in, on eh Truth Meary I newer lee eh
 fitch Bed sin eh wur Kersunt!

M. E dear Tummus, I cou'd ha lik't
 o bin with o; I warrant yoad'n Sleep
 seawndly?

T. Ney, I connaw sey ot he did; for
 I'r meetily troublt abeawt me Kawve---
 Beside, I'r seeard o eawer Fok seeching
 meh, on meh Measter beasting meh when
 he

he geet Whooam : Its true meh Carkufs
wur pratty yeafy, boh meh Mind moot
os weel o line on o Piffmotechoyle, or in o
Rook o Hollins or Gorfes ; for it wur one
o'Clock ofore eh cou'd toyn me Een.

M. Well, on heaw went'n ye on ith'
Mourning when eh wack'nt ?

T. Whau, as I'r donning meh thwo-
oanish Clooas, I thowt I'll know heaw
meh shat stons ofore I'll wear moor o meh
brass omehbrekfast: So I cawd, on th' lond-
ledey coom, on kest it up to Throtteen-
pence: So; thowt It' meh seln, o weawnded
Decol ! Whot strushon hav I mede here !
I cou'd ha fund me seln o how Wick weh
hus for that Money. Ist naw hav one
Boadle t' sphere o meh ohyde Silver : On
neaw I'r in os ill o Kele os meetshad !
Wur eh naw !

M. Now marry naw yo : In idd'n
mede strushion, on Bezzilt owey moor
Brass inney hadd'n, yo met'n ha tawkt.

T. I find teaw con tell true to o Hure,
into will Meary ; for byth' Miss, when
ot eh coom't grope eh meh Slopt' pey 'ur,
I'r weawnedly glopp'nt, for the Dule o
hawpunny had eh ! On whether eh lost
it ith' Bruck, or weh scrawming o'er th'
Doytch-backs ; I no moor know in th'

Mon, ith' Moon : But gon it wur ! I
 steart like o Wil-cat, on wur welly gawm-
 lefs : On ot last I tow'd hur I'd lost meh
 Money. Sed hoo, whot dunneh meeon
 Mon : Yoast naw put *Yorshar* o me ; that
 Tele winnaw fit meh ; for yoar like't pey
 o sumheaw. Sed I, boh its true, on yo
 mey grope eh meh Breeches in he win
 Theaw'rt some mismanert Jackonapes I'll
 uphowd tey sed hoo ; Ney, ney, I'st naw
 grope eh the Breeches not I. Whau, sed
 I yoar lik't ha nowt, beawt yean tey meh
 Woollen Mittins, and meh Sawt Cleawt :
 Thoos'n naw doo, sed hoo, they're naw
 booath worth oboon two Groats.----I
 nowt elze, sed I, beawt yean ha meh
 Sneeze humn, on I'm loath t' part weet ;
 becofe Seroh o'Rutchots gaight me th' last
 Kerstmuss. Let's see um, sed hoo, for
 theow'rt some arron Rascot I'll uphowd
 teh, So I gen um hur ; on still this brodd-
 ling Fussock lookt seaw os Tunor when
 id done.

M. Good-Lorjus-o-me ! I think idd'n
 th' warst Luck ot ewer Kerfun Soul had !

T. Theaw'll sey so eend neaw : Well,
 I'r toyart o that pleck ; on crope owey,
 witheawt bit or sope, or Cup o Sneeze ;
 for I gawmbl't on leet tat gooa too. I
 soyn

foyn sperr'd this Gentlemon's Hoah eawt ;
 on when eh geete tear; I gan o glent into
 th' Shipp'n, on seed o Mon stonning ith'
 Groop. Sed I, is yer Measter o Whoam
 prey o' ? Eigh, sed he ; I wou'd idd'n
 tell him I'd fene speyk at him, sed I ; Yigh,
 sed he, that I'll doo. So he'r no soyner
 goan, boh a fine, fattish, throbb'y Gen-
 tleman, coom in a Trice, on axt meh
 whot he wantut ? Sed I, I understond
 yo want'n o good *Bandyhewit*, Sur, on I've
 a pure on t' sell here : - Let's see th' shap
 on hur, sed he : So I stroakt hur deawn
 th' Back, on crobb'd hur oth Greawnd.
 Hoos th' fin'ft ot ew'ry saigh sed he ; boh
 I deawt things'n leet unluckily for the ;
 for I geete two this last week, on they
 mey'dn up meh Keawnt. --- New Méary,
 i'r readyt' cruttle deawn, for theaw moot
 o knockt meh o'er with a pey. Boh whot's
 teh Price sed he ? I connaw thwoosal hur
 t' meh nown Broother under o Ginny,
 sed I. Hoos cheep o that sed he ; on
 no deawt boh theaw mey sell hur.

M. Odds like ! Yoarn lung eh finding
 o Chapmon ; oytchbody'r awlus fittut so.

T. Eigh, fittut Eigh ; far they ned'n
 none no moor in I need Wetur eh meh
 Shoon, not tey : But theaw'st hear. Then

D. 3.

sed

Mon. ith' Moon : But gon it wur ! I
 fleart like o Wil-cat, on wur welly gawm-
 lefs : On ot last I tow'd hur I'd lost meh
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 Mon : Yoast naw put *Yorshar* o me ; that
 Tele winnaw fit meh ; for yoar like't pey
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 I'r toyart o that pleck ; on crope owey,
 witheawt bit or sope, or Cup o Sneeze ;
 for I gawmbl't on leet tat gooa too. I
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soyn sperr'd this Gentlemon's Hoah eawt ;
 on when eh geete tear, I gan o glent into
 th' Shipp'n, on feed o Mon stonning ith'
 Groop. Sed I, is yer Measter o Whoam
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 th' Back, on crobb'd hur oth Greawnd.
 Hoos th' fin'ft ot ew'ry saigh sed he ; boh
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 no deawt boh theaw mey sell hur.

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 none no moor in I need Wetur eh meh
 Shoon, not tey : But theaw'ft hear. Then

D. 3.

sed

fed he, there's on owd Cratchenly Gentlemon, ot wooans ot yon Heawse, omung yon trees, meet anent us ; ot I believe 'll gi thee the Price : If not Juslice fitch o one's o likely Chap, ifile gooa thither. Sed I, I'r there last Oandurth, on he'd leet o oneth Yeandurth ofore. That leet feawly for the, fed he : ---Eigh, fed I, so it e'en did ; for I mede o peaw'r o Labber o-beawt it I'm shure. Well boh this owd Gentlemon's lik'ly'ft of onny I know. So I mede 'im meh Manners, on sette eawt for this tother Pleck.

M. I hope in ha' better Luck, Egodsnum.

T. Whau, I thowt eh cou'd too : For neww it popt int' Mind, ot Nip did naw howd hur Tele heeigh enough, on ot Fok wou'd naw buy her becofe, o' that. On int' has naw freeat'n, I bowt two Eawnce o' Pepper when id meh Sawt ; on tho' 'twur os thodd'n os o Thar-Cake, i'd rub her A-----se weet : For I'd seen *Oamfrey* o' *Matho's* pley that tutch be his Creawparst-Mare ; that dey ot *Yem* oth' *Redbonk* coom't buy hur. So meet ofore eh geet tear, I took Nip, on rubb'd hur primely efeath ; een till o' yeawlt ogen. I'r ot Heawse in o crack, on leet oth' owd Mon ih' Fowd, ossing t' geet o Tit-back. Sed

I, too him, is yoarn Neme Mr. Scar? Sed he, theaw'r oather greeof, or greeof-by; but I gex I'm him ot to mecons: Whot wants to wimmey? I'm infarmed, Sed I, ot yo want'n o *Bandyhewit*, on I've o tip-top on eh meh Arms here os onny's eh *Englandshiar*. That's a greyt breeod, Sed he; but pre the let's hondle hur o bit, for in eh tutch hur, I con tell whether hoo's reet bred or naw.

M. Odd, but that wur o meety fawse owd Felly, too-to.

T. 'Sflesh, Meary! I think eh meh guts ot he'r th' bigg'st Rascot on um aw: Boh I leet im hondle'r, on he'r so seely, on his Honds whackert so despratly, ot eh cou'd naw flick too hur, on hoo leep deawn. Neaw fort thowt I: Nip; cock the Tele on show the fell: Boh estid ot that, hoo feet up o yeawll, clapt th' Tele between hur Legs, on crope into o hoyle ith Horse-stone!

M. Fye onn'r, i'ft ha bin os mad attur os o Pottert-Wasp.

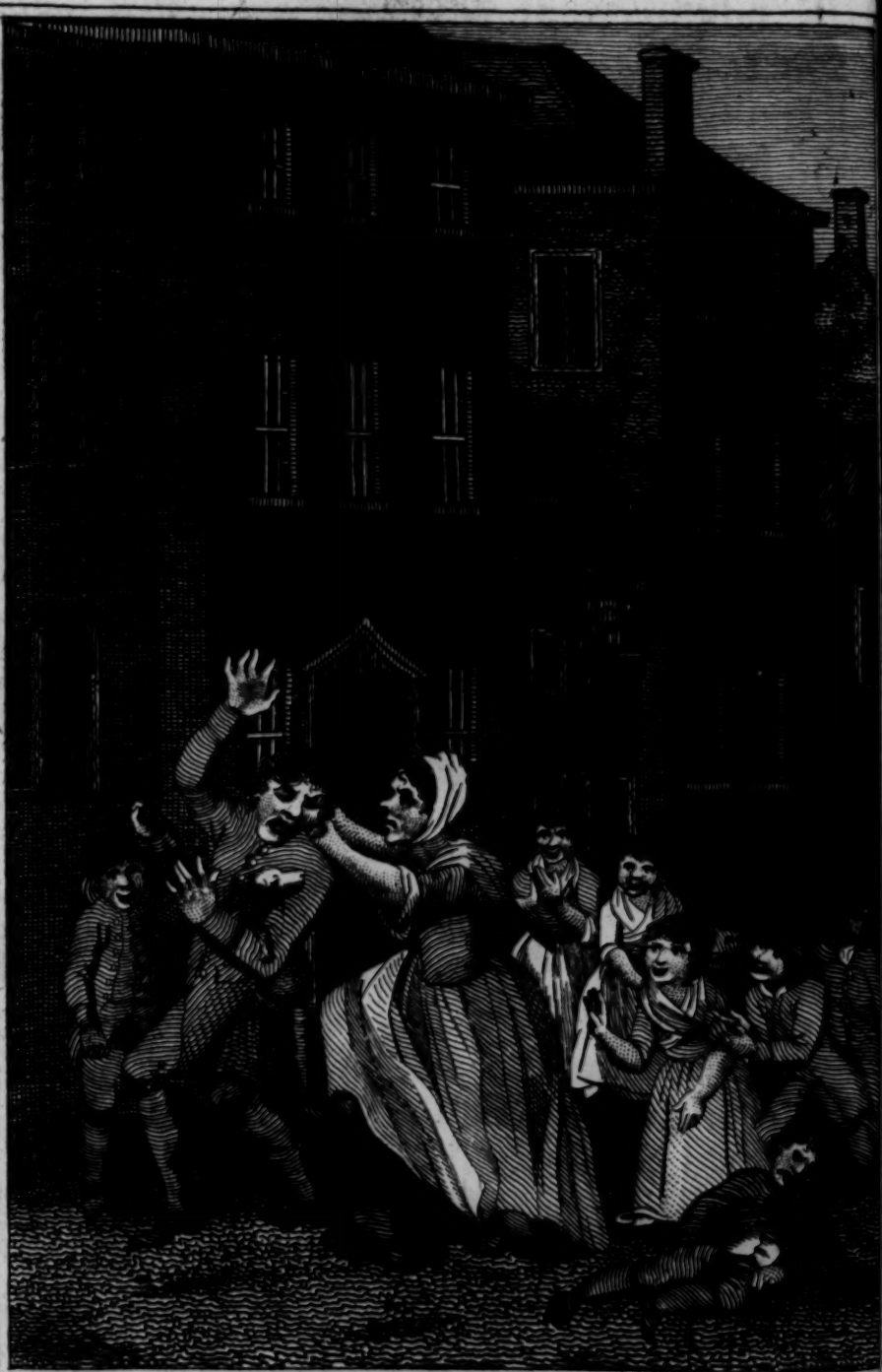
T. Whau, i'r os mad os teaw cou'd be, ot hoode shawmt hur fell so wofully; heaw'eer I sed to th'owd Mon, munneh tak' ur ogen for yoan find hoose no Foo-goad on o Bitch? Now, now, sed he; I feel hoose os fat os o Snig, on os smoot

os o Mowdewarp : On I find os plene
 os o Pike-staff, be hur knnock Yeeers, ot
 hoose reet bread : On I'd a had'ur if
 hoode cost meh o Moider, but ot o Friend
 has sent meh one cawt o *Torshar*, on I need
 no moor : Boh i'll swop with the into
 will. Now sed I, i'll swop none : for i'll
 oather have a Ginny for hur, or hoost
 newer gooa while meh Heed stons o meh
 Schilders. Then I con chaffer none with
 the, said he ; boh hast' bin ot yon fine
 Bigging anent us ! Eigh sed I, boh he's
 onoo on um. Well but they're os scant
 neaw os ewer the wur eh this Ward, sed
 he ; on there's one *Muslin*, eh *Rachdaw*,
 ot's o meety lover on 'um. Whau, sed I,
 I'll go see.----On neaw Meary, I begun t'
 mistrust ot tear'n meying o Foo on meh.

M. The firrups tak' um, boh tey ne'er
 wur be aw o like.

T. Whau, boh howd tey Tung o bit
 on teawst hear ; for I thought i'd try this
 totter Felley, on if he'r gett'n fittut too,
 I'd try no moor : For then it wou'd be os
 plene os *Blackstonehedge* ot tearn meying
 oh arron Gawby on meh. So I went
 t' *Rachdaw*, on sperr'd 'tis Mon cawt. I
 found im o back oth' Shopboort, weh o
 little Dog ot side on 'im : Thowt I t' meh
 self.





fel'n I would teaw'a choak't this Felley 'll be fittut too, I deawt. Well, fed he on-nist Mon, whot done yo plecost' hav? I want nowt ot he han, said I for i'm come'n t' sell ye o *Bandyhewit*. Neaw, Meary, this Rascot os weel oft' rest, roost meh Bitch to the varra Welkin; but ot tat Time he did naw want one.

M. E wea's me Tummus! I deawt tearn meying o parfit Neatril on o!

T O Neatril! Eigh, th' big'st ot ewer wur medefinkene kilt ebil; on neaw I'r so strackt woode I'r rarronly moydert on cou'd ha fund eh meh Heart 'ta jowd aw ther sows together. I'r no-foyner areawt, boh o threave o Rabblement wur watching on meh at t' Dur. One on um fed, this is im; on other, he's here; on one Basturtly-gullion asht mey if i'd sowl meh *Bandyhewit*? By th' Miss Meary; I'r so angurt ot tat, ot I up weh meh gripp'n Neave, on hit im o good wherrit oth' Yecar, on then weh meh Hough, puncht liim into th' Riggot; on ill grim'd, on deet th' Lad wur for shure: Then they aw scete ogen, meh, on ofore id gon o Rood, ih' Lad's Moother coom, on crope sawfly behunt meh, on geete meh by th' hewer, on deawn coom Nip on me ith' Rindle, on th' Hoor ot top on.

on meh : While th'tuffle lastit, hur Ladi
(on the basturts ot took his Part) kept grim-
ing, on-deeting meh weh Sink-durt, ot I
thowt meh Een would newer ha done good
ogen ; for I moot os weel ha bin o'er th'
Heed in o Middingspuce, or ot teying
ot two Eawls.

M. E walla-dey, whot obunнанze o
Misfartins yo-had'n.

T. Eigh, for if *Owd-Nick* owt me o Spite
he pede me Whoam weh Use : For while
the Skirmidge lastit, awth' Teawn wur
cluttert obeawt us : I sheamt os if id stown
fummut, on Skampurt owey weh o Fleigh
eh meh Yeear, on up th' Broo intoth'
Church Yort : There I'd o mind t' see if
onney body follut meh. I turn'd meh, on
who te Dule dust think, boh I'd lost Nip.

M. Whot fenneh !

T. It's true Meary ; so I cawd, on I
whewtit, boh no Nip wur t' be fund. hee
nor low : On far aw I knew, meh Meas-
ter seete sitch Stoar on hur, becase o fotch-
ink th' Beaofs on Sheep ; I durst os tite
o tean o Bear by th' Tooth oस्ता oft seech
hur ith Teawn. So I took eendwey, for
it wur welly neet ; on I'd had noather Bit
nor Sope ? nor Cup o Sneeze of aw that
Dey.

M.

M. Why, yoad'n be os gaunt os Grewnt;
on welly sammisht.

T. I tell the Meary I'r welly moydart:
Then I thowt meh Heart wou'd ha funk
int' meh Shoon; for it feld os heavy os
o Mustert-boah, on I stanck so, it mede meh
os waughish os owt, on I'd two or thee
Wetur-tawms: Beside aw this, meh Bally
warcht; on eh this settle I munt daddle
Whoam, on fease meh Measter!

M. E dear! Whot o kin of o beawt
had'n ye weh him?

T. Whau, I st tell the moor o that eend
neaw: B'o furst theaw mun know, that
os I'r gooink toart Whom os denawn-
heartit on mallancholy os a Methodist, ot
thinks he's In-pig of Owd Harry, o mon
o'ertook meh riding o Tit-back on leedding
onother: thinks I t' meh sell; this is some
Yorlkar Horse-Jockey; I wou'd he'd le
meh ride; for theaw mun know I'r
wofoo weak on Waughish. This thought
had hardly glentit thro' meh nob before
ot Felly sed; come honestly; theaw looks
os if to wur ill toyart; theawst ride o bit,
into will. That's whot eh want sed I, in
ye plees'n for I'm welly done. So loo the
Meary I geet on; on I thought eh neer
rid yeasier sin eh cou'd geet o humpstridd'n
o Tit-back.

M.

M. A good deed *Tummas* that wur no ill Felly; yoad'n ha no ill luck ot tis beawt e goddil.

T. E, Meary, theaws een gext rank monny, on monny o time, on neaw theaw p---ffes by the Bowogen; for I wou'd i'd ridden eawr Billy's Hobby-horse a howdey t'gether estid o getting o this Tit: for hark the meh; we'd naw ridd'n oboon five Rood but felly aht meh heaw far Ir' gooink that wey? Seys I, obeawt a mile on o hoave. That's reet, seys he; there's on Eleheawse just there obeawt; I'll ride ofore, on theaw mun come sawfly after on I'll stey for the there. So he seet off like hey go-mad; boh I kept o foot's pese: for me Tit swat on semm'd as toyart os I wur. Neaw loothe Meary, after this I'd naw ridden mitch oboon hawse o mile boh I heard some fock cummink after meh o gallop, o gallop os if the Deel had bad hallidey. Theyd'n hardly o'er ta'en meh boh one on um sweer by th' Mafs, this is my Tit, on I'll heyt too, if owd Nick ston not ith' Gap. With that o lusty wither Tyke pood eawt o think like o piece on o Bassoon on slapping meh oth Shilders weet sed, friend I'm o Cunstable, an yore my Prisner.

That.

The Deel tey yer friendship, on Constableship too, sed I ; whot dunneh meemon ? Whot mun I be prisner for ? Yoan stown that Tit sed he, on yoast good back wimmy before o Juslice- I stown nont ont' sed I, for I boh meet neaw gett'n ont, on o Mon ots Gallopt ofore on whooa I took for th' owner ga'meh leeof ; so whot bisness han oather yo or th' Juslice weh me ! Stuff Stuff, meer balderdash sed th' Cunstable. Wi' that I leep off th' Tit in a greyt hig, on sed, int be yoars tak't o, to the Deel o ; for I know nowt ont, nor yo noather, not I.

M. Weel actit Tummus ; that wur monfully sed, on done too ; think I.

T. Boh husht Meary, on theawst hear fur : Cum cum, sed th' Cunstable, that whisso whaffo stuff winnow doo for me : for gooa yo booath mun on shan, oather be hook or crook. On wi' that he pood eawt some Ir'n trinkums, ot rick t' like o parfil o Cheeons Weawns thinks I t' me sell, whot artheese ? In the bin Shackils, I'm in o rere scroap indeed ; I'm wur off neaw in eer eh wur : I'll be hong'd, or some devilment ot tis very time. For be meh troth, Meary, I heated th' jingling of his thingumbobs os ill, os if theaw,

or ony mon elze had bin ringing my passing Bell.

M. Good lorjus deys ! its not to tell heaw camm'd things con happ'n !

T. Heawee'r I mustert up my curridge on sed, hark o', yo Cunstable, put up thoofe things ot rick'n so ; on innch mun gooa, I will gooa ; on quietly too : for theaw knows ot force is medsn for o Mad-Dog.

M. Whoo-who, whoo-who whoo ! Why Tummus ! Its meet neaw buzz'd into meh hecod, ot tis seme Horse-Jockey, had stown th' Tit, on for fear o being o'ertene geet yo t' ride t' seve his own Beak'n. on so put yor sharon ye o thifs'n.

T. Why, I think theaw guexes too o hure ; for he slippt th' Rope fro obeawt his own neck on don'd it o mine, that's fartin. Heawe'er it mede pittifoo wark indeed ; to be guardit be two Men on o Cunstable back ogen thro' Rachdaw where Id so letely lost meh Bitch, on bin so very mawkinly rowlt ith Riggot ! Heaweer theese Cunstable-fok wur meety meeveryly on modest too-to, on as mute os Mowdy-warps for we geet thro' th' Teawn weh very little glooaring on less pumping, on wur ot Justices in a crack

M. E deer, Tummus, did naw a Haw-ter run strawngely eh yer heed ; for sum-mot runs eh mine os int wur full o Ropes on Pully-beawls.

T. Why loothe Meary I thought so pleaguy hard, ot I cou'd think o nothing at aw : for se the meh, I'r freetn't aw macks o weys. Still, I'd one cumfort awlus popt up it heed ; for thinks I't meh sell I stown no Horse, not I : on theaw knows ot Truth on Honesty goo-ink hont eh hont howd'n one onother's backs primely, on ston os stiff os o Gab-lock.

M. True Tummus, theyre prime props at o pinch, that's sartin. Boh I yammer t' hear heaw things turn'd cawt ot eend of aw.

T. Theaws no peshunce Meary. boh howd te tung on theawst hear in o snift : for theaw mun know, ot tis some Cunstable wur os preawd ot id tean poof Tum prisner, or if theaw'd tean o Hare on had hur eh the Appern meet neaw : but th' Gobbin ne'er confidert o' honging wou'd naw be cawd good spooart be ony body eh ther senses, on wur enough for't edge o finer mon's teeth in mine. Heawe'er he knockt os bowdly ot Justices Dur, os if

id ha dung it deawn. This fotcht o
 preaw'd gruff felly eawt, whooa put us
 int' a pleck we as monney Books an Pap-
 pers os a Cart wou'd howd To this mon
 (whooa I soon perceivt wur th' Clark) th'
 Custable tow'd meh wofoo kefe; an eh
 truth Meary I'r os gawmless os o Goose
 on began o whackering os if id stown o
 how draight o Horses. Then this felly
 went eawt o bit, on with im coom th'
 Justice; whooa I glendurt at sooar, an
 thowt he favort owd Jone o Dobs whooa
 theaw knows awlus wears a breawnish
 White-wig, ot hong on his Shilders like
 Keaw-teals. Well Mr. Cunstable, sed
 Justice, Whot han ye brought me neaw?
 Why, pleeos yer Worship, ween meet
 neaw tean o Horse-steyler whooa wur
 meying off with Tit os hard os he cou'd.
 Od, thought I't meh seln neaw, or never
 Tum, speyke for the fell; or theawrt
 throttl't ot tis very beawt, so I speek up,
 an sed; that's naw true, Mr. Justice:
 for I'r boh gooink o foot's pese. Umph
 sed th' Juice there's naw mitch difference,
 as to that point. Heawe'er howd teaw
 the tung yung mon; an speyk when ther't
 spokk'n too. Well theaw mon ith breawn
 Cooat, theaw, sed th' Justice, whot has
 theaw

theaw to sey ogen this felly here ? Is this Tit thy Tit, seys to ? It is Sur. Here Clark, bring's that Book on lets swear him. Here th' Justice fed o nominy to 'im, on tow'd 'im he munt tey kere o whot ch fed, or he moot as helt be foresworn, or hong that yeawth there. Well, on theaw seys ot tis Tit's thy Tit, is it ? It is, pleeos yer Worship. On where had teaw him. seys to ? I bred im Sur. E whot Country ? Cown-Edge Sur. On when wur he stown seys to ? Last dey boh yusterday abeawt three o Clock ith Oan-durth : for eawr Yem saigh 'im obeawt two, on we mist im obeawt four o'Clock. On fro Cown-edge theaw seys ? Yus Sur. Then th' Justice turn'd im to me, on fed Is aw this true ot tis man seys, hears to meh ? It is fed I ; part on't ; on part on't is naw : for I did naw steyl this Tit nor ist oboon two eawrs sin furst time ot ch brad meh e'en on im. Heaw coom theaw't beriding ovey wi' im then, if theaw did naw steyl im ? Why, o good deed Sur, os I'r goink toart whom to dey, o felly weh o little reawnd Hat, on o scrunt Wig, cultur o yoars, welly, boh shorter, o'er took meh ; hewur riding o one Tit on lad another. Neaw this mon

seeink I'r toyard, becose I went wigglety-wagglety ith' lone, he offer't meh his lad Tit t' ride on. I'r fene oth proffe'r be-leemy, on geet on : boh he rid off, Whip on Spur tho he cou'd hardly mey th' Tit keawnter, on wou'd fley on meh ot on Ele-heawfeith road. Naw Measter Justice I'd naw gon three quarters on o Mile boh theese fok o'ertean meh ; tow'd meh I'd stown th' Tit on neaw han brought meh hither, os in I'r o Yorshar Horse-fleyler. On this is aw true Master Justice, or mey I ne'er gut' on ill pleck when eh dee.

M. Primely spok'n efeath *Tummu*! yo meet shad'n Wrynnot eh tellink this tele, think I ; boh whot sed th' Justice then ?

T. Whau, he sed ; Hears to me ogen, theaw Yungster ; tell meh where theaw wur t' tother dey boh yusterday, elpecially ith Oandurth, will to. Whau, sed I, I feet cawt fro Whom soon ith' yoandnrth wi' o Keaw on a Kawve for Ratchdaw ; meh Kawve wur kilt ith' lone, with o Tit Coak'n os eh coom ; on ith' Oandurth I'r aw up on deawn eh this Neighbourhood, dooink meh best t' sell meh Bitch ot fok caw'dn o *Bandyhewit* t' see if th cou'd mey th' Kawve-money up for me Measter : but waes me e'ery-body

WUR

wur gett'n fittut with um. So I'r kest into th' dark, on forc'e t stey ot *Littlebrough* aw neet. On where wur to yusterday, fed Justice? Wheau, fed I, I maundert up on deawn hereobeawt ogen, oth' seme fleeveless arat, on wur forc't harbour awth' last neet in o Barnw here Boggarts swarm'n (Lord blefs us) on breed'n, I believe; for oytch body seys its never beawt um; on to dey os I'r gooink whom I leet o this felly ot I took for a Horse-Jockey, on so wur tean up be theese fok for a Tittleyler. Boh hark the meh, theaw Priner, fed th' Justice, wur naw theaw here tother dey boh yusterday wi' the Dog, prethee? I wur Sur; boh yoad'n naw buy hur, for yoarn fittittoo- Whot time oth' dey moot it bee, thinks to? Between three an four o'Clock, fed I. Beleemy mon, I think theaw'rt oather greeave or greeave-by, fed he. Here, yo, Master Custable follow me. Neaw, *Meary*, whot dust think? boh while theese two wur cawt o bit, this Teastril; this Tyke of o Clark caw'd me aside an proffert bring meh clear off for have o Ginney. Seys I, mon, If I knew a Hawter munt mey meh Neck os lung os o Gonner neck to morn, I cou'd naw rease have a Ginney:

for hong'd or naw hong'd I ha' naw one hawp'ney t' leve meh neck wi'. Boh seys he, wilt gi' the Note for't? Ill gi' no Notes not I; for I'd os good t' be hong'd for this job, oft steyl on be hong'd for that; on I no other wey t' rease it boh Steyling ot I know on.

M. Good Lord omarcy! moor Rogues on moor! neaw awt upo' aw sich teastrils for ever on o dey lunger, sey I.

T. Hustt hustt, Meary; for neaw th' Justice an th' Cunstable coom in.

M. E Law I'll be hong'd meh feln if eh dunnaw dither for fear: boh go for-rud *Tummus*.

T. Why, th' Justice after rubbing his broo on droying his sease deawn, sed; Here, yo Mester Cunstable, on yo, fellow ot owns this Tit; I mun tell ye, that yore booath ith rang Box: an han gett'n th' rang Soo by th' Yeer. For this youngster here cou'd naw steyl this Tit th' last Oandurth boh one: for between three an four o'Clock that dey I feed him here me fell: on yo sen this Tit wur stown fro' Cown-edge obeawt that time. Neaw he coud naw bee eh two-plecks ot one time, yo know. So heors to meh yung mon
E mun,

I mun quit thee as to this job ; so go the way whom ; on be honest. I will, sed I, on thonks Measter Justice : for yoan pood Truth eawt on a durty pleck ot lung-length. So I mede im o low bow, on a greyt Scroap weh meh Shoough on coom meh wey.

M. Brevely cumn off *Tum!* eigh, on merrily too, I'll uphowd o'. Neaw een God blefs aw honest Justices, sey I.

T. Eigh eigh ; on so sey I too : for I'd good luck otheel of aw, or *Tum* had naw bin here t'a tow'd teh this Tele. Boh yet *Meary*, I think eh meh guts ot teers *Meawfeneezes* omung sone on um, os weel os omung other fok ; or why shou'd tis seme Clark o his, when he perceiv't I'r innocent, proffert bring meh off for hawve o Ginney ? Had naw this o strung favor of fere cheeoting ; ne deawn-reetnipping o poor fok. On does teaw think ot tees Justices do naw know, when these Tykes plene o hundurt wur tricks thin this in o yeer ? Beside, *Meary*, I hard that fawse felly *Dick* o *Yems* o owd *Harry's* sey, ot he kneaw some on um ot went snips wi theese Catterpillars their Clarks : on if so, shou'd they naw be hugg'd oth' seme back, on scutcht with' seme Rod wi'ther Clarks. hears to me ?

M

M. Now now, not tey marry : for if fitch things munt be done greadly on os teh aught to bee, th' bigger Rascot shou'd ha' th bigger smacks, on moor on um, yo known, *Tummus*. Boh greyt fok oft dun who te win wi' littleons reet or rank ; whot kere'n they. So let's leeof fitch to mend when the con hit on't ; on neaw tell meh heaw ye went'n on wither Measter,

T. Eigh byth' Miss *Meary* I'd freeot'n that. Why then theaw mun know, eh fitch o kefe os tat I'd no skuse to mey, for I tow'd im heawth' *Kawve* wur kilt ith' Lone ; on ot I'd sow'd the *Hoyde* for throtteen-pence. On then I cou'd tell im no moor ; for he nipt up the *Deashon*, ot stoode oth' *Harstone*, on whirl'd it at meh : Boh eslid o hitting me, it hit th' *Reeam-Mug* ot stoode oth' *Hob* ; on *Keyvt* awth *Reeam* into th' *Foyar* : Then th' *Battril* coom, on whether it lawmt th' *Barn* ot ot wur ith' *Keather* I know naw, for I last it rooaring on belling ; so as I'r' scamp'ring away, eaw'r *Seroh* asht meh where e wou'd gooa ? I tow'd'r ot *Nicko* oth *Farmer's* greyt *Leath* wur next, an I'd go thither.

M. Of awth' *Spots* ith *Ward*, there wou'd

wou'd not I ha com'n for a Yepfintle a Ginneys.

T. I geawse theaw mecons becofe fok fen Boggarts awlus hawntit it : Boh theaw knows I'r wickitly knockt up, and force is Meds'n for a mad Dog, os I tow'd te afore.

M. It matters naw ; it wou'd never ha sunk'n into me ta harbort there.

T. Well, but I went ; an just as i'r gett'n to th' Leath Dur, whooa shou'd e meet boh Yed o'Jeremy's their New Mon.

M. That leet weel ; for Yed's as greedly o Lad as needs t' knep oth' Hem of a keke.

T. True : So I tow'd im meh Kefe e short, an sooary he lookt too-to : I wish e durst let te lye we me sed he ; but as I boh coom to wun here this Dey Sennit, I dare naw venter. But I'll shew thee a prime Mough o Hey an theaw mey do meeterly frowt I know. Thattle doo, sed I, shew it me, for i'm stark an ill done. So while he'ur shewing it me with Scoance, he sed ; I summot tell the *Tum*, but I'm loath. Theaw mecons o beawt boggarts sed I, but I'm lik't venter. Theaws meet hit it sed he : An I con tell the, I cou'd like meh pleck primely but for that : Heawe'er as th' Tits mun cawt very yarly, I mun Pro-

vonum o beawt one o'Clock, an I'll cawt
 fee heaw tha goes on: 'Sblid fed I, if
 theaw mun cawt so yarly, I'll fodder an
 Provon the Tits for the, an theaw mey
 sleep intle ley th' Proven ready. Then
 he shew'd me heawth' Mough wur cut
 with a Hey knife, hawve wey deawn like
 a great Step, on that I moot come off
 yeasfly o that Side: So we bid tone to-
 ther good Neet. I'r boh meet fattlt when
 eh heard summot ith Leath. Good-Lor-
 jus Meary! meh. Flesh crept o meh Boo-
 ans, on meh Yeears crackt ogen weh
 hark'ning. Presently I heard somebody
 caw sawfly, Tummus, Tummus. I knew
 th' Voice, an fed, whooas tat tee Seroh?
 Eigh fed hoo, an I stown a lyte Wetur-
 podditch, an some Thrutchings, and a
 Treacle-butter-keke if eh con eyght um.
 Fear me not, fed I, for I'm as hongry as
 a Rott'n. Whau miich-go-deet o with
 um fed hoo; an yo mey come on begin
 for they need'n no keeling. Neaw I'r e
 fitch a flunter egetting to th' Wark ot I'd
 freeat'n th' Spot ot Yed tow'd me on, so I
 feell deawn offth' heest Side oth' Mough,
 an fitch a Floose o Hey follut me, ot it driv
 meh shiar deawn, an Seroh, with meyt
 inner hont o top o me; an quite hill'd
 us booath.

M.

M. Cots fllh, this wur a nice Trick oth' bookth on't, wur it naw?

T. Eigh, sot' wur; boh it leet weell atth' Podditch wur naw Scawding: For when we'd'n mede Shift to heyve an creep fro underth' Hey, some oth Podditch I fund had dawbt' up tone o meh neen. Thrutchings wur'n shed oth Weastbant o meh Breeches, an th' Treacle-butter-keke stickt to Seroh's Brat. Heaweer, weh serawming abeawt ith Dark we geete up whot we cou'd, an I eet it Snap, for beleemy Meary I'r so keen bitt'n I mede no bawks at o Heyfeed. So while I'r busy cadging mey Wem, hoo tow'd me hoolipp'nt hur feather wur turn'd Strackling, an if I went whom agen I'tt be edawnger o being Breant: That me deme wou'd ha met'run for I shou'd be lose ot Feersuns een on it matter't naw mitch. I thowt this wur good keawnfil, so I geet Seroh t' fotch me meh tother Sark: hoo did so, an I thank't'ur, bid Farewell, an so we partit. I soon sattlt meh sell ith mough under a floose o Hey, an slept so weel ot when e wack'nt I'r feerd ot id o'er slept me sell on cou'd naw Provon th' Tits e' Time.

M. It wur weel for yo ot e cou'd'n

F

Sleep

Sleep at aw, for I'll ne'er ha lede meh een
t'gether I'm shure.

T. Whau, but I flartit up to go to th'
Tits and flurr'd deawn to th' lower Part
oth Mough; and by the Maskins-Lord
whot dust to think, boh I leet hump stridd'n
up o' summot ot feld meety Hewry, an it
starfit up weh me on on its Back, deawn
th' lower Part oth' Heymugh it jumpt;
Croft t'leath; cawt oth dur wimmy it
took; an intoth' Watering-poo as if the
Deel o Hell had driv' it; and there it
threw me in, or I feel off, I connaw tell
whether for th' life on meh.

M Whoo-who, whoo-who, whoo!
whot ih' Name o God winneh sey!

T. Sey,---why I sey true as t'Gospil;
an I'r so freetn't I wur warr set to get
cawt (if possible) in e wur when Nip an
me feel off th Bridge

M I never heard fitch teles fin meh
Neme wur Mall, nor no mon elze, think I'

T. Teles---! Udds bud, tak um awt
gether an theyd'n welly mey a Mont ston
oth' wrang eend.

M, Wellbut wur it owd Nick, think'n
eh or it wur naw!

T. I hete to tawk on't. wilt howd
te tung, but if it wur naw owd Nick, he
wur th' orderer on't to be shure. *M.*

M. Why Tummus pre'o' whot wur it!

T. Bless meh Meary ! theawrt so yearnstful ot teaw'll naw let meh tell meh tele. Why, I did naw know me fell whot it wur of an eawr.---If eh know yet.

M. Well, boh heaw went'n yo on then ?

T. Whau, weh mitch powlering I geete eawt oth' Poo ; an be meh troth, lieve meh as to list, I cou'd naw tell whether I'r in a Sleawm or wak'n, till eh groapt at meh Neen : An us I'r resolv'd to come no moor ith' Leath, I crope under a Wough, and stooode like a Gawmbing, or a perfect Neatril till welly Dey ; an just then Ned coom.

M. That wur passing weel confidering th' kefe or yoar'n in.

T. True, Lafs ; for I think I'r never feaner t' see no-body fin ir' kerfunt.

M. Whot sed Yed !

T. Why he heeve up his Hond, an he blest, and he prey'd, an mede fitch Marlocks that if I'd naw bin eh that woso Pickle I'ft a brofs'n weh Leawghing. Then he asht meh heaw I coom t' be so weet ? And why e stooode teer ? An fitch like, I tow'd him I could gi no okeawnt o meh

fell ; boh that I'r carrit cawt oth' Leath
be owd Nick as I thowt.

M. I'd awlus a Notion whot it wou'd
prove ith heel of aw.

T. Pre'the howdte Tung a bit,---theaw
puts me cawt. I tow'd im I thowt it wur
owd Nick ; for it wur vast strung ; very
hewry ; and meety swift.

M. E, what a greyt marcy it is yore
where ye ar Tummus !

T, Eigh Meary so't is ; for its moor in I
expectit. Boh theawst hear. Yed wur
so flay'd weh that bit at I'd tow'd im ot he
geete meh by th' Hont an sed, come Tum-
mus, let's flit fro this Pleck ; for my part
I'll naw fley one Minnit lenger. Sed I,
iftle fotch me Sark cawt oth' Leath I'll
geaw with the. Ney sed he, that I'll ne-
ver do while my Nemes Yed. Whau, sed
I, then I'm lik't goa beawt it. Dunnaw
trouble the nob abeawt tat : I two o whoam,
an I'll gi' theeth' tone, come let's get off sed
he. So were'n marching away ; but be-
fore wed'n gon five Rood, I seed summut
an seete up a greyt Reeok (for I thowt I'd
seen owd Nick agen, Lord blefs us) : Seys
Yed, whot ar to breed we neaw Tummus ?
I pointit th' Finger, an seed, is naw tat te
Dule ? Which, sed he : That, under th'
Hedge,

Hedge, sed I Now, now, naw hit ; that's eawer yung Cowt ot lies reawt, sed Yed. The Dickons it is sed I ! Boh I think e meh Guts ot that carrit me eawt oth Leath. Then Yed axt meh, if th' dur wur opp'n ? I tow'd im 'I thowt it wur. But I'm shure I toynt it sed Yed. That moot be sed I, for after theaw last me eawr Seroh browt me meh Supper ; an hoo moot lecave it opp'n. By th' Miss sed Yed, if so Tum, this very Cowt'll prove th' Boggart ! lets into th' Leath, an see, for it's naw so Dark as't wur. With aw meh Heart sed I ; boh lets slick toth' tone tother's Hond then. A this'n we went into th' Leath, and by meh truth Meary I know naw whot' think : There wur a Yepfintle a Cowt-tooarts upoth' lower Part oth' Hey-mough, and ah' Pleck where it had lyen as plene as a Pike Staff. But still, ift' wur hit ot carrit meh, I marvel heaw I cou'd slick on so lung, it wur eh sitch a hurry to get away !

M. Whot te Firrups ! it signifies nowt, for whether ye slickt on, or feel off, I find that eawr owd Nick wur th' Cowt at lies reawt.

T Whau, I connaw sey a decolabeawt it, it looks likly, as teaw seys : But if

this wur nota Boggart I think there never wur none, if teyd'n bin reetly sifted into.

M. Marry, I'm mitch eh yore mind,---but hark ye, did neh leet o' yer Sark.

T. Eigh, cigh ; I height eh meh Pocket se the, for its boh meet neaw at eh took meh leave o Yed, on neaw theaw fees I'm running meh Country.

M. On whot danneh think t' doo ?

T. I think t' be an Ostler ; for I con-mex'n, keem, on fettle Tits, os weel os os onny one on um aw, tho' theaw mey think its gawftring.

M. Ney, I coo believe 'o-----E law, whot o cank han we had ! I mennaw eem t' ftey onny lunger. God be with o ; for I mun owey.

T. Howd :---Ney Meary : le meh ha one Smeawtch ot paring for theaw'rt none fitch o feaw Whean nother.

M. Ney.----Neaw,----So Tummus ; go, teaw, on Slaver Seroh o Ratchot's in ye bin so kipper.

T. Why neaw, heaw spytfoo theaw art ? Whot in o Body doo like Seroh ; there's no Body boh the lik'n somebody.

M Eigh, true Tummus ; boh then sometimes some-body likes some-body elze.

T. I gcawse whot to mecons : For, theaw'rt
glenting,

glenting ot tat flopper-meawth't gob-flotch
 Bill o' Owd-Katty's: Becose ot Fok sen
 Seroh hankers after im: I marvel what
 te Dule hoo con see in him: I'm mad at
 hur.

M. Like enough; for its o feaw life t'
 Luff thoofe ot Luff'n other Fok: Boh yoar
 o Ninyhommer t' heed 'ur; for there's
 none fitch farrantly tawk abeawt'r.

T. Why, whot done they fay?

M. I mennaw tell:-----Beside yoan hap-
 ply tey't non se weel in o Body shou'd.

T. Whaw, I connaw be angurt ot tee,
 chez whot to-seys, os lung os to boh harms
 after other fok.

M. Why then, they sen, ot hoos o Maw-
 kinly, Dagg'd--a--ft, Wisk-tel't, Whean;
 on----on----

T. On Whot Meary? Speyk cawt.

M. Why to be plene with o; tey sen
 ot hur Moother took Billo owd Katy's on
 hur eh Bed t'gether, last Sunday Morning.

T. E---the Dev--- (good Lord blefs us)
 is tat true!

M. True! Heaw shou'd t' be other-
 ways for hur Moother wur crying, on
 foughing to me Deme last Munday yeand-
 duth obeawt it.

T. 'Sflesh Meary! I'm fit crutle deawn
 intoth'

intoth' Yeoarh: I'd leefer o tean forty Eawls !

M. Why luckit neaw ; I'm een sooary fort: God help it, will it topple o'er? Munneh howd it heeod while it Heart brafts o bit ?

T. E. Meary ; theaw little gawms heaw it thrutches meh Plucks ! for if t' did, theaw'd naw mey sitch o Hobbil on meh.

M. Neaw eh meh good Troth, I con heardly howd meh unlaight, t' see heaw fast yore en Luff's Clutches ! Boh I thowt I'd try o.

T. Meary, whot dus to meeon?

M. Why, I towd o Parcil o thumping lies o purpose t' pump 'o.

T. The Dicköns tey the Meary---- Whot on awkert Whean ar teaw ! whot teh Pleague did t' flay meh o thifs'n far ! theawrt o wheant Lafs---I'd leefer o gon the Arnt forty Mile.

M. Eigh o hundurt, rether thin o had it o bin true: But I thowt I'd try o.

T. Well ; on if I dunnaw try thee, titter or latter, ittle be o marvel !

M. It's o gryet marcy yo connow doot neaw for cruttling deawn. --Boh I mun o-vey: For if meh Deme be cumn Whoam there'll be ricking.---Well think on ot yoad'n rether ha tene forty Eawls. T.

T. Is't think on ot teaw looks o bit
whisky ches whot Seroh o Rutchots is.

M. I heard um sey ot gexing's o kint'
lying, on ot proof oth Pudding's ith
Eyghting.---So Fere weell Tummus.

T. Meary, fere the well heartily ; on
gi'meh Luff to Seroh, let't leet heawt will.

M. Winneh forgi' meh then ?

T. Byth' Mifs well eh Meary, froth
bothum o me Crop.

F I N I S.







A

GLOSSARY



O F

Lancashire *Words and Phrases :*

Containing,

About 800 Words more than were in any
of the five former Impressions :

In which many of the useless corruptions are
omitted, and wherein the Reader may
observe,

That Words mark'd	{	A.S.	come from the	{	Anglo-Saxon.
		Bel			Belgic.
		Br.			British.
		Da.			Danish.
		Du.			Dutch.
		Fr.			French.
		Sw.			Swedish.
		Teu			Teutonic.

A	A
ACTILLY, <i>actually.</i>	Agate, <i>on the Way.</i>
Ackersprit, <i>a Potatoe</i>	Agog, <i>set on, begun.</i>
<i>with roots at both Ends.</i>	Aighs, <i>an Ax.</i> A, S.
Addle, <i>to get ; also unfruit-</i>	An } <i>if</i>
<i>ful.</i> A S.	} <i>and</i>
Afterings, <i>the last of</i>	Ancliff, <i>Ancl.</i> A. S.
<i>Cow's Milk.</i>	Anent, <i>opposite.</i> A S.
	Appern,

A

Appern, *apron*.
 Appo, *an Apple*.
 Ar, *are*.
 Are, } *an Hour, also our*.
 Eawer, }
 Areawt, *out of doors*.
 Ask, *a large Chest*. A. S.
 Arnt, *Errand*.
 an Arr, *a Mark or Scarr*.
 Arran, *arrant, downright*.
 Arsewood, *backward, unwilling*. A. S.
 Arsey-versey, *Heels over Head*. A. S.
 Ashelt, *likely, probable*.
 Ash, }
 Ax, } *ask*. A. S.
 Axen, }
 Ash'n, }
 Ashler, *large Free Stone, or Moor Stone*.
 Asht, } *asked*.
 Axt, }
 Ashes, } *asks*.
 Axes, }
 Asker, *a Nute*.
 Astite, *as soon*, A. S.
 Awf, *an Elf, an earthly Demon*. Bel.
 At't, *at it*.
 Awkert, *untoward; also comical*. A. S.
 Awlung *all owing to, because &c.*
 Awlus, *always*.
 Awmeety, *Almighty*.
 Awntert, *answered*.
 Aw o'like, *q. all I love*.
an Interjection.

B

Awto'pont, *out upon it*.
 Awtert, *altered*.
 Awvish, *queer, comical*.
 B
 BACCO, *Tobacco*.
 Backurt, *backward*.
 Bakstone, *q. Bake-stone*.
 A. S.
 Bagging-time, *Baiting-time*.
 Balderdash, *Hodge-podge*.
 A. S.
 Ball, *the Body of a Tree*.
 Ballocks, *the Testicles*. A. S.
 Bally, *Belly*.
 Ban, *curfing*. Bel.
 Bandyhewit, *a Name given to any Dog, when Persons intend to make Sport with his Master*.
 Bang, *to beat*. Bel.
 Bankreawt, *broken credited*.
 Barklt, *Dirt &c. hardened on Hair, &c.*
 Bant, *a String*.
 Bargin, *Bargain*.
 Barmiskin, *a Leather Apron*.
 Barn, *a Child*. A. S.
 Barst, *burst*.
 Bastert, *Bastard*.
 Bastertly-gullion, *a Bastard's bastard*.
 Bate, } *without, or except*
 Beawt, } *also about, or trial*
 Batter, *of which Pancakes are made*.

Battril,

B

Batril, a *Batting-Staff*
us'd by Laundresses
Bawtert, *vid: barklt.*
Bawt, a *Piece of Timber*
laid cross a House; also to
deceive. Bel.
Bawks, *discouragements;*
also a Hay-loft. Bel,
 Be, *by.*
Beasting, a *beating.*
Beawls, *bowls.*
Beawlt'nt, *bowled.*
Beck'n, *to call by the Fingers.*
 A. S.
Becose, *because.*
Beeart, a *Beard.*
Been, *nimble, clever.*
Beeols, *Cows,*
Beest, *undejected Milk,*
that next after Calving,
 A. S.
Beest'n-Castle. q. *Beeston-*
Castle, 7 Miles from Ches-
ter.
Beet-need, a *Help on par-*
ticular Occasions.
Begant', } *began to*
Begunt, }
Behint, *Behunt*, *Behund;*
all signifying behind.
Beleady, *by our Lady.*
Beleakins, a *diminutive of*
by our Lady, or an Inter-
jection,
Bells, q. *bellows, makes a*
Noise.
Beleest, *believed.*
Beleemy, *believe me; from*
Belamy, *my good Friend.*

G

B

Old Fr.
Belive, *by and by.*
Bellart, a *Bull or Bear's*
Ward.
Bell'n, } *making a Noise.*
Belling, } A. S.
Bench, a *Seat.*
Ber. *Force.*
Berm, *Test.* A. S.
Beshite, *to foul, to dirty.*
 A. S.
Beshote, *dirtied.* Teu.
Bezzle, *from embezzle, to*
waste.
Bib, a *Breast-Cloth.*
Bin, *been.*
Bit, a *small Part.*
Bitter-bump, *the Bittern.*
Blackish, *inclining to black.*
Blackstone-Edge, a *Hill*
between Lancashire, and
Yorkshire.
Blain, a *little Boil.* A. S.
Bleb, a *Bubble.* Bel.
Bleffin, a *Block or Wedge.*
Bleffin-head, a *Blockhead.*
Blend, *mix.* A. S.
Blendit, *mixed.* A. S.
Blid, *from Blood; an In-*
terjection.
Blinkert, *blind of one Eye,*
Blur, a *Blot.* Sp
Boadle, *Half a Farthing.*
Bode, *did abide; also fore-*
tell. A. S.
Boggart, a *Spirit an Appa-*
rition.
Boggle, *to be afraid.* Du.
Boh, *lut.* N. B. *This*
and

B

and some other Lancashire words ending with a, are pronounced with a very short Aspiration, as meh, for me, &c.

Boke, to point the Finger at Bel.

Bonkful, hankful,

Booan, a Bone,

Booart, a Board.

Bookth, Bulk, the Largeness of a Thing. A. S.

Boose, a Cow's Stall. A. S.

Bote, did bite.

Bo'th', but the.

Bought, { the bend, as the
bought of the
Boot, { Elbow, &c.

Bowd, bold.

Borrut, borrowed.

Boyrn, to rinse or wash. A. S.

Boyrnt, wash'd. A. S.

Brabble, } a Squabble
Brangle, } or falling
Brabblement, } out bel
Branglement, }

Braggot, new Ale spiced, with Sugar, &c. br.

Brad, spread, opened.

Brass, Copper-Money, also all Sorts of Coin.

Braft, } burst.
Braftit, }

Brat, a Child; also a course Apron. A. S.

Brawn, a Boar.

Breans, Brains.

Bree, Broth without Meal;

B

also to fear a Person.

Breechus, Breeches.

Breed, frightened.

Breether, Brothers.

Brekfust, Breakfast.

Breve, brave.

Breyd, a Board.

Brid, a Bird.

Brigg, a Bridge.

Briggs, Irons to set over the Fire.

Brimming, a Sow is said to be so, when she wants to engender. A. S.

Brindlt, a Mixture of Colours in Cows, Dogs, &c.

Britchel, apt to break.

Brok'n, broken.

Brog, a swampy Place; also a bushy Place.

To brog, there are two Ways of fishing for Eels, call'd Brogging, one with a long Pole, Line, and Plummet, the other by putting the Hook and Worm on a small Stick, and thrusting it into Holes where the Eels lye. Du.

Broo, brow, ferche a

Bruart, the rim, or brims of a Hat.

Bruart, the Blades of Corn just sprung up.

Bruck, Brook.

Brunt, burnt. Bel.

Bruit, a rumour, a report.

Bruited, reported.

Bruzz'd, broken, or dulled; also

B

also to bruze the Skin off,
is to knock it off.

Buck, *a Book.*

Bullockt, *bullied, cheated.*

Bun-hedge, *a Hedge made
of twisted Sticks.*

Bunhorns, *Briers bored for
to wind Yarn on, us'd by
Woollen Weavers.*

Burley, *thick, clumsy.* Teu.

Bur, *a very tenacious Flow-
erbud, or Seed of the large
Water-Dock.*

Buzz'd, *whisper'd.*

Byth' Miss, *q. by the
Mass, an Ieterjection.*

Byzen, *blind.*

C

CADGING, *to stuff
the Belly; also to bind
or tie a Thing.*

Cam, *awry, Br.*

Cam'm'd, *crooked, gone
awry; also argued crossly,
ill naturedly.*

Camp, } *to talk of anything*

Cank, }
Camperknows, *Ale Pot-
tage, in which are put
Sugar Spices, &c.*

Campo, } *to prate saucily.*

Cample, }
Cankard, *rusty; also ill na-
tured.*

Cant, *healthful, chearful,
Bel.*

Capable, *able to do.*

Caper-Cousins, *great
Friends.*

C

Capt, *to be set fast, to over-
do a Person.*

To Cark, *to be careful and
diligent. A. S.*

Carl, *a Clown. A. S.*

Carlings, *Peace boiled on
Care-Sunday are so called
i. e. the Sunday befor,
Palm-Sunday.*

Carrit, *carried; also a carrot.*

ACarry-Pleck, *is a Boggy-
Place whose Water leaves
a red Sediment.*

Carron, *q. Carrion, a
Term of Reproach.*

Catter, *to heap up, to thrive
in the World. Fr.*

Catterwawing } *wooing, or*
Catterwalling } *rambling*
} *in the*
} *night, af-*
} *ter the*
} *manner of*
} *cats, from*
} *whence it*
} *comes.*

Cawd, } *called.*

Cawd'n, }

Cawn, *they call.*

Cawfe, *a Calf.*

Cawfe-tail, *a Dunce.*

Chaffo, *to chew.*

A Char, *a small job of work
also to stop. A. S.*

Charger, *Platters, Dishes.*

Chark, *a crack.*

Charn, *a Churn.*

Charn-curdle, *a Churn-
staff,*

Charo,

C

Chary, *careful, or painful.*
 Chat, *to talk; also a small*
Twig. Fr.
 Cheeons, *Chains.*
 Cheeot, *cheat.*
 Cheop, *cheap,*
 Chez, *from chuse.*
 Chieve, *to prosper.*
 Chill, *cold. A. S.*
 Chill-blains, *Swelling in*
the Fingers and Toes.
 Childer, *Children.*
 Chilt, *a Child.*
 Chimley, *a Chimney,*
 Chip, *an Egg is said to chip*
when the young cracks the
Shells.
 Choamber, *a Chamber.*
 Choance, *a Chance.*
 Chomp, *to chew; also to*
crush, or cut things small
 Choynge, *change.*
 Churn-getting, *a Nightly*
Feast after the corn is cut.
 Clammer, *to climb; also a*
great Noise.
 Clammy, *Gluish, tough.*
A. S.
 Clatch, *a brood of chickens.*
 Clatter, *a sudden Noise.*
A. S.
 Cleeart, *cleared.*
 Cleawd, *a Cloud.*
 Cleawt *a Clout.*
 Cleeek, *to catch at hastily.*
 Cleeon, *clean.*
 Cleeoning, *the After-birth*
of a Cow.
 Clemm'd, *famish'd, starv'd*

C

Clever, } *lusty, skilful; also*
 Cliver, } *very well.*
 Clewkin, *a Sort of strong*
Twine. A. S.
 A Clock, *a Beetle.*
 Clocking, *the Noise of broody*
Hens. A. S.
 Clooas, *Cloaths.*
 Cloyse, } *very near; also a*
 Close, } *Croft or Field.*
 Clotted, *sticking together.*
Bel.
 Clough, *a Wood; also a*
Valley. A. S.
 Clozzoms, *Tallons, vid.*
Clutches,
 Clum, *did climb.*
 Clumst, } *unhandy, un-*
 Clumfy, } *weildy. Du.*
 Clussunt, *swollen with*
Cold, Du.
 Clut, *to strike, a blow,*
 Clutches, *the Hands, the*
Talons of Birds; also in
Possession of.
 Clutters, *all on Heaps. Du.*
 Cluttert, *gather'd on heaps.*
Du.
 Coaken, *the sharp Part of*
a Horse-shoe; also to strain
in the Act of Vomiting.
 To Cob, *to throw.*
 Cobstones, *Stones that may*
be thrown; and also lar-
ger Stones. A. S.
 Cob-coals, *large Pit-*
Coals, A. S.
 Cock, *to stand up, as Cock*
thy Tail hold it high.
 Cocker,

C

C

- Cocker, to fondle; also an old Hose without foot. *Fr.*
 Cockers, and Trashes, old Stockings without Feet and over-worn Shoes
 Cocket, pert. *A. S.*
 Cods, the Testicles. *A. S.*
 Cod-piece, the fore part of Breeches. *A. S.*
 Coil, a great stir; also a Lump on the Head, by a Blow.
 Collock, a large Pale.
 Com, } a Comb.
 Coomp, }
 Coom, came.
 Con, can; also to con a thing over, is to look it over.
 Condle, a Candle.
 Conny, brave fine.
 Cooth, a cold.
 Cops, Balls or Lumps of Yarn. *A. S.*
 Cop, }
 Copping, } a Fence, *A. S.*
 Copweb, Spiders Web, bel.
 Cokes, } Cinders.
 Corks, }
 Cosey, a Causeway.
 Cost'n, did cost.
 Costril, a little Barrel.
 Cotshish, q. God's Flesh,
 } a Pin to hold the
 } Wheelon the
 } Axle tree, by
 } some called a
 } Lin-pin
 Cotter, }
 Cotterel, }
 Covert covered

- Cowd, cold. *Du.*
 Cowken, a straining to vomit.
 Cown. Coln in Lancashire.
 Crackling, a thin Wheaten cake.
 Craddins, to lead Craddins is play bold adventurous tricks.
 Craddinly, cowardly.
 Crag, rocky rough Places.
 Br.
 Cram'd, crooked.
 Crap, Money.
 Crash, the Noise of any thing when it breaks.
 Cratch, a Rack for Hay, &c. *A. S.*
 Cratchinly, feeble, weak.
 Creawp-ars'd hog-breech'd
 Creawn, a Crown.
 Creeas, the Meazles.
 Creawse, very loving, lustiful.
 Crevis, a Hole, or Crack.
 Creemt, to give a thing privately.
 Cretur, Creature.
 Crewet, a sort of glass vial to hold Vinegar.
 Crib, a Place to hold sucking Calves; also. a Pin-fold, a Goal
 Cricks an howds pains and Srains.
 Cricket a small Stool; also a House Insect
 Crimble to go into small Crumbs.

Crimble

C

Crimble ith' **Poke**, is to
run back of a Bargain, to
be cowardly.
Crinkle, to bend under a
Weight; also to rumple a
Thing. Du.
Christins, *Chrstians.*
Crom, to stuff; also to put
a Thing in a Place.
Cromm'd. *stuff'd.*
Cronk, the Noise of a Ra-
ven; also to prate. bel.
Crony, a true Companion.
Croo, a Crib for a Calf.
Crope, crept.
Crop'n, crept into.
Crow, an Iron Gavelock.
Crummil, Cromwell.
Cun. } to cun thanks, is to
Con, } give thanks.
Crump, Cramp a Disease;
also to be out of humour.
A. S.
Crumple, to ruffle.
Cruttle, to stoop down, to
fall, vid. crinkle. Du.
Culbort, cupboard.
Cud'n, could.
Cudneh, cou'd you.
Callert, coloured.
Cumbert, cumbered, Du.
Cumn, come, or came.
Cumpunny, Company.
Cumt', come, to.
Cnn, can.
Cup o' Sneeze, a Pinch of
Snuff.
Curturs, Curtains.
Cutter, to mock much of, as

D

a Hen or Goose of their
 young.

Cuzz'n, Cousin; also to
 cheat.

D

DAB, a Blow; also be-
 ing active at any
 Thing.

Dacker, tickle, or unsettled
 Weather. Teu.

Daddle, to reel, or waver
 on the road, to go as ducks.

Daffock, a dirty Slatern.

Dagg'd-arie } q. dewy arse

Dagg'd-tele } q. dirty slut
 Bel.

Dane, down.

Dangus, the same with daf-
 fock.

Darn, to draw up a Hole
 with a Needle, A. S.

Dawnger: Danger.

Dawnt, to fear.

Dawntle, to fondle.

Deawk, to go over head in
 Water.

Deawmp, dumb.

Deawt, } Doubt.

Date, }

Decave, to stun with a
 Noise. Du.

Deeavely, lonely.

Decing, dying.

Deeod, dead.

Deeol, a deal, much.

Decols, deals, trades with.

Deeoth, death.

Deet, dawbed, besmear'd.

Deg.

D

Deg, to wet, to sprinkle
water on. Fr.

Deme, Dame.

Desunt, handsome.

Dey. Day.

Didney, } did you.

Didneh, }

Dick, a by Name for Rich-
ard.

Dickons, an Interjection.

Dicky, a diminutive of Ri-
chard.

Dicky o' Wills, vid. Tum-
mus o' Williams

Din, a Noise. A. S.

Ding, to knock, to strike.
Ten.

Dingle, a Valley. A. S.

Disactly, exactly.

Disher. to tremble. A. S.

Dithert, quaked, trembled

Doage, wetish, a little

Dock, to cut off

Dofft, put off undressed.

Donk, a little wetish, Bel.

Donn'd, put on dress'd.

Dons, put on.

Doo, do

Dooal, Money, &c. given
at a Funeral, or other
Times. A. S.

Dosome, healthful.

Dowd, dead, flat, spirit-
less.

Doot nor do, lingering, a
bad state of health.

Doing, or } healthful

Dowing, }

Dowter, Daughter.

D

Doytches, Ditches

Doytch-backs, Fences

Dozening } Slumbering.

Dozing, } A. S.

Drass, grains A. S.

Draight, a Drought or
Team

Drape, a barren Cow, one
that is not with-calf. A. S.

Dreawps, Drops

Dreawnt, drowned

Dree. long, tedious. A. S.

Dreemont, dreamed

Drench, to draw or let in
water. A. S.

Drift, did drive.

Drizzle, to rain softly. bel.

Droy. to wipe, also thirsty.

Droyve, q. drive, also to
put off

Dubbler, a large dish. Bel.

Dungn, knocked

Dunnaw, do not

Dunneh do you

Dur, a Door

Dur-cheeks. the Frame of
Wood to which Doors hang

Durn, that Piece of Wood
or Stone by which Yeats,
or Gates hang.

Duzz'n, a Dozen, 12

E

E q. abt an interjection,
also I; also in lo
you.

Ealt, ailed

Eary, every

Easing, or } the Eaves of an

Yeasing, } House

Eawera

E

Eawer, or } our, also an Cromwell's Justice of
 Are, } Hour Peace. Bel.
 Eawls, Owls
 Eawnee, Ounce
 Eawt, out
 Eawtcumblin, out-cum-
 blin, a Stranger
 Eawther, Author
 Ebil, Abel
 Echreen, } Eyebrows
 Eebrees, }
 Edder, an Adder. A. S.
 Eddish, Grass after Mow-
 ing. A. S.
 Ee, an Eye; also, Ee, Ee,
 is yes yes.
 Eem, I know eem, i. e.
 I have no time.
 Een, } Eyes; also even; also
 } an interjection;
 } and likewise an
 } Eve, or Vigil
 Eendle's-annat, the
 straight Gut
 Endways, endways, for-
 ward.
 Endneaw, by and by
 Eete, } did eat
 Eeyght, }
 Egad, a diminutive of the
 Oath, by God
 Egodshum, q. in God's
 Name
 Efeakins, a diminutive of
 in Faith
 Eh, he; in; I, and you
 Eigh, yes the same with Ee
 E-law, q. ah, Lord!
 Elder, an Udder, also a

F

Ele, Ale, also ail
 Ere ever, before.
 Eshin, a Pale
 Elfin, a sort of a Awl. Ten.
 Elt, to stir Dough sometime
 after kneading
 Eshole } the hole under the
 Ashole } fire to hold ashes.
 Estid, instead
 Eteaw, broken; in Pieces
 Ettercrops, } Spiders. B.
 Attercrops, }
 Ett'n, eaten
 Ewer, ever
 Ex'n, q. Oxen

F

FADGE, a Burden or
 part of Horse's Load,
 Fag, to tire
 Fag-end, the Tail-end,
 a Remnant. A. S.
 Fair-faw, a Term of wish-
 ing well
 Fammish'd, starv'd by Fa-
 mine
 Fangs, the Tusks of a Dog,
 or Bear. A. S.
 Far, for
 Far-geh, forgive
 Farrently, q. fair andlike-
 ly, handsome
 Farrow, a Sow's bringing
 forth young. A. S.
 Farry, a litter of Pigs.
 A. S.
 Fartin, Fortune

Fash,

F

Fash, *the Tops of Turnips.*

&c.

Fattle be ith' Foyar. *all will be wrong*

Fattish, *inclining to be fat*

Faw } *fall*

Fo. } *fallen*

Fawn } *fallen*

Foan, } *fallen*

Fawse Lunners, *the ingenious Author of the Monthly Review*

Fawt, *Fault*

Fear, *afraid*

Feaberry, *Gooseberries*

To Felt, *is to give an Estate for Life, &c.*

Feathering, *the finishing or topping of a hedge, also laying Hay on a Cart. A.S.*

Feaw, *foul, ugly*

Feawly, *ugly, unfortunately*

Feaw whean, *an ugly Woman.*

Fearso, *fearful*

Feel, *fell*

Feggur, *fairer A. S.*

Feld, *felt, perceived*

Feelt, *a Field*

Feersuns-een, *Shrovetide.*

Felly, } *a Man*

Fellow, } *a Man*

Fellicks, } *the Rounds of a*

Fellies, } *Wheel. Da.*

Felly'l, *the Man will*

Fend, *to endeavour, to pro-*

F

vide for

Fare } *fair, honest; a Fair,*
} *also Fare, or cheer.*

Fest, } *q. to fasten; to bind*

Fest'n, } *Apprentice. A.S.*

Fethur, *Father.*

Fettle, *dress, case, condition.*

Fewtrils, *little things*

Fey, *the Earth lying over Stone, Slate, &c.*

To Fey, *is to remove such Earth*

Fib, *a Lye*

Fin't, *best, bravest*

Firrup, *a kind of Imprecation*

Fittut, *fitted, supply'd*

Flaigh, *a light Turf*

Flap, *the Lap of a Coat, &c. A. S.*

Flasker, *to dash or play in Water*

Flash, *a Lake Bel.*

Flasket, *a shallow Basket*

Flay, *to fear, to frighten*

Flay'd, *frightened*

Fleak, *a Hurdle made of twisted Hazles; also a thing made to dry oatcakes on.*

To Fleak, *to bask in the Sun Du.*

Fleckt, *spotted*

Flee, Flay, *to skin*

Fleed, *skinn'd*

Fleigh, *a Flea*

Flet, *skimm'd Bel.*

Flet-

F

Flet-Milk, *Milk with the Cream taken off* Bel.

Flick, a *Flitch of Bacon* A. S.

Flit, to remove Da.

Fliz, } a *Splinter* or
Flizzing, } *Shiver* Da.

Floose, q. *Fleeze of Wool*, Hay, &c.

Flopper-meawth, blubber-lipp'd

Flunter, in a great *Hurry*; out of *Flunter*, not well, sickly

Flusk, to fly at, as two cocks

Flyer, to laugh scornfully

Flyte, to scold A, S,

Fob, a *Pocket* A, S,

Fog, *Grass after the Mowing*; also a *Mist* A. S,

Foist, a F---t

Foisty, stinking

Fok, *Folk*

Fok'll *Folk* will

Follut, followed

Foo, a *Fool*; also full

Foo-goad, a play-thing

Foomurt, the *Pole-Cat*, or *Wild-Cat* br

For fartin, } for certain,

For shure, } certainly

For't for it

Forthowght, repented; also *Forefight*

Forsoth, for sooth

Forrud, forward

Foryeat'n, forgotten

Fotch, fetch

Fowd, a *Fold*, or *Yard*

F

Foyar, *Fire*

Foyar-new, very new

Foyar-potter, an *Iron Instrument* to stir up the fire

Framput, an *Iron ring* that runs on a *Stake* to which Cows are fastened

Frap, to crack; also to fall into a *Passion*

A Fratch, a *Quarrel*

Fratching, quarrelsome

Freeot'n, forgotten

Frem, not a kin; also tender A, S,

Fresh-cullert, rosy, well coloured

Fridge to rub, to scat

Frim, tender A, S,

Frist, trust A, S,

Fro, from

Fro off on her, off her

Frough, tender, rather brittle

Frowt, for ought

Frump, a mock or jeer

Fun, found; also Sport

Furst, } first

Furster, }

Fufs, a great Stir

Fuslock, a term of reproach for fat idle Women

G

G A, gave

G Gable-end, the wall at the end of a House, &c, bel,

Gablock, { a strong Iron Bar us'd for

Gavelock, { a lover A, S Gad,

G

G

Gad, to run about, as cows
in hot Weather A, S;
Gaight, gave it
Gainer, nearer
Galkeer, a tub to work drink
in

Gam, fine Sport, diversion;
also Game

Gan, give, did give

Gar, to force

Garth, a Hoop for Tubs,
Ec, A, S,

Gash, a large Cut or wound

Gate, -away, gone forwards

Gaunt. lean, empty A. S,

Gawby, a Duncie

Gawm, understand or com-
prehend; also to mind

Gawmbt, play'd the fool

Gawmlefs, stupid, senseless
A, S,

Gawpe, to stare with open
Mouth

Gawster, to boast

Gawstring, becloring, brag-
ging

Gawt, { a passage for
or Gote, { water, a flood-
gate A, S,

Geaw, go

Geawn, the gummy Matter
issuing from tender Eyes
br:

Gee, to gee is to agree, t
suit,

Geer, Stuff of all sorts; also
a Horse harness A, S,

Geh, or } give
Gi'

Gerse, Grass

Geete, did get

Geet, give it

Get'n, got

Gex,

Geaux, } guess Du

Geawse, }

Gezlings, q, Goslings, or

young Geese A S

Gibberidge, stammering,
broken, or imperfect speech

A S

Gig, } a Machine used in
dressing Cloth; al-
so a Hole made in
the Earth to dry
Flax

To set oth' Gigg, is to set
on to stir up

Giggle, to laugh wantonly:
bel:

Giglet a wanton Girl bel:

Gilders } are lengths of hair
twisted on which

Gillers } Fishing - Lines
are made

Gilliver a Gilliflower; also
a wanton woman

Gill-hooter an Owl

Gilt a female Pig; tho' it be
cut

An opp'n Gilt one ungel
or uncut

Gimlet a Nail-piercer to
bore Holes Fr:

Ginnil a strait Street; a
narrow passage

Girn to grin

Gizzen,

G

G

- Gizzern *the Stomach of a Fowl* Fr :
 Glead *a Kile* A. S.
 Glendurt, *stared* A. S.
 Glent, *a Glance, or fly Look* A. S.
 Glenting, *Glancing* A. S.
 Gley, *to squint* A. S.
 Glib, *smooth, slippery* A. S.
 Glimmer, *to shine a little,* Du.
 Glimmering, *shining a little, a Spark* Du.
 Gliss'n, *to shine* A. S.
 Glitter, *to shine or sparkle* A. S.
 Glitter, *to shine*
 Gloor, *to stare* A. S.
 Glooart, *stared* A. S.
 Glopp'nt, *frightened*
 Glossy, *shining* A. S.
 Glur, *the softest of Fat*
 Goads, *Customs; also Play-things*
 Goart, *pierced that Blood appears* A. S.
 Gob. *a large Piece of meat; a greedy clownish person,*
 Gobbin, }
 Gobsletch, } *a dunce*
 Godsum } *God-in God's, name*
 Goddil q. *God will*
 Gog *to set a gog is to set on* Br:
 Gonner, *a Gander*
 Gonnerhead *a stupid person or Dunce*
 Gooa go
- Gooan gone
 Gooddie *Shrovetide*
 Good lorjus deys q: *Good Lord Jesus what days!*
 an Interjection
 Gooink, *going*
 Gooms Gums A. S.
 Gore *Blood; also a triangular Piece of cloath put in a Shirt to widen it* A. S.
 Gorfes, *Furze, a prickly Shrub* A. S.
 Goshawk, *a Fowl; also a duncely Person* A. S.
 Gote *a Water Passage*
 Gowd, *Gold*
 Gran *did grin!*
 Grash *to eat greedily to break any thing*
 Graunch *vid. Grash*
 Greadly, *well, right, handsomely*
 Grave *a Grave*
 Greawnd *Ground the earth*
 Grease *Fat; also Grass*
 Greawt *small Wort* A. S.
 Greece *a little Brow; also Stairs* Fr.
 Greeof *or greeof by right or very near so*
 Grim'd *besmear'd bel.*
 Grin *a Snare; also a sneering Look* A. S.
 Gripp'n *clapped or clinched Hand* A. S.

Grip-yard

G

Grip-yort, } a seat of gre
Grip-yard, } clods or turf,
Supported
with twisted
boughs (bur-
dle-wis) and
generally made
round shady
Trees A. S.

Grit, sandy A. S.

Gritty, } sandy A. S.

Gritley, } sandy A. S.

Grats. Oats hull'd, but
unground

Gronny, a Grandmother

Gronsur, a Grandfather

Groon, grown

Grooing, growing

Groop, the Place where
Cattle piss in a Snippen

Grope, to feel awkwardly
or in the dark A. S.

Groyn, a Swine's Snout
A. S.

To Gry, is an easy Ague
Fit, or the Ague hauging
on a person

Gurd o Leawghing, a Fit
of Laughter

Gutt', go to

Guzzet } a four square piece
of cloath to widen
the arm-pit of a
Shirt

H

HA, }
Hav, } have

Han,

Hackt, knock'd tog-ther,

H

H

also to cut bunglingly
Had-loont-rean, the Gut-
ter or space between the
Head Lands and others

Had'n, had

Hag,

Haggus, } the Belly

Hast, or } the Handle of

Hest, } a Knife; also

Hest is a Life

A. S.

Haigs, the white Thorn-

berry A. S.

Hal o' Nabs, q. Henry of
Abraham's

Halliblash, a great Blaze

Hallidey, holyday

Halloo, to shout

Halloo'd, shouted

Hammeh, have me

Hammil. a Village A. S.

Hangum, } hang them

Hongum, }

Hanker, to desire, to covet

Hap, to cover; also to pat
or encouryge a Dog, &c,
A. S.

Haply, perhaps

Harbor, to entertain A. S.

Harr, to snarl like an an-
gry Dog.

Harms, after, to speak the
same thsng like an Eccho.

Harry, q. hurry to tease,
tired. Fr.

Harry's Henry's

Harston, } q. barth-stone

Hask, dry, parched

Havet,

H

H

- Haver**, Oats. Du.
Haver-bread, Oat-bread
Haust, a cough, a cold, Du.
Hawmpo, to halt
Hawmpow't, did halt
Hawpunny, Half-penny
Hawms, two Pieces of crook-
 ed wood placed on the
 . Collar of a Horse when
 he draws
Hawm-bark' the Collar of
 a Horse
Hawps, a tall duncely person
Hawve, half
Healo, bashful
Hearo, heat you
Heasty, hasty
Heck, a half Door. A. S.
Hee, a Mule; also high
Hed, did heed, minded
He'er, he was
Here, hear Frost, also a
 Mist
Hee-witch, a Wizzard
Hear'n, hear-
Heaw, how
Heawse, House
Heawt, how it
Heeve, did heave or lift up
Height, have it, also high
Helder. more likely
Helt, likely
Hem, the Edge
Heps, the Grier's Fruit
Herple, to halt or limp
Het. q. hight, or named
 A. S.
Hetter, keen, eager as a
 Bull-Dog
- Hew'r**, Hair
Hey-go-mad, like mad,
 shouting mad; also to do
 any thing after an exceed-
 ing Manuer
Hey-mough, Hay-mow
Heyt, have it
Hig, a passion
Heyvy, heavy,
Hill, to cover, A. S.
A Bed-hilling, a Coverlet,
 a Rug
Hight-nor-ree, nothing at
 all of
Hippink, a Linnen Clout,
 to keep infants clean
Hit, it; the thing
Hitting, a lightning on;
 also striking. Da.
Ho, or } a Hall
Haw, }
Hoave, half, also did heave
Hob-nob, rashly, A. S.
Hobs, are stones set up, or
 laid at either end of the
 Fire, a duncely Fellow is
 also call'd a Hob
Hobbil, } a natural
Hobgobbin } Blockhead
 or Fool.
Hobble-te-hoy, a stimppl-
 ing at full Age of puberty
Hobgoblin, an Apparition,
 a Spirit
Hobthrust, the same; this
 is suppos'd to haunt only
 Woods
Hobbling, limping; also
 stammering
Hog-

Hog-

H

H

Hog-Matt'n, Mutton of a
Year-old Sheep

Hondle, handle

Hong, hang

Hont, hand

Hontle, handful

Hongry, hungry

Hongim, hang him

Hoo, she. Br.

Hooant, swell'd, hard in
the Flesh

Hook or crook, force

Hoor, a Where; also she
was

Hoofe, she is

Hooft, she shall

Hopper, a Sort of a basket,
A. S.

Hoppet, a little basket
A. S.

Horse-ston, } Steps to

Horse-stone } mount horses

Horty, hearty

Hofe, Stockings. A. S.

Hotching, to limp, to go
ly jumps, as toads

Hotter, to stir up, to vex

Hottering, mad, very mad
or ill vexed

Hough, a Foot sometimes
the Leg

How, whole

Howd } bold

Howt } bold

Howd-te-tung, bold thy
peate

Howd'n, holden

Howse, to stir up, to pottse

Howsome, wholesome

H 2

Hoyde, a Hyde a Skin
also to hide

Hoyse, Huse

Hoyts, long Rods or Sticks

Hubbon, } the Hip

Huggon, }

Huckster, a Seller of herbs

Roots, &c. Du.

Hud, hid covered

Hugger-mugger, conceals

Hummobee, the larger round

Bee

Humpstridd'n, a Stride

Har, her

Hurly-burly, a great stir,

a Noise. A. S.

Hure, Hair

Hurn, a horn. A. S.

Harrying, drawing, or
dragging; also being in
haste.

Husht, silence. Du.

Hus, we

Huzz, to hum. to make a

Noise like Bees

Hye, to make haste. A. S.

I

ICCLES, long Pieces of

Ice at the Eaves of

Houses, &c.

Id, he had; also I had.

I'd, I had; also I wou'd

Idd'n, you had

If idd'n, if you wou'd

Ift, if thou

Iftle, if thou will

Ill-favort, ugly

Im, him

Imp, to rob, to deprive of

In,

I

In, *that; also or if, also than*
 Inkling, *a hint. Teu.*
 Infarm, *infirm*
 Inneh, *if I; also if you*
 Innin, *if you will*
 Int, *If it*
 Intle, *if you will*
 Into, *if thou*
 I'r, *I was*
 I., *you are*
 Irning, *the maaking of Cheese; also the smoothing of Linen*
 Ist, *is it; also is the*
 I't, *I shall; also I shou'd*
 It'. *I to*
 Ither, *in their*
 Ittle, *it will*

J

JACKANAPES, *a term of Derision*
 Jannock, *a Loaf made of Oat-meal leavened*
 Jawms, *the sides of a Window; and also of the bottom Part of a Chimney.*
 Fr.
 Jawnt, *a walking, or riding out a Journey.*
 Jingum-bobs, *play things*
 Jim, or } *spruce, very neat*
 Gim, }
 Jobberknow, *a Dunce, or Dolt Du.*
 Jone's John's
 Josty, *come to*
 Joyft, *a Summer's Grass; also a piece of Wood laid*

J

cross a Floor. Fr.
 Jump, *a Coat; also to L.*
 K
 A, or }
 Keaw, } *a Cow*
 Kazzarley, *subject to Casualties*
 Katty, *a diminutive of catharine*
 Keather, *a Cradle*
 Keawer } *to sit or stoop down*
 Kare, }
 He Keawls } *he's cowardly*
 Keawlt, }
 Keawnty, *County*
 Keawnfil, *Counsel, or Council*
 Keawerfer, *worse; also a hunter with greyhounds*
 Keckle, *unsteady; also the Noise of a frightened Hen.*
 Du.
 Keck, *to go pertly. Du.*
 Kee, or }
 Kye, } *Cows. A. S.*
 Keegh, *to cough; also a Gold Du.*
 Keel, *to cool. A. S.*
 Keem, or } *to Comb*
 Kem, }
 Keen-bitten, *eager, sharp-bit*
 Keep, *catch A. S.*
 Keke, *Cake*
 Kele, *Time, Place, circumstance*
 Kene, *a Cane, or Cain*
 Kere'nCare

Kers'n,

K

Kers'n, *Christian*; also to
Christen
 Kersunt, *Christened*
 Kersimus, *Christmas*
 Kefe, *case*.
 Kestling, a *Calf* calved be-
fore the usual Time
 Kest, *cast*
 Kestit. reckon'd up; also to
vomit
 Keyke, or } to *stand crooked*
 Kyke, }
 Keyvt, *averted*
 Kibbo, a *long stick*
 Kibe, to *draw the Mouth*
awry. A. S.
 Kibe-heels, *cracked or sore*
Heels,
 Kilt, *killed*
 Kin, *kind Sort*
 Kindly, a *kindly Cow*, &c.
is a handsome, healthy
Cow
 Kink, to *lose their Breath*
with coughing, the Chin-
Cough. Da.
 Kink-haust, a *violent cold*.
 Du.
 Kipper, *amorous, lustful*
 Kittl, *ticklish*; also *unsta-*
ble
 Kist, a *chest*. A. S.
 Knaggy, *Kaughty*. A. S.
 Knep, to *bite easily*
 Knoad, *knew*
 Knockus, *Knuckles*
 Knoblocks } *little lumps of*
 Knoblings } *coals about the*
 Kaaplins } *size of Eggs*

L

Knattert, *Gnawed*
 Knattle, *cross-ill-natur'd*
 Knotchel, to *cry a woman*.
Knotchel is when a Man
gives publick Notice he
will pay none of her new-
contracted Debts
 Know, q, Knowl, a *Brow*
or small Hill
 Knurs, *knots, warts on trees*
Teu.
 Ko, *qasth*
 Krcawle, *vid. Creawse*.
 Kyb'n to *flout*, by *raising*
the under Lip.

L

LABBOR, *Labour*
 Lad, a *Boy*; also *did*
lead
 Laft, *left*
 Lag, to *stay behind*. Sw,
 Laith, a *Barn*; also to *in-*
vite; also *ease*, or *rest*.
 Lamin, to *beat*
 Lant, *Urine*
 Langot, a *shoe-latchet*. Fr.
 Lap, *wrap*.
 Larjus, } *muco. a gift*. Fr.
 Largefs }
 Lastut, *lasted*
 Lat, *slow*; also *very late*; ;
also a Lathe. A. S.
 Latching, *infesting, catch-*
ing
 Lawm, *lame*
 Lattent, *hindered*
 Lawmt, *lamed*
 Le, *let*
 Leach, a *Lake*

Lean,

L

L

- Lean, to keep, secret. A. S.
 Learock, a Lark
 Leawk, long, barren, or
 heathy Grass
 Leawky, full of Leawk
 Leawpholes, q. Loopholes
 Leawse, a Louse
 Leck on, put on water; al-
 so when a Vessel will not
 hold Water, it is said to
 Leck. Fr.
 Lee, lay
 Ledy, Lady
 Leeter, rather. A. S.
 I'd os leef, I would as soon
 ot rather. A. S.
 Leeof, leave
 Leep, did leap
 Leend, lend
 Leet, light of, on, or met
 with; also light and
 Lightning.
 Leett'n, to lighten
 Leetsom, lightsome
 Os thick os Leet, as quick
 at one Flash as Lightning
 follows anoether
 Leete; let go
 Leuger, longer
 Lennock, slender, ptiable.
 Fr.
 Lether, to beat
 Lew-warm, Blood-warm
 Ley-land. rest, or untill'd
 Land. A. S.
 Leyther, rather
 Lick, to beat
 Licker, more likely
 Lickly, very likely
 Licklyest, most likely
 Lieve. believe
 Like, to love
 Lik'n, to guess; also to com-
 pare
 Lik't; likely to have; also
 did love
 Lilt, } to do a thing cle-
 Liltng } verly or quickly
 Limp, to halt
 Linch, a small step. A. S.
 Line, layn
 Lin-pin, a Cotter, on Pin
 that holds the Cart-Wheel
 on. A. S.
 Ling, long Heath
 Lipp'n, expect; also leaped
 Lipp'nt, expected
 Lite, a few.
 Lithe, calm; also to put oat-
 meal in Broth. A. S.
 Lither, idle. A. S.
 Littlebrough. a Country
 Village near Rochdale.
 Livert, vid. thodd'n.
 Loath, unwilling. A. S.
 Loast, loosed; also lowest.
 Lob-cock, a great idle per-
 son.
 Lod, a Lad.
 Looad'n, loaden.
 Loft, a Chamber,
 Lonleydey, a Landlady.
 Lone, a Lane.
 Loont a Land, a But, or
 Division of plough'd land.
 Lopper'd-Milk, cruded
 Milk. Sw.
 Loppering, boiling, Sw.
 Loppeting-

L

M

Loppering-Breawis brew-
is made at the killing of a
Swine, with broth of the
boiled Entrails, &c.

Lorjus o'me, (from Lord
Jesus have Mercy on me)
an Interjection.

Loothe } look thee, behold.
Loothy }
Lott'n, did lose.

Lotch, to halt; also to jump
like a Frog.

Lother. a Lather. A. S.

Lovers. the Chimney.

Loyte, to lose.

Loyte, a few.

Luckit, a nurses term; al-
so us'd by way of scoffing.

Luck'o, look you, see you.

Luff, Love.

Luff'n, do love

Lug. to pull by the hair.
A. S.

Lumber, } Mischief, or
Lumbert } hurt, also useless
household stuff.
A. S.

Lung, long.

Lunjos, subtle, very surly.

Lunnon, London.

Lunnon-Boggarts. the au-
thors of the Monthly Re-
view.

Lunthon, a large Piece of
Meat.

Lordin, q. Lord-Dane, an
idle lubberly Fellow.

M

MACK, sort.
Manchet, white
Bread.

Mander, Manner or Sort.

Mar, to spoil. A. S.

Marlocks, awkward ges-
tures; also Fools.

Marcy, Mercy; also the
River Mersey.

Mare } a large Lake. Br.
Meer }

Margit, Margaret.

Marr'd, quite spoiled. A. S.

Marry, a common interjec-
tion.

Marry kem-eawt, a scorn-
ful interjection.

Marvil, Wonder, to wan-
der also admirable.

Matht, broke to Pieces.

Maskins, } a Sort of Petty

Mackins, } Oath.

Mattho Martha.

Mattert, signify'd.

Mattock a Tool in husban-
dry. A. S.

Maukin, } a bunch of rags,
or } &c. ty'd to a
pole to sweep an
Oven; also a
dirty woman.

Maunder, Murmuring; also
a wandring, or walking
stupidly. Fr.

Mawkinly, sluttish, dirtily

Mawkish, sickly also dun-
cely. A. S.

Maw, the stomach, A. S.

May-guts,

M

M

- May-guts, *Magoots*.
 Mead'n, a *Maid*; also
 made.
 Meary, *Mary*.
 Meary o'Dic's vid. *Tum-*
 mus o' Williams.
 Measter, *Master*.
 Measy, giddy, *vertiginous*.
 Meawlt, *mouldy*.
 Meawntebank, a *Quack*.
 Meawse, a *Mouse*.
 Meawt, to *Moult*. Du.
 Meawth, a *Mouth*.
 Meawng'nt, did eat greedily.
 Meazyfow, giddy, or empty
 headed.
 Medi'n, *Medicine*.
 Meeon, mean; also to go
 halves; also a thing bad
 in its kind.
 Meawse-neeze, q. *Mouse*
 nests, *Knavish actions*.
 Meeny, a family; also very
 many. Fr.
 Meeterly, *indifferent*, *mo-*
 derate.
 Meet-neaw, *this moment*.
 Me x-shad, *exceeded*.
 Meety, *mighty*.
 Meeverly, *modestly*, *hand-*
 somely, *gently*.
 Meg-harry, a *robust Girl*
 that plays with boys.
 Meh, *me*; also *my*.
 Mennaw, *cannot*, *may not*.
 A. S.
 Mex'n, to *cleanse a Stubble*,
 &c. A. S.

- Mey, or } *may*; also *make*;
 Make, }
 Meyt, *meat*,
 Mezzil-feas'd, *fiery-fac'd*
 full of red pimples. Du.
 Midge, a *Gnat*. A. S.
 Midding(puce, a *Sink* or
 sewer. Br.
 Min, to *min on*, is to put in
 mind.
 Misfartins, *misfortunes*.
 Misgives, *forbodes*, *tells*.
 Mummannert, *clownish*
 unmannerly.
 Mistrustit, *doubted*, *sus-*
 pectsd.
 Mitch-go-deet'o, '*much*
 good may it do you.
 Byth'Miss, a *common kind*
 of an oath from Mass.
 Miscaw, to *call nick-names*.
 Mishmash, a *hodge-podge*,
 Fr.
 Mistene, *mistaken*.
 Mistol, a *Cowhouse*.
 Mitch, *mutch*.
 Mitten's, *Gloves without*
 fingers, also a *very strong*
 pair to hedge in. Fr.
 Mizzles, *Rain so little*. A. S.
 Mizzleth, a *raining softly*.
 Mizzy, a *Quagmire*,
 Mob, n *Women's close Cap*.
 Moider, to *puzzle*; also a
 Moidore.
 Molart, a *Mop to clean O-*
 vens vid. *Marokin*.
 Mon, a *Man*.
 Monny, *many*.

Mooast,

M

Mooast, *most*
 Moods, *earth* Sw.
 Moor, *a hill; also a common, also more* A. S.
 Mooter, *Mill-toll*.
 Moother, *Mother*.
 Moot, *might* A. S.
 Moot point, *exact, very near*
 Moot'n, } *might have done*
 Met'n, }
 Mough, *a Mow of Hay, &c.* A. S.
 Mough'n, *being very hot, to sweat from Molten* A. S.
 Mourning, *Morning*
 Mowdywarp, *a Mole.* A. S.
 Moydert, *puzzl'd, non-puls'd*
 Mullock, *dirt, Rubbish*.
 Mun, or } *must*.
 Munt, }
 Munneh, *must I*.
 Muse'n, *to think or wonder*.
 Marth, *abundance*.
 Mustert-bo, *q. Mustard-ball*.
 Muyce, *Mice*.
 Muz, *a Nurses Term for Mouth*.
 Muzzy *sleepy; also a little drunk*.

N

NAB, } *a by Name for*
 Ab, } *Abraham*
 Nang-nele, *a Sort of corns* A. S.
 Narie, *Fundament.* A. S.
 Naw, *not*

N

Nawtler, *an Ofler*.
 Ne, or }
 Ney, } *nay*
 Neeam, *an Aunt* A. S.
 Neamt, *named*.
 Neatril, *a Natural, a fool*.
 Neatril, *a Natural, a Fool..*
 Neaw, } *now*.
 Nah, }
 Neb, *a point; the fore part of a Cap, &c.* A. S.
 Ned, } *these are us'd promiscuously, for need, and did not*
 and } *need; and govern'd by the*
 Need'n } *Word following.*
 Necessary, *mistaken for accessory*.
 Neeom, *an Unkle.* A. S.
 Neen, *Eyes, also nine*.
 Neest, *a Nest; a snughest* A. S.
 Neet, or } *Night*.
 Neeight }
 Neeze, *Coughing by being tickl'd in the Nose.* A. S.
 Nele, *a Nail*.
 Neme, *a Name*
 Nese, *the Noise* A. S.
 Nesh, *Tender* A. S.
 Nestlecock, *the Darling, a last Child.* A. S.
 Nettle, *to vex*.
 Newer, *never*
 Ney, *nay*
 Neyve, *a Fist*
 Nice, *strange, comical, also*
 naat

Nifle,

N

O

- Nifle; a nice bit of any thing,
 also Trifling
 Ninnyhommer, a vile
 Dunce
 Nip, the Name of a Dog;
 also to pinch, bite, cheat,
 or wrong
 Noant, an Aunt
 Nob, the Head
 Noger, an Augar A. S.
 Noggin, a small pale hold-
 ing a Mefs Bel,
 Nominy, a speech
 Nook, a Corner Bel,
 Noon }
 Oon, } an Oven
 Nooncawp, the Labourers
 resting time after dinner
 Now, no
 Nown, own
 Nowt, nothing; also naught
 or bad
 Nudge, to jog, or hit
 Nuer, never
 Nuzz-e-boz, q Nese ith'
 bosom
 Nuzz'e, to stick the Nese in
 Besome, A, S,
 O
O, Sometimes us'a as a,
 on, you, and of
 Oamfry, Humfrey
 Oandurth, Afternoon A, S,
 Oather, either
 Obeawt, about
 Oboon, above.
 Obunnunze, abundance
 Od, a diminutive of God. an
 Interjection; also strange,
 Odder, very strange
 Oddsfish, a diminutive of
 God's flesh; an interjection
 Odds-on-ends, odd tri-
 fling things
 Oe'rley, a Leathern Sur-
 cingle
 O'erlcutcht, done slightly
 Oe'r't, over it
 Off-at-side, Mad, delirious.
 Ofore, before
 Ogen, again; also against
 Ogoddil, if God will
 Ogreath, well, right
 Ogreyt matter on im, no
 great Matter on him, he's
 not worth pitying
 On, in, on, and, of, and upon
 Onner, of your
 Onny, any
 Onoo, a sufficient Quantity
 Onough, enough
 On-o-wey, always
 On's, ones
 On ye been o mon, q. if
 you be a Man
 Oon, an Oven
 Ofs, to try
 Os lee'f, I wou'd chuse A, S,
 Offing, trying, offering
 Oft, as the; also. as it;
 also essay'd, try'd
 Ot, at; also that
 Othergets, q. otherguise,
 otherfort, otherwise
 Otherweys, otherwise
 Ots, that is
 Ottey, that I
 Ottele, that thou will
 Over

P

P

Over bodit, is when a new
upper part is put to the
Skirts of an old Garment

Oufel, a Black-bird A, S,

Owd, old,

Owd Harry } Names for

Owd Nick } the devil

Owdhum, a large Village
near Rochdale

Owey, away

Owfe, an Ox Du

Owt, any thing ; also gooa
A, S,

Oytch, each, every

P

PAddock, a small enclousure

To Pan, to joyn, to agree

Papper, Paper.

Parfit, perfect

Parisht, starv'd, or very
cold

Pars'n, Parson ; also a person

Peawnd, o Pound

Peawr, abundance, also
might

Peawswearfe } the strong
Paxwax } white tendon in a
Neck of
Veal, &c,

Pede, paid

Pedidigree, for Pedigree

To Pee, is to squint queerly

Peel, did strike or beat

To Peigh, to cough

Penny-whip, very small
Beer

Peshunce, patience

Pestil, the shank of a Ham
of Bacon

Pet, to Pet: is to be surly

Pettish, apt to be surly.

Petch, a Patch

Petch-wark, Patch-work

Pews'nt, Poisoned

Pey, a Pea

Peyls. does beat

Peyling, striking or knocking
rudely

Phippunny, Fivepenny

Pickle, Case, condition Du.

Peice-woo, as much Wool
as makes a piece

Piipit. Pulpit

Pingot, a small croft near
the house

Pinn, to do a thing in haste
or eagerly

Pissmote. Ants

Pleawmtree, Plumbtree,

Pleck, a Place. A, S,

Plecos, please

Plucks. the Lungs

Poo, a Pool, or Pond

Poo'd, pull'd

Poogh, a slighting Inter-
jection

Poots, Young Hens, &c.
Fr

Pop, a short space; to pop
in, to go in

Popt, dipt ; also put in

Possing, rn action between
thrusting and knocking

Pot-crate, a large open

basket

P

basket to carry earthen-ware in
Pote, To thrust with the feet Fr,
Pottert, disturb'd, vex'd
Pow, to cut Hair, also a Pole
Powse, Lumber, Offal
Powsement, a term given to bad person
Protty, pretty
Praest, .praised
Pre o } pray you
Piey o }
Prime, the best, or very good
Primely, very well
Pr oft, proved
Proven, provender
Pumping, asking of questions
Punch'd }
Punft, } kicked
Purr'd }
Pule, to cry; also a pew
Puppv, a fool; also a puppet
Pynots, Magpies

Q

Quagmire, a very boggy Place
Quandary, at a Loss, in a brown Study Fr.
Queyn } a whore; a term
Quean } of reproach A.S.
Quiet'nt, made still
Quisting Pots, half Gills. from Quaffing. A, S.

R

Rabblement, the crowd or Mob

Q

Rack (of Mutton,) a neck of Mutton, also a frame to hold fodder for cattle.
Rack and reend, to go to rack and reend, is to go to ruin
Raddlings, long Sticks
Raddle the booleans, is to beat soundly
Rank, wrong.
Rap and reend } do all they
Rapan tear, } possibly
Rapscallion, an ill person
Rascatly, Knavishly
Rash, a sort of itch with Infants
Rachdaw, Rochdale a town in Lancashire
Ratcher, a Rock. Rocky
Rattlt, scalded from rattled
Rakth'Fire, is to cover the Fire to keep it in
Reawk,, to iale in neighbours houses
Reawp, a hoarse cold
Reant, rained
Rearest finest, best
Reaving, mad; also talking in ones sleep
Reawnt, did whisper.
Reawft, rust
Reeak, } to squall, to make
Reeam, } a shrieking
Reeam, } noise. A. S.
Reeam, Creem
Reeam Mug, the reeam-mug

Reean,

R

R

Reean, a Gutter.
 Reecast } the outside of Ba-
 Reest } con.
 Reech, } smoke. A. S.
 Reek, }
 Reek, a shriek
 Reesupper, a second Supper
 Reet, right.
 Reecht, smoked. A. S.
 Render, to stew, to separate
 the skinny from the fat
 Part of suet &c.
 Restut, rested.
 Rether, rather.
 Rey, } raw.
 Rea, }
 Reytch, reach. also rich
 Rick, to gingle; also to
 scold; also a Stack of corn.
 &c. A. S.
 Ricking, jingling; also scold-
 ing.
 Rid, to part two fighting.
 Ridd'n, did ride, or being rid.
 Riding, is the hanging upon
 Persons for Liquor.
 Riddle, a coarse Sieve. Br.
 Rife, common, swarming.
 A. S.
 Riff-Raff, Lumbr. A. S.
 Rife, to be ph. A. S.
 Rigger, a Channel or Gut-
 ter; also a Half-Gelded
 Horse, &c.
 Rim, the Border or outside
 of a Wheel, or Pot. A. S.
 Rundle, a Gutter
 Rive, to split. A. S.
 Riven, is split. A. S.

Romp, to leap, or run a-
 bout.
 Ronk, rank, streng.
 Rodort, roared.
 Rook, a Heap.
 Rooze, to praise. A. S.
 Roost, commended; praised
 also a rest for Poultry.
 A. S.
 Rops, the Intralls, Bowels.
 Rottle, to rattle in the throat
 Rott'u, a Rott; also pu-
 trify'd. A. S.
 Roytch, rich.
 Rufo, rueful.
 Rue Bargain, a repenting
 Bargain.
 Runge, a long Tub with
 two Handles.
 Runt, a Dwarf. Teu.
 Ruthberring, q. Rushbear-
 ing, a Country Wake.
 Ruchoto' Jack's, vid Tum-
 mus a Williams.
 Rut, the Path of Wheels.
 Rynty, stand off.
 Ryz'n-Hedge, a Fence of
 Stakes and twisted boughs.
 S.
 Sackless, innocent. A. S.
 Saig, a Saw. A. S.
 Saigh, did see.
 Sam, to gather together, to
 put in order.
 Sappling, a young Oak;
 also Oak Wood.
 Sark, a Shirt. A. S.
 Sartinly, certainly.
 Sattlt, quiet, from settled
 Savort'n,

- favort'n, *did favour.*
 sawgh,, a kind of Willow.
 sawfly, *softly, slowly.*
 sawnter, *to walkidly about.*
 sawt, Salt.
 scallion, an Herbin Taste, like Onion.
 scampo, *to run fast, to be in a Hurry.* Du.
 scampurt, *run fast,* Du.
 scant, } *very scarce, rare*
 scanty, } A. S.
 scarr, a steep, bare, and rocky Place in the side of Hills. A. S.
 scawd, *to scald.*
 scawd-head, a scurfy or scabby-head.
 scawp, the Head. Du.
 scap, *escape*
 Scap-Gallows, a Term of Reproach, as much as to say he deserves the Gallows.
 Schrieve, *to run wet Matter, acorrupting.*
 Scoance, a Lantern; also the Head. Bel.
 A Scope, a Bason with a Handle to lade Water. Bel.
 To Scotch a Wheel, is to lay a stay under it.
 Scramble } *a striving to catch things on*
 Scrabble, } *their Hands*
 Scrattle } *& Knees on the floor.* A. S.
 Scrannil, a meagre, or lean
- Person.
 Scratting, } *a pulling with*
 Scratching } *the Nails.* Du.
 Scrawn, *to climb awkwardly.*
 Scroof, a dry sort of Scales. A. S.
 Scrub, *to scratch or rub.* A. S.
 Scrumple, *to ruffle.* A. S.
 Scrunt, an ever worn Wig, Beesom, &c.
 Scutcht, whipp'd; also to do a thing slightly, or quickly.
 Seawke, Suck; also to suck.
 Seawl, wet stuff, &c. is eat with Bread. A. S.
 Seawndly, soundly, heartily.
 Seawr, sour; also ill-natur'd
 Secont, second.
 Seech, seek,
 Seech'd, do seek.
 Seed saw.
 Seel or } *a sieve.*
 Seeigh }
 Seel'n, seldom.
 Seely, weak in Body; also trifling, also empty headed
 See't, saw it; also see it, also a sight.
 Seete, } *sat, did sit.*
 Set'n }
 Seete owey,, set off, or out.
 Seg, a Gelded Bull. A. S.
 Sefe, safe.

Seigh,

Seign, seven.

Seln self.

Selvege, the edge of Linen Cloth.

Sen, say.

Senneh, } say you.

Sen ye, }

Sennit a Week.

Setter, an issue for Cows &c. Scy say.

'Slesh, a diminutive of God's flesh an interjection

Shad, over did excell'd; also divided A. S.

Shan, shall.

Shaffle, to shuffle, to trifle.

Shafiman, the length of a fist with the thumb standing up. A. S.

Sharn, Dung. Ten.

Shart, short,

Shawin, shame.

Shed, spill'd,

Sheod, to divide; also to over do.

Sheam't, shamed.

Sheawt, shout.

Sheawtit, showed.

Sheed, to spill.

Shiar, or shire, quite, entirely.

Shilders, } shoulders.

Shooders }

Shift, a Contrivance, a device; also a smock.

Shipp'n, a Cowhouse. A. S.

Shire, wholly, entirely.

Shoavt, or } thrust or push'd

Shacawt, }

Shog, to jog; to go uneasily. Teu,

Shoo, a shovel.

Shoods, Oat hulls.

Shoon, shoes.

Shop-board, a Counter from shop board.

Shough, a shoe.

Shu, a term to frighten Poultry.

Shunig, a frightening souls.

Shy, backwards unwilling br.

Sib, related to, akin. A. S.

Side, very long.

Siftit, examined.

Sike, a Gutter,

Simpert, minced words affectedly. A. S.

Sin, since.

Singlet, an unty'd woollen Waistcoat.

Sinkdurt, Channel-mud.

Sitch, such.

Size, six; also proper in also a Glue to strengthen Woollen Yarn.

Skain, did skim or take off; also to throw a thing low.

Skeawr, to make haste; also to scour. Teu.

Skellit, a small Par with a handle Fr.

Skellut, cook'd.

Sken, to squirt. A. S.

Skew-whift, a wry.

- skime, to draw up the nose scornfully. A: S.
 skire, loose open; thint. did, did slide, or slip; also
 skirmidge, a little battle, an Interjection. A. S.
 skrike o'day, Day-break. Rich'n, smooth. Du.
 skrikeing, to squall or cry. flister, a Creviss.
 out. slim, fly, cunning. Teu.
 skuse, an excuse. sliven, an idle Person slo-
 vely. Du.
 slab, the first board of sawn flooar, to grasp.
 Timber, floode, the path of Care
 slabby, dirty. Du. Wheels.
 slaigh, the black-thorn ilop, bending or bevil.
 sleawgh, berry. A. S. floppety, a dirty woman.
 slap, a blow. slotch, a greedy clown.
 slapt, Whipt beaten. slough, the cast skin of an
 slash, a Cut; a for to cut. Adder; the slime of snails
 slat, dirtied or wet, also also a deep dirty Place.
 did set on. Degr. A. S.
 slaver, the spittle. sloytch, to take up Water,
 slay, the hand-board of &c.
 Looms slur, to slide.
 sleawm, a slumber. slutch, mud.
 sleawtch, any thing that flyvin, a dirty idle Man.
 hangs-down; also an ill- smack, a Blow; also the
 look'd person. crack of a Whip
 sleautcht-hat, i. e. un- sineawtch, a kiss.
 cock'd. smelt'nt, snell'd
 sleek, a small pit-coal. smit, } a black spot. A. S.
 sleek, quenched. smut, }
 sled, a carriage without smoorring, smothering A. S.
 wheels. Du. smoot, smooth. A. S.
 sleeat to set on dogs. snaffle, to speak through
 sleek, smooth A. S. the nose, Du.
 sleet, snow and rain mix'd. snap, quickly; also to bite
 A. S. at; also to cheat, or over-
 reach. Du.
 sleevels-arnt, a going to sneap, to check. Da.
 no purpose. sneck, the Latch of a door
 slice, a thin bit of Wood to Bel.
 sir Meat in Pots, &c.

Sneeze,

sneeze, snuffs A. S.

sneeze-horn, a snuff-box
made of the tip of a Horn

sniddle, long grass, or
stubble

snidge,, to hang on a person

snift, a Moment; also to
snuffle at the Nose. A. S.

snifter, to snuff at the Nose
A. S.

sniffling Fellow, a snuff-
ling sneaking person. A. S.

snig, an Eel. A. S.

snips, to go snips is to go
halves, or parts with a
person.

snite the Nose, to blow the
Nose. Br.

snod, smooth, sleek. A. S.

snood, a Fillet to tie up
Women's Hair.

snook, to smell.

snoor, } to make a Noise in
snore, } sleep.

snout, mucus of the Brain.
Du.

snug, tite, handsome. Du.

snyc. to swarm; also to
pull up the Nose scorn-
fully. A. S.

soany o fims, q. Alexan-
der of simeon's.

sod, a clot, or Turf. Du.

soke, to lye in Water to sof-
ten. A. S.

soltch, a heavy fall.

snoblint, q. sand-blind,
short sighted,

sops, Yagis. A. S.

soo, a sow A, S,

sooary, sorry

sope, a sup, a little,

so't, so it,

sow, the head.

sowgh, to sigh

sowght, sighed

sowd, sold

sowt, sought

spade-graft, about a foot
deep

sparrow-bill's, short nails
us'd by shoemakers

spanvin'd, a strained horse
Fr.

speaks } the rays or staves
spokes, } of a Wheel, A. S.

speek, did spake

speer, a shelter in a House,
made between the door and

fire, to keep, the wind off,
Br,

spelk, a thin bit of wood,
A, S,

sperr'd, enquired; also to
be sperr'd, is to be publish'd
in the church A. S.

speyk at him, speak to him

splinter, a small Piece of
Wood. Bel.

spokes, the staves of a wheel
Br.

speat, the spittle.

spok'n, spoken.

spoon new, bran new never
wore.

spooart, sport.

spoons, bobbins for weavers
shuttles.

Spots,

- spots, places; also stains.
 spoytso, spiteful.
 scymous, } fancy
 squemous }
 stadles, Marks made by
 the small pox. A. S.
 stangs, long, strong staves,
 A. S.
 flank, did sink, Du.
 stanniel, a Hawk.
 stark, very stiff. A. S.
 stark-giddy, very angry.
 mad.
 stark'en, to stiffen as mutton
 fat in the fist, A, S.
 staw, to be resty, with not
 go. A, S.
 stawnch, stanch, firm;
 also to satisfy. Fr.
 stawnshons, upright staves
 in a Window Fr.
 stawp, to go clumsily.
 stawtert, reeled.
 steart, stared
 steawk, a handle.
 steawp, to stop down.
 steawp on reawp, all, e-
 very part.
 steawt, q. stout; also
 proud A, S.
 steigh a Ladder, also a stile
 steep, Kennet
 steepo, a steuple.
 steyl, a handle
 stickle, to stand stiffly to a
 thing, Icu,
 stickle-but, stickt
 strickt, pierced, gored
 stiddy, an anvil, A, S.
 stingy, breaking, A, S.
 stint, to set bounds to A, S.
 stirk, a heifer of a year old
 A, S.
 stoar } value, also treasure
 store }
 stond } stand,
 Bon', }
 stonning, standing
 stoo, a stool
 } astump in the roads
 } to keep Carts off:
 } also Pieces of
 stoop } Wood or stone by
 stud, } which Gates are
 } hang'd,
 stown, stolen
 stracklings, rash, foolish,
 persons
 stract, off their senses
 strawnge, strange, un-
 known.
 streek, did strike.
 strey, straw
 strike, two pecks, A, S.
 strickle, an Instrument to
 mete corn; also another
 to whet sythes, A, S.
 sprinkle, q. sprinkle
 strinea, the sides of a ladder
 stroakt, stroaked
 stroke, of corn two pecks,
 strong, strong,
 strunt, vid, scrunt,
 strushon, waste
 strowlt, q. strolled
 stub. an old stump
 stuff, to cram; also a gene-

S

sal name for many things,
 Du,
 Runnith, to run, also to
spain the sinews
 fur, fur
 fuds, a lather, A, S,
 sulky, subtle, ill-natur'd
 summot, somewhat
 sumheaw, some way
 sunk'd, sunk,
 sur, fit
 suse fix
 swat, to swoon
 swad, a Pease or bean husk
 swaith } a single row of
 swathe } grass cut by a
 Mower. Du.
 swathe-bawkt, grassmifs'd
 in cutting between the
 swathes
 swamp, a Boggy place Teu
 swarffy, tawny, blackish,
 A, S,
 swarm'n, da swarm; also
 a great number
 swat, sweat, also did sweat
 swatch, a piece for a sam-
 ple,
 twattle, to waste things by
 degrees, to drink
 sweamish, a bad stomach,
 juicy
 sweltit, hot with sweating
 q, melted, A, S,
 sweal, to burn, to blaze,
 A, S,
 swilker, to dash over, to
 shake liquor in a Vessel,
 A, S,

S

swill, to waste slightly,
 A, S.
 swinging stick, a stick for
 beating or opening Wool,
 A, S,
 swingle-tree, a piece of
 Wood to keep the Geers of
 a horse open,
 swither, } to blaze, to burn
 swithur } very fiercely,
 swoon, to faint A, S,
 swop, exchange
 sye, to put Milk, &c.
 thro' a sieve; also to rain
 very fast,
 T
 T A', take
 T'a, to a
 Tak't, takes it,
 Talemed's Father, the
 Author of Telliamed, or
 the Indian Philosopher,
 Tarrit, tarried
 Tat, that
 Tawk'n, they talk,
 Tawkn't did talk
 Tawm, to swoon, to vomit
 Te, } thy; also the; also
 Teh, } they
 Tead'n, } they had
 Theyd'n }
 Tealie,, a Taylor
 Tean, taken
 Tearn, they were
 T'eat, to eat
 Teastril, a cunning Rogue
 Teathy, peevish, cross,
 A, S,
 Teaw, to pull; also to work
 hard

T

T

- hard; also to ruffle a*
Person; also thou A. S.
 Teawing, *bawling, ruff-*
ing, working hard, A. S.
 Teawn, *a Town*
 Teawst, } *thou shall,*
 Theawst }
 Teawrt, *thou act,*
 Teawse, *to pull or rufflo,*
 Teawzer, *q. Towzer*
 Ted, *te spread Grass for*
Hay. A. S.
 Tee, *thee; also a Hair*
Repe to shackle Cows in
Milking.
 Teear, *they were; also to*
rent
 Teem, *to pour out. A. S.*
 Teeny, *fretful, vid. Tea-*
thy; also very little. A. S.
 Tele, *a Tail, or Tale*
 Tell, *to know*
 Tem'd, *pour'd out, A. S.*
 Tems, *a Sieve. A. S.*
 Ten, *then,*
 Tent, *ro guard.*
 Tey, *take; also thy,*
 Tey't, *take it.*
 Teytch, *teach*
 Tharcake, *q. Hearth-*
cake, from being bak'd on
the Hearth. 'Tis made
of Oat-meal unleavened
mixed with Butter &
Treacle.
 The, *thee; also thy; also*
they.
 Theaw, *thou,*
 Theawrt, *thou art*
- Thear'n, *they were.*
 Theaw'll, *thou will.*
 Theawin, } *Thumbs.*
 Thame, }
 Theaws'n, } *Thousand.*
 Theawson, }
 Theawst, *thou shall.*
 Theeigh, *a thigh.*
 Theese, *these,*
 They'n, *they will.*
 Thible, *vid. Slice*
 Thick, *podditch, thick*
water Gruel.
 Thin, *than.*
 Things'n, *Things will*
 Think, *a Thing.*
 This'n, *after this manner,*
 Thooan } *weatish.*
 Thoan, }
 Those'n, *those will.*
 Thowt, *thought*
 Thodden Bread, *&c. is*
said to be thodd'n when it
is stiff and close like the li-
ver of Hogs.
 Thooal, *to afford. A. S.*
 Thrang, *throng. A. S.*
 Thrap-wife, *vid. Thrunk*
A. S.
 Thraw, } *to argue hot, and*
 Threap } *loud. A. S.*
 Thrift, *a Pain in the joints*
of young Persons. Teu
 Thrimino, *to finger a Thing*
too long, as a Miser his
Money; also Tarn ill spun.
 Throddy, } *fat, bread,*
 Throddle } *bulky,*

Throtteca,

T

T

Throtteen, *thirteen*,
Throttlt'. *strangled*;

Thruag } *very busy*
Thrunk }

Thrunk os thrap-wile
when hoodoug'd'er sell
ith Dishe'leawt, this is
spoken of persons triflingly
busy: A. S.

Thrut, the throw of a stone,
Ec. also the throw in
wrestling.

Thrutches, thrusts.

Thratht, did thrust; also
am thru'd, or squeez'd.

Thrutchings, the last press'd
Whey in making of cheese.

Thump, a blow.

Thumping, a striking;
also a thing very large or
notorious.

Thunk; a Lace of Whit-
leather. K. S.

Thurn, a thorn.

Thwack } a great blow; al-
so a large piece
Thwang } of Bread or
Cheese. K. S.

Thwole } to afford; in al-
Thooal, } low. A. S.

Thooanish, a little wet.

Thwite, to cut with a knife.

Thwittle, a wooden-hafted
Knife.

Tick, a Vermin on Cows,
Ec.

Tift, to be in good Tift is to
be in good Order.

Tike, perhaps from Tick

which see, any out of the
way Person, is call'd a
tike.

Tilly, till I.

Timmerfome. q. timorous
fearful.

Tin, till; also to shut a
Door.

Tinge, a small red Insect.

Tinn'd, is shut.

Tit, a horse, or mare.

Titter, to laugh. teu.

Fitter, or latter, sooner, or
later. A. S.

Tite, neat, spruce; also, as
well, as soon.

Tizeday, Tuesday.

To, too; also, thou.

Toart, toward.

Tone, the one.

Tooart, a T---d. A. S.

Tooad, a Toad,

Tooat, a Tuft of Hair,
Grass, &c.

Toose, those.

To't, to it.

Too-to, us'd when any thing
excels.

Topple, stagger, also to
fall.

Tory-rory, vid. Hey-go-
mad

Tother, the other

Towd, told.

Tyne, shut.

Tynt, is shut,

Toyart, wearied.

Track, a Path, as sheep
tracks, Ec. Fr.

Tramp,

T

Tramp, a Journey, to tramp
is to travel.
Trash, a ripe fruit; also an
over-worn shoe. teu.
Treat, did treat.
Traunce, a tedious Jour-
ney.
Treackle - Butter - Cake,
bread spread o'er with
Treacle.
Trest, a strong large stool,
Fr.
Trice, a Moment, quickly
Trig, to run softly,
Trindle, the trundle of a
Wheel-barrow. A. S.
Trouble'o, trouble you.
Troubl't. troubled.
Tum, to Tum Wool, is to
card it slightly.
Tum, a By-name for Tho-
mas.
Tummus o' Williams, o'
Margit, o' Roaph's, q.
Thomas of William's of
Margaret, of Ralph's.
These proper Names are
us'd in some Parts of Lan-
cashire, to distinguish per-
sons, where there are many
of the same name in the
same Neighbourhood.
Tunor, Tuner a dog's name
Tung, Tongue.
Tap, a Ram.
Tupunny, two-penny.
Turmits, turnips.
Turmoil, to vex; also to
work very hard.

T

Tustle, to struggle, to wrest-
le.
Tutch, a comical Trick.
Tuttle, an awkward person
in shape, humour, &c.
Twattle, to S---te; also;
to go about with tales.
Bel.
Twinge, to nip, to squere
Bel.
Twindles, twins. A. S.
Twinter, a year old heifer.
Twirl, to whirl. A. S.
Twirlpoo, a Whirl-pool;
A. S.
Twitch, to pinch, to nip.
A. S.
Twitch-ballock. the great
black Beetle. A. S.
Twitter, is to laugh secretly
within a Twitter is within
a little; twitter't yarn is
unevenly spun teu.
'Twou'd, it wou'd.
'Twur, is was; also, it were
Tyke, vid. Tike.
Tyne, to shut. A. S.
Tyne, very little.

U

U Dddzlud
 Uddzo,

diminutive
 oaths from
 Gods blood
 and Gods-
 wounds no
 interjecti-
 ons not
 commonly
 understood

Um, them.

Unbethowt,

U

Unbethowt, *reflected, remembred,*

Unlaight, or } unlough'd
Unleawght, }

Unkert, } *Strange ; also*

Uncoth, } *News. A. S.*

Uphowd, *maintain, uphold to warrant a thing,*

Uphowdteh, *maintain it thee,*

Uphowdo', *maintain it to you,*

Urchon, *a Hedge-hog, A, S.*

Us't. *used,*

V

VArlet, *a vile person, Fr*

Varment, *Vermin,*

Varry, *very.*

Vceol, *Veal,*

View-tree, *the Yew-tree,*

W

WAKKER *easy to be awaked, Du,*

Wack'nt, *awaked, Du*

Waddle, *to stagger, or go like Ducks, Du.*

Wacsmc, *woe is me*

Waggle, *to go like Ducks, Bel,*

Wamble, *vid Waddle, A, S.*

Wag. *to move to and fro ; also an arch person, A, S.*

Walk-mill, *a Fulling Mill Bel,*

Walladey, *q. wail the day ! an Interjection of sorrow*

Wantit, } wanted
Wantut }

Want'a, *want,*

W

Wap, *a Peep ; Wap't by, is went swiftly by,*

War and war, *worse and worse*

Wark, *Wok ; also ached A, S.*

Wark-brattle, *loving to Work, A, S.*

Warkt, *ached, A, S.*

Ward, } *World,*

Warld }

Warry, *to Curse, A, S.*

Warrit, *did Curse*

Warritt'n, *Warrington,*

Warft, *worst*

Wracht, *ached, A, S.*

Wattles, *the lowest Parts of a Cock's Comb, teu,*

Waughish, *faintish, sickly,*

Weuter, *to stagger A, S.*

Wawk'n, *wag,*

Wawt, *overturn A, S.*

Wax, *grow A, S.*

Waybroad, *the herb plain-tain, A, S.*

Weal, *to chuse,*

Wear, *to lay out Money ; also, a Dam, Br.*

Wea's-me, *q. woe is me e an Interjection of sorrow,*

Weaughing, *Barking ;*

Weaw, *the cry of a cat*

Weeks of the Mouth, *the sides of it,*

Weekly, *moist wetish*

Weel, *well*

Ween, *we have ; also we will*

Weet, *wet ; also with it. AS*

Weete,

W

Weete, to wet, A, S,
 Weh, with
 Well'd, boil'd, or scalded
 Milk; also to forge Iron,
 Welly, or } q. well-ugh,
 Well-ney } very near
 Welkin, the sky A, S,
 Welt, a doubling in the
 Garment; also an Hem,
 A, S,
 Wem, the Belly, A, S,
 Went'n. went
 Wetur, Water,
 Wetur-tawms } sick Fits,
 } water
 } qualms.
 Wey, way
 Weynt, weaned
 Whackert, quaked, trem
 Whaff, } a blast of Wind.
 Whaft, } A, S,
 Whake to tremble
 Wharle-knot a hard knot
 Wharloch, a Wizzard,
 Whau, why; also well; an
 Interjection.
 Whawm, to take a whawm
 is to warm ones self,
 Wheant } q quaint sronge,
 Wheint } also comical,
 Whean, } q Quean a whore
 Wheign } a shut, Du
 Wheas'n, the Gullet. A, S,
 Wheeze, to make a Noise in
 Breathing, A, S,
 Wheem, near; also handy,
 A, S,
 Whewtit, } Whistled
 Wheawtit }

W

Wherr, very Sour,
 Wherekn't, suffocated with
 Water, smoak, &c
 Wherrit, a Blw on the ea.;
 also did Laugh
 Wherrying Laughing
 Whelpt, whelped, A, S,
 Whick, alive
 Whiffo, Whaffo, or whiff
 whaff, trifling words or
 Deeds.
 Whimper, offering to Cry.
 Ten
 Whinney to Neigh Br,
 Whirl-boan, the round
 Bone of the knee, the Pa-
 tellæ,
 Whirlyboans, the knees
 Whisht, Hush. silence,
 Whisk-telt, light of carriage
 Whoreish
 Whisky, Whorish
 Whinnit, neighed, Br.
 Whithern, whither will
 Whiz, to hiss as a flying
 Bullet, A, S,
 Whoam, Home
 Whoav't, covered A S
 Whoord, who would; also
 who had
 Whoa's, Oats
 Whoo-up, shouting when
 all's over
 Whoo-who, -whoo-who,
 whoo! an Interjection of
 great surprize
 Whot, what,
 What's what is

Whott'a,

W

Whott'n, *what will they ;*
also, what will you
 Whottle, *what will*
 Whotyel, q. *Hot Awl, an*
Iron to bere boles
 Why-kawve, *a female calf*
 Wick, *a Week*
 Wilecat, q. *Wild Cat, the*
Pale cat
 Wincome, *welcome*
 Wimmy, *with me*
 Win, *will*
 Winnaw, *will not*
 Winrow, *Hay put together*
in rows before housing it.
 Winte. *the Wind*
 Wisket. *a Basket,*
 Wi tey. *a large spacious*
place
 Wiheawt. *without*
 Wither, *very strong, lusty,*
 Wither } *with her ; also*
 } *with your*
 Wizz'n, *to pine away to*
dwindle,
 Woso, *woful*
 Wonst, *once; also on purpose*
 Woo, *Wool*
 Woons, *Lives or dwells*
 Woant *did live A, S.*
 Woode *mad A S*
 Wor, *a word; also new*
Liquor, A, S,
 Wor ch *to work*
 Wou'd, *I wish.*
 Wou'd id'd'n } *I wish you*
 Woudyed'd } *wou'd.*
 Wough, *a Wall. A. S.*

K

Y

W rang }
 W rank } *wrong.*
 Wrofle. *to wrestle also to*
grow ripe
 Wroftling, *Wrestling, Du*
 Wrynnot, *a surname.*
 He shad Wrynnot, and
 Wrynnot shad the devil
 Wrythen, *twisted; also, ill-*
natur'd. A, S.
 Wryth'nly *perusory A S*
 Wondert *wondered*
 Wuns lives : *also, an inter-*
jection from wounds A S
 Wunt *did live A S*
 Wur, *was*
 Wurneh }
 Worney } *were you*
 Wurr *worse*
 Wurr'n *was, were*
 Wurrit }
 Wurt, } *was it*
 Wurther *was there*
 Wythin Kibbo, *a strong*
willow sick
 Wyzles *stalks of potatoes*
turnips &c
 Y
 YALB *a herb*
 Yanner *to desire ea-*
gerly
 Yarey, *early soon in the*
Morning
 Yean you will; *also a sheep*
is said to yean when she
bins forth A S
 Yeanderto *before now*
 Yeasing *the caves of an hoase*
 Yestmus

Y

Yestmus } a handful
 Yestpintle }
 Yeafy *easy*
 Yeate a Gate
 Yearnstful *very earnest*
 Years *Ears*
 Ycawl q *howl like a dog*
 Yed a by-name for Edward
 Yem, a byname for Edmund
 Yoarth *Earth* AS
 Yepintle *two hands full*
 Yer *your*
 Yigh *yes, yea*
 Yo you
 Yoan *you will you have*
 Yoar *you are*
 Yood'n *you was*
 Yorlhar *Yorkshire to put*
 Yorkshire of a man is to

Z

trick, cheat, or deceive him
 Yort a Fold or Yard
 Yuletide *Christmas time*
 AS
 Yugams *Christmas Games*
 AS
 Yugoads *Christmas play-*
 things AS
 Yusterday *Yesterday*
 Yusterneet *yesternight*
 Yunk } *Young*
 Yung }
 Yunger *younger ; also*
 youngest

Z

ZUns a petty Oath from
 Gods-wounds; an in-
 terjection



THE
BLACK-BIRD:
A
POEM.

The DEDICATION.

To the most High, and Mighty,

Stern - visag'd PLUTO,

PRINCE of STYGIAN DARKNESS, *chief* ENGINEER of NOCTURNAL THUNDER, and GENERALISSIMO of all the departed GHOSTS in the infernal Regions, &c. &c. &c.

SULPHUREOUS and dread PRINCE !

I Am very sensible 'tis the highest Presumption in me imaginable to address the following Poem to your grisly Majesty, but I humbly conceive I have not done it without strong inducements; for where could the *Whistling Ouzel* have found an Asylum, to screen her from the British Minos (her austere and implacable Enemy) but in your swarthy Dominions? tho' at the same time she flies to you for protection, She's possess'd with an ominous Fear, that when her Adversary makes his Exit

The DEDICATION.

out of these terrestrial Regions, you'll immediately degrade *Aeacus*, advance him to the Bench, and assign to his profound and equitable Care all the European Provinces; or at least constitute him itinerant Judge in your steady Jurisdictions.

But to leave this to your profounded Wisdom, I must presume to tell you, most awful Monarch! that 'tis my humble Opinion, that every carping Momus, and snarling Critic, will acquiesce with me in my second motive for electing you my Advocate since 'tis the D---l of a Poem, on a black subject, written by a Collier, in an obscure Style. and therefore none so proper for its patron Paramont, as your gloomy Majesty.

Another Reason is, because I don't remember that any of the ancient, or modern Higlars in Rhime ever dedicated any of their Productions to your dusky Godship: tho' they have not failed to celebrate your tremendous Name, extol your supreme Power, and (if I may so speak) have given us the Cosmography of your ample Dominions.

While you are thus slighted, there are not wanting those who are busy making puny Gods, and Goddesses, of meer terrestrial Lump; and the Press has given us a modern Proof of a Thresher, who has thrown down his unweildy Flail, and taken up the pliant nimble Pen, to make one, who has lately pass'd thro' your sooty Territories, as Powerful, and more indulgent to us, than the Goddess CYBLE was to the Ancients.

Since the clumsy Flail has presum'd to address a Terrene Queen, accept, great Prince of Darkness! of the first fruits of the swift-pac'd Shuttle; which was a scion that blossom'd, and whole Fruit came to Maturity this keen benumbing storm, when Looms were more terrible to cringing thin-belly'd Weavers, than ever the Pillory was to those obsequious and loyal subjects of yours, *Pryn & Bastick*.

And

The DEDICATION.

And now methinks I have almost beaten that modish, and much-frequented Path of Dedication enough; tho' I neither have, nor can condescend to that nauseous and servile Flattery which is so redondant in addressees of this kind: and I hope you'll not reject the patronage, if I could have found a more powerful protector than your great Self, you had never heard of the *Whistling-Ouzel*: Neither would I have you think, that I have play'd the timid Indian, and offer'd the *Black-Bird* to your Gastliness as a propitiation for some enormous Crime, committed against your Majesty; no, 'twas not this, but your ability to defend, that prompted me, and entirely banished that modesty, which otherwise would never have permitted me to have sent the *Black-Bird*, on her well ballanc'd sable pinions, to your footyness for protection: the which I hope you'll grant her; and that you'll permit her to flutter at your feet, and perch, and nestle about your awful Throne: If your dreadful Majesty will do this, Sir *Minos* may do that which he would not suffer her to do, *j. e.* go Whistle, I am,

tremendous Sir,

now,

and ever will be,

TIMOTHY BOBBIN.

From the Chimney-corner,

Jan. 15th, 1739.

T H E

BLACK-BIRD;

A P O E M.

The I N V O C A T I O N.

*Thou who with Ale or vile Liquors,
Didst inspire Wuhers, Pryn, and Vicars,
And force them, tho' it was in spite
Of Nature, and their Stars to write;
Assist me but this once, I implore,
And I shall trouble thee no more.*

HUD.

WHEN bright Apollo's flaming Car had run
The Southern Course, and in our Climes
begun
To perfect Blossoms, and the budding Flow'rs
To paint the Fields, and form the shady Bow'rs,
The distant Prospects all around were seen,
To wear a curious Eye-delighting-Green;
And School-boys stood, while Sloth put on the Reins
And with cramm'd Satchels sauntered in the Lanes;
The younger Sort wou'd stroll about to get
The *Daisy, Primrose, and the Violet;*

While

While *Tom* and *Will*, with eager Eyes wou'd view
 Each Bush, and Tree, from whence a *Linnet* flew,
 And every Hedge did pry into, to find
 The downy Structure of the feather'd Kind.

SUCH were the Days when *MINOS* wou'd be dress'd
 To look more awful on a Day of Rest ;
 His sapient Head he deckt in *Perriwig*
 Of three-tails dangling, to look *Quorum* big ;
 His Beaver cock'd, plain-dealing-wise, he pull'd
 So low, his Forehead in it seem'd involv'd,
 But this was done, his Visage more to grace,
 And cou'd a third Part from his pouting Face ;
 Being Cloak'd and Booted, they who knew him not
 Thought *HUDIBRAS* o'er gloomy *Styx* had got :
 And as that Knight, so he'd a 'Squire to wait,
 Whene'er he sall'y'd forth thro' creaking Gate.
 This for his Outward-man ; but I must strain
 For to dissect his wonder-working Brain ;
 Unless I can get *Cibber's* fawning Muse,
 To bathe my Skull in crowning Laurel-juice ;
 But since I've ventur'd the Out-side to scan,
 I'll slightly touch upon his Inward-man.

(But know, my angry Muse reflects not on
 This tinkling Cymbal for it's jarring Tone ;
 But for affecting those Celestial Airs.
 By which the Organ charms the list'ning Ears.)

If Speech be the true Index of the Mind,
 And doth denote with what the Head is lin'd,
 We may conclude, that since his Speech is clipp'd,
 His moving Garret is but half equipp'd :
 But lest a Pun won't please the wou'd-be-wise,
 His Wit wants Ballast, and his Judgment Eyes ;
 For Nature made him without Care, or Art,
 And left unfinish'd much the better Part ;
 Or else in forming, tir'd with too much Pain,
 She nodded o'er him, and so spoil'd his Brain.

If any wonder why as Judge he's plac'd,
 Or how the Bench comes with his Worship gra c'd
 That Thought's submerg'd in this, to think that we

Are sway'd by Fools, much greater Knaves than he
 We grant, he seems a genuine Chip of those
Convention-Wits, who lead us by the Nose ;
 'Tis true, we go like BRUN to the Stake,
 Who knows his Task, & fain his Bonds wou'd break
 But forced on, he shakes his shaggy Fur,
 And looks with Fury on each bridl'd Cur ;
 * *Craftsman*, the Bearward, doth promulgate Law,
 And threatens Wounds from deep Panonian-Jaw ;
 Asserting ne'er a Collar'd-Whelp doth play
 The Game that's fair, but runs a Thievish Way ;
 And thinks with Justice, in this dire contest,
 Each Cur shou'd run with fawning-tail the first,
 Or, if you please, smooth-chins shou'd rule the roast ;
 And Hairy-Ruffi'ns kick'd from ey'ry Post.
 Which scheme, before all others, I prefer,
 If my old Grannum may be Treasurer,
 For I'm her only Fav'rite, and must taste with her. }
 But lest some Critic thinks my *Ouzel's* flown,
 And from a *Black-Bird*, 'tis a *Bearbait* grown,
 I'll to his Worship once again repair,
 That's going now to snuff the Country Air,
 After a Turn or two, within the Room,
 A Hem breaks forth----and then he calls his Groom :
Here Jack ! Where's Jack ? I'm here his Man replies ;
Bring out my Horse, and straightway *John* complies.
 He being gone, the Knight must see the Glass,
 To fix some upright Airs in oblong Face ;
 His hand adorn'd with ruff'd shirt he drew,
 Unto his head, and set his Wig askew ;
 Then gently strok'd his manly Beard, and then,
 Adjusted three-tail'd peruke once again ;
 The Bob before he'd often toss behind,
 As pleas'd his curious self-admiring Mind ;
 He lower'd his Eye-brows, made a furrow'd Brow,
 Pull'd in his Chin, more majesty to show :

Pleas'd with the sight, and sist aside the man
 Bow'd low, and this soliloquy began :
 " I'll say't thou'rt Graceful ;--very graceful-and
 Thy very look will reverence command !
 Thy dress is handsome,----very genteel :----still
 Not the least Foppish if i've any skill :
 Besides, 'tis known this head can penetrate
 Into dark things, and solve each hard debate,
 Or, as the proverb says can see as far
 Into a Millstone"--here the Gate did jar ;
 For John had done according to command
 And waiting stood, with nag, and cap in hand,
 THE steed was sleek, and bore a lofty crest,
 And worth a troop of HUDIBRAS's Beast ;
 Nor ever was DON QUIXOTE's dapple fit,
 For speed, and beauty, to be nam'd with it ;
 So this, you'll say, was fit to bear a pack
 Of precious ware, as they, upon his back ?
 And all agree his worship's teeming full
 Of just such wit, as they bore in the skull,
 This bonny Nag fir MINOS did bestride.
 And thro' the town with solemn pace did ride ;
 About ten furlongs they had pass'd, before
 The knight, and 'squire, of silence broke the door
 And then it was the Justice came t'himself,
 From contemplating on his wit, and pelf :
 With lisping accent, and emphatic voice
 (While Pate, and bum, on thigh kept equal poise.)
 He put these queries to his cunning 'squire,
 And then sly John to knight rode something nigher.
 Jack, thou must tell me true what now I ask,
 Since 'tis no wicked, or ungodly task :
 Sir, there's no doubt, (says John) then tell me pray
 What says the world that now I bear such sway ?
 Why, sir ! they speak exceeding well of you,
 As wise, and good ; to king and country true.
 Thou answer'st well, and glad I am to know,
 The world such thoughts so justly do bestow.

Here

Here Jack, with wry mouth, turns his eyes askew,
 As he came on : but hark thee, Jack ;---tell true ;
 When I appear, don't wicked rascals quake ?
 Yes, that they do ; and like an aspin shake.
 What do they think, when I'm upon the bench ?
 You knock down sin, and burning lust do quench.
 Whose Judgment is't a knotty matter clears ?
 Sir, yours alone sinks twice as deep as theirs :
 Jack bites his lip, that while the knight goes on,
 Thy words are good,---I'll mend thy wages, John.
 I thank you, Sir ;----I'm much oblig'd to you :
 Now th'Ouzlewhistles, wheet-wit wheet-wit whee'u
 And so went on like a shrill flute, to play
 That glee-som tune, the twenty-ninth of May.
 Hold, Jack, stand still, I hear a whistling noise
 Within that house : 'tis sure some atheist's voice :
 Tho' catholics, i've heard my father say,
 Wou'd whistle, dance, and sing, o'th' Sabbath-day,
 But who can this be ? says John, I cannot tell,
 But man, or maid, it whistles very well.
 Some Papist ! Jack ;----In that I'gree to you ;
 Then comes the prelude, wheet-wit wheet-wit
 whee'u.

Both list'ned, while the tune was whistling o'er,
 The Knight, more vex'd then e'er he was before,
 Turn'd short his horse, and in a furious Mood,
 Said, I'll commit him,---he's the serpent's brood,
 He sees me stand, and yet he wistles on
 This Sabbath-day ; was such a thing e'er known ?
 'Tis Papist-like to whistle against me,
 Or, what's the same, against his Majesty :
 No doubt he knows I represent the king,
 And that we both are but the self-same thing
 Sir, says the'squire, this thing I know t'be true,
 Now comes the flourish, wheet-wit wheet-wit
 And so proceeds with the old tune again ; [whee'u
 The knight cries out, O monst'rous and prophane !
 Was ever antichristian impudence

So base, to give both God and man offence!
 'Tis most seditious!----Jack, light off thy horse,
 And bring the rascal, else use all thy force:
 For I this Moment will commit him safe,
 Where he'll not whistle, dance, or sing, or laugh.
 Scarce sooner spoke than John was in, but made
 Such queer demands, they knew not what he said.
 But he repeats, the whistling man must go
 Before a Justice, for he'd have it so.

The man replies, " the whistler's good and true,
 " And serves me well; but what's all this to you?
 " He takes no bribes, he asks for nought but meat
 " Fawns on no king, nor doth his country cheat;
 " He's not encumber'd with perplexing cares,
 " Nor meddles with mysterious state-affairs;
 " He'll whistle on, altho' a justice stand
 " Within the room, and slight his stern command."

Jack hearing this, began to smell a rat;
 Howe'er he goes, and tells the justice flat,
 The whistler wou'd not come; he fear'd no law,
 Or king, or justice valu'd of a straw.
 But when the knight heard this, he rav'd and tore,
 And sev'ral times thus by *ASTREA* swore,
 I'll make him like a beacon on a hill,
 An everlasting monument of ill,
 A sad example seditious tools,
 Of pagan knaves, and antichristian fools.
 And with these words he nimbly quit his horse,
 Raging with passion; never fury worse;
 And in he flies, with, where's this prophane wretch
 That flights the law? whom I myself must fetch;
 Where is this whistling turk? this stinking he-jew.
 And now the bird sings, wheet-wit wheet-wit whee'u
 And then the twenty-ninth of May begun;
 What (quoth the knight) was such a thing e'er known
 And, puppet-like, he whisks himself about,
 To see if he cou'd find the whistler out.

The tune went bravely on, whilst he, amaz'd,

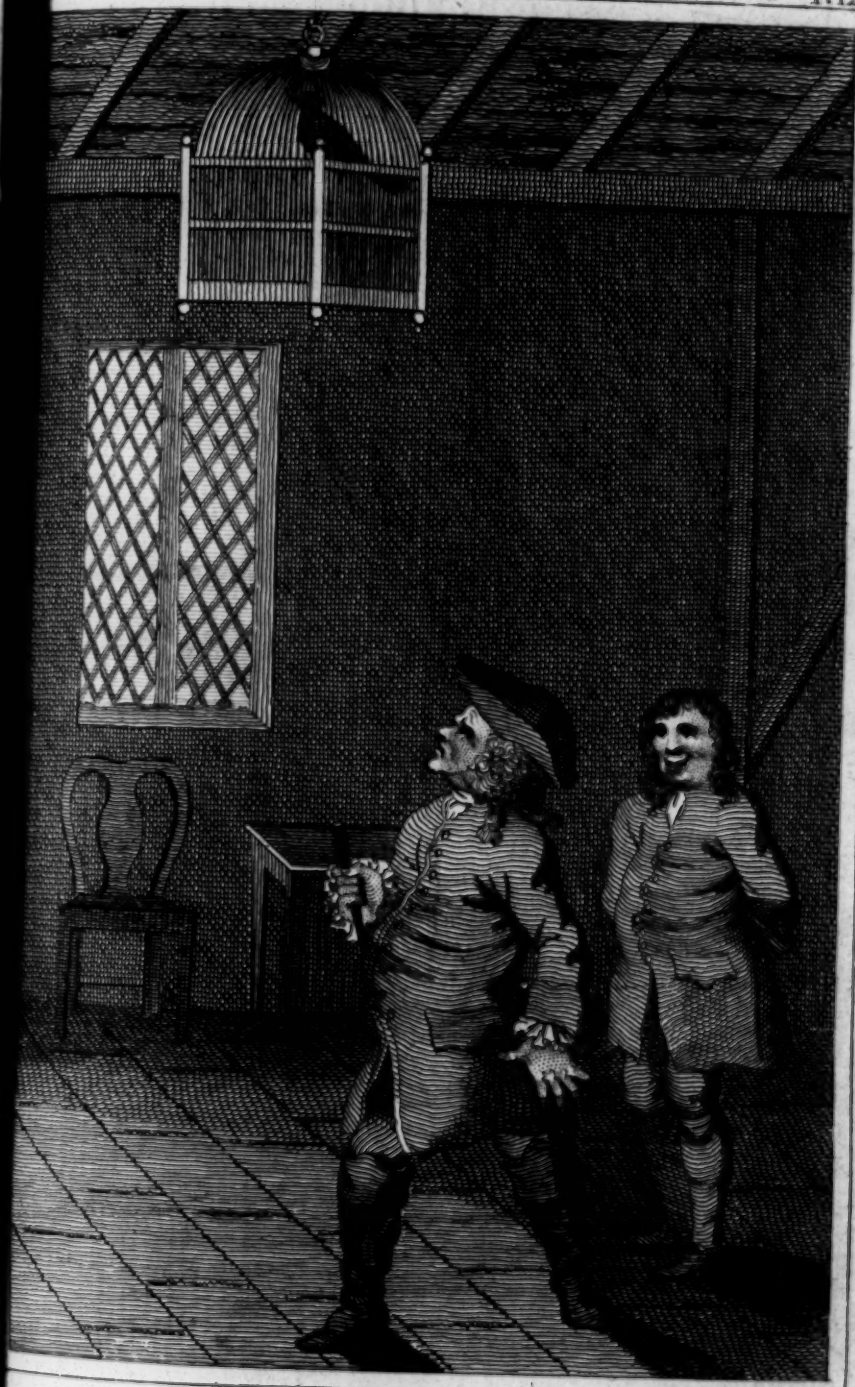
Saught

Bought ev'ry corner, and about him gaz'd ;
 But still this whistler was not to be seen,
 Which fill'd the justice with tempestuous spleen ;
 He stamp'd with foot, and lift his eyes above,
 A tho' he call'd on thunder-ruling jove ;
 And then burst out in this emphatic strain,
 Ungodly ! wicked ! heath'nish, and prophane ?
 To break the sabbath ! whistle against heav'n !
 The king and me ! 'twill never be forgiven :
 A disaffected tune too shameless man ;
 Notorious rogue, he's of the Jesuits clan ;
 And then once more tow'rd's heaven his eyes he sent
 And saw the Black-bird in a wire-cage pent,
 Most sweetly whistling the concluding strain,
 Which stunn'd the knight, as tho' with lightning slain
 He motionless as old lo's wife did stand,
 And still stretch'd out his sense-direc'ting hand ;
 But at the last, he wheels himself about,
 His mouth he open'd, and his thoughts flew out :
 Is this the whistler ? nay, I scarce believe,
 But both my Eyes, and Ears, do me deceive :
 I'll say't 'tis strange ! surpassing strange ! a Bird
 To whistle tunes ! ----- the like was never heard ;
 I thought it was not possible for art
 To teach Bird's Musick ! ---- not the easiest part :
 Sure this is some Ita'ian Ouzel brought
 O'er seas, and was by wicked Jesuits taught :
 Why Poz,* I ne'er was so deceiv'd in all
 My life before, and with a thing so small !
 I'll say't, I took it for some Jacobite
 That whistled thus, but who is always right ?
 ASOLOMON may play some foolish tricks,
 And British CATO † err in Politicks
 Then beck'ning Finger, makes the man draw near
 And in soft tone, thus whispers in his ear,
 Here honest man, I'll give thee all a crown,

* *A favourite Word of the Knight's for Positively.*

† *Wal etc.*

To





To promise me this thing must not be known,
 For shou'd the wicked ever hear this thing,
 'Twou'd shame both me, and our most gracious king
 The fellow took the piece, and made a bow;
 But, wiseman-like, in promising was slow.
 And knight perceiving that the Bird was put
 In close confinement, and in Limbo shut:
 Old Oliverian and Phanatick zeal
 Grew cold, and did to crufted ice congeal;
 And, calm as Midnight, took his leave, but said,
 Be sure this thing be never publick made,
 Thus MINOS left the Black-bird closely pent,
 And, mounting steed, on new Adventures went.



L

T H E

T H E
G O O S E:

A
P O E M.

To J-----B-----, *Esq.*

SIR,

AS I have the Honour to be a Member of the ancient and venerable Order of the Gormogons, I am obliged by the Laws of the great *Chin Quaw-Ki-Po*, Emperor of *China*, to read yearly some Part of the ancient Records of that country.

I was performing my annual Task when the extraordinary Piece of Justice in the following Poem fell under my Perusal: the Original is in prose; but more Reasons

sons than one determin'd me to translate it into Verse.

Your worship is too well known in these Parts, for any one to imagine, I could long hesitate in the choice of a Patron.

The Stupidity, Peevishness, passion, and Vanity of the Chinese Justice, will undoubtedly serve as Foils to set off, and illustrate your consummate Wisdom, and prodigious Virtues.

You may believe, Sir, 'twas with this Regard I dedicated the Poem to you : every true Britain, who hears of your Justice, Candour, and Humanity, (especially to Strangers) must be charm'd with your Conduct ; for had all Britain such Justices as your Worship, we might sing, or say, with one accord, *Our Country is finely govern'd !*

But tho' I give you your just Praises, I am afraid I offend your Modesty.

I am sensible that harsh sounds cannot escape the Animadversions of critical Ears : and for that Reason have been often on the Point of changing the Title of my Poem from *the Goose*, to *the Gander*. But reflecting, that the Geese, who gave warning of the Enemy's Approach, were call'd *Servatores Romæ* I chose to retain my

former Title in Honour of them, and such like illustrious Patriots.

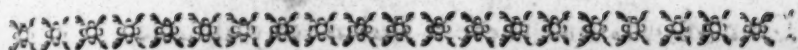
To you then, Sir, the *Goose* waddles for Protection, and begs Leave to assure you, that the present *Poet Laureat* * shall never want a Quill to celebrate your immortal Praises.

May your Worship live as long here, as you are an Ornament to the high Station you are plac'd in: and when you remove out of this country, may you be preferr'd to the Chair in the other, before *Æacus*, *Minos*, or *Rhadamanthus*, which is the sincere Wish of

S I R &c

* *Colly Cibber*.

T H E



T H E

G O O S E.

WEAR^y with homely Food, and Toils
 Life,
 With crying Children, and a scolding Wife,
 A Weaver is resolv'd to banish sorrow,
 And live to-day, let what will come to morrow :
 For who the tiresome Loom can always bear,
 And not regale his Stomach with good Cheer ?

WITH this Intent he from his Looms doth start,
 And asks his Pockets, if they'll take his Part ?
 And Fortune favours, for they answer---Yes :
 Which makes him skip, and thank his Stars for this
 Then Sunday-Coat he o'er his Singlet* puts,
 And in high Spirits to the Market struts ;
 Where Geese and Ducks, and Chickens feast his Eyes
 But only one fat Goose poor Shuttle buys.

AND now he thinks the happy moment come,
 To triumph, thro' the Streets, and bear the Trophy
 home.

But who can guard against the turns of Fate?
 The Wench he bought the Goose of, cries--a Cheat!
 From hence ensues a noisy doubtful Strife,
 Such as was never heard 'twixt man and Wife :
 The gaping Croud around in Parties stand !
 But, lo ! old *Granidoodle* just at Hand :
 When now their Anger boils to such a Pitch,

L 3

That

* A Woollen Waistcoat undy'd.

That there was Wore, and Rogue, and Dog, and
Bitch :

But Words like these a Poem may debase,
And only suit the Hero of the Case.
His Worship hearing, could no longer bear,
But cries aloud----*What Noythe, what Noythe, ith there?*
Ith it for nought that I, the mighty I,
Do reprehent high Chinethe Majethy?
Or that in vain I wear, the Towbrd, and Thield?
My Name ith, wath and will be-----

BOTH trembled at his voice---but first the Man,
Made a respectful Bow, and thus began.

“MAY’T please your Worship’s Honour and your
Glory

I will exactly tell you all the story ;
This Goose I bought for Twelve-pence, and paid
down

In Good and lawful Money, Half a Crown :
But now a faucy Slut by Change refuses,
Demands more coin, and gives me gross Abuses.”
What thay you, Woman ; ith thith fulth er true,
Thiith Fellow doth athert contherring you ?

“MAY’T please your Sov’reign Lord, the King’s
great Justice,

In whom for Goose or Money, all my Trust is ;
I wish I ne’er may see my Spouse, or House,
If ever I receiv’d of him a Soufe.”

But will you thwear thith ith the Cathe ? if the,
He thall to Bridewell for Correcetheon go.

“FOR God’s Sake hear me, Sir, the Weaver cries,
I’ll swear to every Thing which she denies :
If I han’t given her Half a Crown. than never
Le War and West be firm y join’d together.

Wheat! Huther, Thirrah! be the war, you the wear too :
If Tholomon wath here, what cou’d he do ?
The Matter ith tho nithe apen my Trott;
My Mind inclineth me to confine you both :
But hee d-----

*I'll toth a Piecth of Money up, thath fair.
Whitch thall decide the Person that mutht thewear :
But mark me well, the Woman ith-to chuthe,
Or Head, or Tail, like Chanthe to win or loothe.*

No sooner said, than done—both Parties willing
The Justice twirls aloft a splendid Shilling ;
While she (ah ! Nature, Nature !) calls for Tail,
And pity 'tis, poor soul, that she shou'd fail !
But Chance decrees—up turn great Chin-QuawKi-Po
Whose very name my Belly sore doth gripe—oh.
His Worship view'd with joy the royal Head,
And thus in broken lisping Accents said :

*By thith Event we very plainly find
That Juthith will take Plathe, tho' thumtimeb blind:
And had not I by Providenth been here,
You two had fought it out, like Dog, and Bear.
Here, Fellow——take the Book——for Chanth decreethe
You take the oath :——but pay me firbt my Feethe :
From Peril of the Law you'll then be loothe :
Huththe, give him the Changth, and eke the Goothe :
And Thuttle for the future, let me tell ye,
You must not Pamper your ungodly Belly ;
Geeth, Duckth, and Caponth, are for huth thage Catothe,
Be you content with Thjannock and Pottatothe.*

His Work thus finish'd, passing thro' the Streets
He tells the wond'rous Tale to all he meets ;
And hugs himself for this rare Action done,
Whilst all men stare, some laugh; still he goes on,

*Plain ith a Pibe-thstaff' tith, that I in Pow'r,
De King and Country Thervice ev'ry Hour ;
And to my utmosth do good Orderth keep,
Both when I am awake, and when I thleep.
Ot two, three, four, nay, five Timth happy Na thion,
When Magithrath have touth a Peneration !
Nz Trangreth now for Bread thall dare to roam,
But with their Wiveth and Children sthay at Home :
Ath for Philosoppherth, I'll make them thqueek,
In Topits of all their Latin, and their Greek.*

Newton

*Newton himself thoud here find no Protection :
 And all hith Pupiltb thall receive Correction :
 They're Papiltb all, in diff'rent Mathks, and we
 Thou'd watch, like Arguth, Dangerth to forethee,
 The Nathionth Right on Juhtieeth depend,
 And tith our duty Roguth to apprehend.*

*Thus withe Men alwayth aet, and I, thith Day,
 Have Churcth and Thstate pretherv'd, by quelling thith
 thad Fray.*



A

C O D I C I L

To the Last Will and Testament of

JAMES CLEGG, Conjurer.

BE it known unto all Men by these Presents, THAT I *James Clegg*, of *Broadlane* within *Castleton*, in the Parish of *Rochdale*, and County of *Lancaster*, Conjurer; having made my Last Will and Testament, bearing Date the 18th of *Febuary*, 1749, do hereby codicil, confirm, and re-tify my said Will; and if I die a natural Death,

Death. *i. e.* elude the Gallows, and within two miles of *Shaw-Chapel*, then I will that my Executors *John Collier*, and *Paul Greenwood*, come to my House the Day following, and with the Advice and Assistance of *James Worrall*, order my Funeral, as follows :

I. I will that they invite to my Funeral Sixty of my Friends, or best acquaintance, and also five Fiddlers ; to be there exactly at Two o'Clock.

II. That no woman be invited ; no man that wears a white Cap, or Apron, that no Tobacco or Snuff be there, to prevent my Sneezing.

III. That they provide Sixty-two spic'd Cakes, value Ten Shillings ; and Twenty Shillings Worth of the best Ale that is within too Miles ; allowing the best Ruby-Nosepresent, *Roger Taylor* and *John Boolb* to be Judges.

IV. That if my next Relations think a Wooden-Jump too chargeable, then I will that my Executors cause me to be drest in my Roast-Meat-Cloths, lay me on a Bier, Stangs, or the like ; give all present a Sprig of Rosemary, Hollies, or Gorfes, and a Cake : That no Tears be shed, but be merry for two Hours.

V. Then,

V. Then all shall drink a Gill-Bumper and the Fiddlers play *Britons Strike Home*, whilst they are bringing me out, and covering me. This shall be about five Minutes before the Cavalcade begins; which shall move in the high Road to *Shaw-Chapel* in the following, Order, viz. The best Fidler of the five shall lead the van, the other four following after, two and two playing *The Conjuror goes Home*, in the aforesaid Tune. Then the Bier and Attendants, none riding on Horseback, but as *Hudibras* did to the Stockes, i. e. Face to Tail, except Mr. George Stansfield of Sowerby, (which Privilege I allow him for Reasons best known to myself.) Then the Curate of *Shaw Chapel* shall bring up the Rear, dress'd in his Pontificalibus, and riding on an Ass; the which, if he duly and honestly perform, and also read the usual Office, then my Executors shall *nemcon.* pay him Twenty-one Shillings.

VI. If the Singers at *Shaw* meet me Fifty Yards from the Chapel, and sing the Anthem begining, *O clap your Hands*, &c. pay them Five Shillings.

VII. Next, I will that I be laid near the huge Ruins of *James Woolfenden*, late Landlord

lord of *Shaw-Chapel* ; which done, pay the Sexton Half a Crown.

VIII. Then let all go to the Alehouse I most frequented, and eat, drink, and be merry, till the Shot amounts to Thirty Shillings: the Fiddlers playing *The Conjuror's gone Home*, with other Tunes at Discretion; to which I leave them: and then pay the Fiddlers Two Shillings and Sixpence each.

IX If my next Relations think it worth their cost and Pains to lay a stone over me, then I will, that *John Collier* of *Milnrow* cut the following Epitaph on it.

HERE Conjuror CLEGG beneath this Stone,
By his best Friends was said
Weep, O ye Fiddlers, now he's gine,
Who lov'd the Tweetling-Trade!
Mourn all ye Brewers of good Ale,
Sellers of Books and News;
But smile ye jolly Priests, he's pale,
Who grudg'd your Pow'r, and Dues.

FURTHER, As I have some Qualities and worldly Goods not dispos'd of by my said Last Will, I do give and devise, as follows That is to say, I give unto the *Rochdale-Parish* Methodists all my Religion, and Books of Freethinking, as believing they'll be useful and very necessary Emollients.

ITEM, I give unto any one of that whimsical

fical Sect, who is sure the Devil is in him, my Slice of the Liver of *Tobit's* Fish, which my Ancestors have kept pickled up above Two Thousand Years; being certain that a small Slice fry'd, will drive *Belzebub* himself, either upwards or downwards, out of the closest made Methodist in his Majesty's Dominions.

ITEM, I give unto any three of the afore-said Methodists, who are positive that they have a Church in their Bellies, my small Set of Squirrel-Bells to hang in the Steeple; being apprehensive that a Set of the Size of *Great Tom* of *Lincoln*, would prove detrimental to a Fabrick of such an airy and tottering Foundation.

ITEM I give my Forty-five Minute Sand-Glass on which is painted Old Time sleeping) unto that Clergyman living within three Miles of my House, who is most noted for preaching long winded, tautologizing Sermons: Provided he never turn it twice at one Heat.

ITEM, I leave all my Spring-traps, Flying nets, and all my other valuable Utenfils whatsoever, belonging to that new-invented and ingenious Art of Cuckow-catching, unto my generous, honest, and open-heart-

ed Friend, Mr. *Benjamin Bunghole*, late of *Rochdale*, being thoroughly satisfy'd of his good Inclination, and great Capacity of the proper Use of them.

ITEM, I give unto one *Timothy Bobbin*, wheresoever he may be found, a Pamphlet entitled, *A View of the Lancashire Dialect*; being fully persuaded few others capable of reading, or making any sense of it.

ITEM, I give all my Humility, Good-nature Benevolence, and Hospitality, with all my other good Qualities whatsoever, not before dispos'd of, unto that Person in the Parish of *Rochdale* who can eat the most *Raw Onions* without crying.

LASTLY, I will that this Codicil be, and be adjudged to be, Part of my said Last Will and Testament, as fully as if the same had been there inserted.

IN WITNESS whereof I have hereunto fix'd my Hand and Seal, this 24th Day of May, in the Year 1751.

Witness

JAMES CLEGG.

Robert Lees.

Joshua Warren.



LETTERS

IN PROSE.

A Narrative of the Case between the *Queen*
at the Booth, and the *Author*,

To T. P. Esq.

Jan. 30th, 1752,
BY your Favour of the 20th cur. I perceive you have heard of the furious Rupture that is lately broke out betwixt me, and a certain Lady who is sometimes called the *Queen at the Booth*, and at others the *Yorkshire Lawyerefs* ; and seem fearful that it will be detrimental to my Family and Interest, I thank you for your tender Care ; but, chear up, Sir, I'm not afraid of the Law ; for I have a Particular Friend that will screen me from long and costly Suits : I mean Poverty.

You

You desire me to send you a full Account of what has past between us, I shall oblige you in this, tho' it will be both intricate and prolix; and as Truth has always something of the agreeable attending it, I must own that I was the first Aggressor: for it arose from that strong Tincture of Quixotism that you know reigns so predominant in me; though if I was inclin'd to Phanaticism, I should give it another Name, and call it the Spirit of Reformation.

The first Time I saw her was at *Dean-Chapel*, in the Parish of *Huthersfield*, where she immediately took my Eye, and rais'd my Curiosity to know who, and what she was: Being (if I may so speak) the very Gallimaufry of a Woman. She was dress'd as gay, and airy as a girl of Sixteen; tho' Old Age stared full at me thro' every Wrinkle. In short, her out of the way Figure and Behaviour spoil'd my Devotion, and rais'd my Choler to that Pitch that I could not be at rest, till I had given her a Reprimand.

Service being over, I stepp'd into a little Alehouse near the Chapel, and enquir'd of the Landlord who the Bedlamite was, who was so old, and so very airy? He an-

swer'd with a Sigh, She's my own Aunt, but you know I cannot help her dressing so awkwardly. Very true, says I, but will she come in here, think you? I'm not certain, he reply'd, but very likely she may. So I sat down a few Minutes, but Madam not appearing, I went back into the Chapel-yard amongst the Croud; but she had given me the slip, and so escap'd my Resentment at that Time. However, I left strict Orders with her Nephew (who promis'd me to tell her) to dress and behave more agreeable to her Age; or otherwise, if she persisted, she should hear from me in a more disagreeable Manner.

This past on about a Month, when I chanc'd to see her again at *Ripponden*: And perceiving her Ladyship was in no Humour for reforming, but rather more janty than ever; I took a Resolution (Quixote-like) to write a Letter to her under a feigned Name; and which, tho' I kept to Matter of Fact, she pleases to call a Libel; and by one means or other she is become positive that I am the Author: But this Opinion might chiefly arise from my leaving the pragmatistical Order with her Nephew.

Be this as it will, it is certain, that the *Tuesday* following she saddled her Nag, and rode

rodeto Justice R---for a Warrant, to bring me to an Account for that, to which I was determined to plead *Not Guilty*.

On her Arrival there, and laying her Complaint before the Justice, he demanded whether she would swear the Letter on me? N---o, but 'tis nobody else. Have you any Evidence that will swear to this Man's writing it? N--o, but he was at the *Black-Lion* in *Ripponden*, where the Letter was first found, and the very Night before I received it. In short, she could not swear positively, and consequently no Warrant was granted.

Things past on about a Fortnight, when she received Intelligence that I was going immediately to leave *Yorkshire*. So she resolv'd to pay me a Visit at Mr. *Hill's* before my departure. I happen'd to have the first Glent of her Ladyship as she came up the Court, with the Bridle of her strong *Rosinante* on her Arm, and a young Woman (*Phebe Dawson*) attending her.

On rapping at the door the old Gentleman went out, and after the usual salutations, she begun---. I'm come to see Sir, if you'll suffer any of your servants to abuse me? No Mistress that I wou'd not do: pray, have I any that does do so? Why

have not you a servrnt they call *Collier* ? No. that I have not, reply'd the old Gentleman. But have you not some such a Man about your House ? Yes ; he's in the House ; and I believe there is some little connection between my Son R. and him : but I have nothing to do with him. Very well Sir, then I've been wrong inform'd, and I will take it kindly if you'll tell him I'd fain speak with him. Yes Mistress, that I will do. On his telling me that a Lady desired to speak with me. I appear'd surpriz'd, tho' I guess'd what she was about well enough : however I went to the Door and made her a complaisant bow, which her irritaid Stomach scorn'd to return.

As to her dress, &c. I shall refer you to the Notes on Hoantungs Letter : only observe that a blue Riding-habit, hoop'd with Silver Lace, a Jockey's Cap, and a pretty large black-silk Patch, on each side of her mouth, made her cut a most grotesque figure.

After a full stare, at each other, she ask'd me if my Name was *Collier* ? Yes, Madam, said I, What's your Pleasure with me ? Why, I want to know if you'll stand to what you've done ? O yes, to be sure Madam.

Madam, said I; What is't? Why about this Libel: Libel! said I, I dont know what a Libel is. I suppose you do; and I want to know if you'll stand to it, or not, for you writ it to be sure. Indeed, Madam your Speech is all Riddle to me. But as I'm very busy at present, if you'll go down to *Ripponden*, I'll follow as soon as I can, and there get an Explanation. That's what I want, she reply'd, but pray tell me what House I must go to? To *Campernot's*, to be sure, said I. And you'll follow me, says she? O don't doubt it, Madam. So away she goes, and her Witness along with her: But I kept my distance, as wanting both Time and inclination to follow her.

Messes. *Hill's* laugh'd at me for being honour'd with this unexpected visit from the *Queen of the Booth*, and thought I had met with more than my Match: all the Gentry round being afraid to provoke, or contradict her: and wondered that I should have any thing to do with her; as she would undoubtedly ruin me, tho' I was worth Thousands. I told them, innocence did not know what Fear was, and that I was not apprehensive of any Danger.

This

This affair happen'd on *Friday* ; and the *Sunday* following I left the *Kebroyde* pretty early for my Journey into *Lancashire*: and on going up to *Soyland* to bid adieu to my friends there, I found in the Road, behind an *Ash-tree*, Six papers, written all a like in a large print Hand, a Copy of which follows.

A D V E R T I S E M E N T.

ON *Friday last from Rishworth stray'd,*
 Or was by *Satan's Imps convey'd,*
A Chesnut Mare, with prick-up Ears,
Bad Eyes, Teeth lost, advanc'd in Years.
Had two light-colour'd Feet before,
Her Mouth was patch'd, and very sore
A right Whisk tail, and Grissel Mane,
A heavy Head, and Body plain ;
A Filly trotting by her side,
And both good blood as e'er was try'd.
Who e'er can them to Pluto bring
Their owner, that grim sooty King :
Shall for their pains in this good job
Receive Ten Pounds, of

TIMMY BOB:

You cannot imagine, Sir, but that I must see the purport of these Papers, and what they were intended for : so I took care to have them put up, at *Ripponden, Ealand, Hallifax, &c.* on that Day before Noon ; and they causing much Staring, and various Surmisings in the Country ; some
 Pick-

Pick-thank or other convey'd a Copy of one of them to her Ladyship : Who on perusing it, readily father'd the Brat upon me ; and said to the Messenger, you have done me very great service ; for now I never doubt, but I can catch the Fox in his craftiness, and then I'll make him clear all Accounts, and pay you handsomly for you Trouble.

What follows is chiefly from information, and I was told for fact that that Evening she kill'd the fatted Calf, as it were and feasted some of her Privy Council ; rejoicing that she had so fine a Prospect of gratifying her Spleen, and attaining the summit of her wishes ; and the next morning she mounted her Gelding, and, with the young Filly set off for the Justice.

On her arrival she found his Worship had Company : however being well acquainted with her, he came into the Room where she was, (which had a Table standing in the Middle) and several Gentlemen followed him. She then drew out the Copy of the Advertisement, and threw it on the Table : on which is Worship said well Madam what's to do now ? Why, Sir, said she, you wou'd not grant me a Warrant before for this Rascal, and now I have

have suffered a fresh abuse from him ; a that Paper will prove, if you'll please to read it.

He takes the paper up (the Gentlemen all staring at the queer Dress and Behaviour of her Ladyship) and reads :

A D V E R T I S E M E N T.

*On Friday last from Rishworth stray'd,
Or was by Satan's Imps convey'd,
A Chesnut Mare,-----*

Why Madam have you lost a Mare? N--o n--o please to read on--: It means me Sir,

*A Chesnut Mare, with prick-up Ears,
Bad Eyes, Teeth lost, advanc'd in years.
Had two light-coloured feet before,*

This cannot have any Reference to you,--sure you have not four feet !

I ask your Pardon for that, Sir, and beg you'll go on, for you'll find it means me and no body else. Here the Gentlemen broke out into a Laugh, which being over the Justice went on.

*Had two light-colour'd Feet before,
Her Mouth was patch'd, and very sore.*

Here she hastily interrupting him, said That's true ; and is a very good Proof that

that he means me ; for at that very Time I had a Letter-worm on each Side my Mouth, covered with black Silk, and he names the day too, Sir ; which was *Friday* : What stronger Evidence can be either given or desired ? Here the Justice join'd the Gentlemen in another merry Fit ; and then his Worship ask'd her, And who writ, and posted these Advertisements up, do you say ?

Why this Rascal---this *Collier* ; to be sure---

To be sure will not do, Madam .----- But did you, or any other Person, see him write, or put them up ? Or will you swear this is his Hand ?

N-- o, n---o,---that is not his Hand ; for I have Evidence here, that they were either printed, or writ like Print : and I can also prove that he writes that Hand better than any in the Country ; and that's another Proof that he writ, and put them up, or ordered others to do it ; which is all one you know, Sir, in Law.

But will you make Oath that he writ, or put them up !

I durst swear he did ; but, alas ! I did not see him.

Well, Madam, I perceive this Man will
flip

flip us again ; for without a positive Oath I cannot grant a Warrant.

Here her Ladyship (with a heavy Sigh) said, If Justice-Law will not do, I must see Council (which I am told she actually did.) But I'm so very uneasy that I cannot sleep, and I think this grand Villain will be the End of me.

When that happens, said one of the Gentlemen, if you'll come hitler again, we'll try him for his Life for committing Murder ; and to make him pay the piper with a witness.

Ah ! Sir, but this is no jesting Matter, ----for all's gone when I am gone, and that I fear will not be long----for I hear this same Ruiner of my good name has actually got that same Letter printed which I brought to you---and if so, it is so scandalous, that taking all together, it will break my Heart ; and you know, Sir, the dark Side of a good Character is not quite spotless.

Very true, said his Worship, but I can see no remedy for you in this Case without good Proof,

That's what I fear I must never have, said the old lady, who turn'd her Back-side without any Compliment, lest the Rhymes

Rhymes on the Table, and budg'd off;
the whole being a pretty Scene of Diver-
sion for those she left behind.

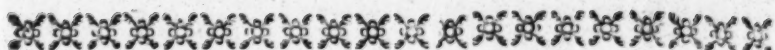
Thus, Sir, I have endeavour'd to satisf-
fy your Curiosity, hoping you'll excuse
the Length of the Narrative; and now I
have only to tell you that the Letter she
mention'd to the Justice, is actually print-
ed, (a Copy of which I here enclose you)
and which I sell for a Friend. Her lady-
ship has sent for several, and always by
persons she thinks most capable of pump-
ing me: I always oblige her by sending
them, but still keep innocent, and quite
ignorant of its Production, otherwise
you might say----Good Lord have Mercy
upon

SIR,

Your most oblig'd humble Servant,

N

T. B.



HOANTUNG'S LETTER (a)

TO THE

Empress of RUSSIA.

Translated from the Chinese with explanatory Notes) by LYCHANG the Mandarin.

THE ARGUMENT.

*To scourge a publick Pest, the Wife of old
Thought meritorious, tho' a Bawd or Scold:
I own this Mungrel Owl-and-Crow is not
Half worth my Powder or one Grain of Shot
Yet as no Person e'er could probe her Heart,
No Admonitions make her conscience start,
Let this true Mirror shew her putrid Mind,
And how her Frame's to every sin inclin'd;
If she reforms, 'tis well,-----if not, i'm right;
To plague the plaguy, is refin'd delight!*

We

(a) The Original was left about Michaelmas 1751, at a Publick-House in Ripponden, by a tall swarthy Person, in a long furtout, Turban, and Whiskers: a broad Scimeter hanging on a Button, and his whole air and countenance so fierce, that none durst say, from whence comes thou? so he walk'd off undiscover'd.

*We Hoantung the Great, Emperor of all the
Emperors of the East, To our most dazzling
and serene Sister, the Princess Eleeza, Em-
press of all Russia, send Greeting.*

WHEREAS our Wisdom, like the Beams of the great Luminary of the Day, pierces into the remotest Regions and as all things transacted between the Poles are under our immediate Cognisance, by which our Empire is become universal and consequently checks the Actions of Sovereign Princes : We do now, by our aforesaid power, require that you, on receipt hereof, forthwith retire to your sofa; and there contemplate how, and by what Means, you attain'd the Palace of your residence (b) and the Empire (c) which you so haughtily govern ? Why the *Czar*, (d) your first Husband, was so suddenly sent over the Acherontic-Lake, and by whom ? How the present *Cazar*, your

N 2 lawful

(b) The estate on which she resides.

(c) This by the soundest critics is always taken for the Township of Rushworth, in the parish of Halifax.

(d) In a Letter from the dusky Regions, 'twas hinted, she push'd him into old CHARON's Boat, to whom she paid double fare to waft him over.

lawful spouse, came to be banished (e) ? What Fury could induce you to trouble your neighbouring Kingdoms and states, (f) with one continued Scene of War, Rapine, and disorder ?

We say, reflect on these things ; and consider with what indulgence we have suffered you to rule with an high hand, ever since you seized the imperial throne (g) ; which Usurpation we have wink'd at with impunity for the space of three Hundred Moons ; not doubting but Time the offspring of eternity, and father of wisdom, would have mitigated the severity of your reign : that the *Czar* would have been recalled, and restored to the sovereignty : That all your subjects, from the boyar to the plebtan, might have reposed under

(e) Her present Husband, whom she banish'd by meer dint of Dagger, for one morning after a hot Dispute about that Mushroome sect the methodists, he found that Weapon on a chair by her bedside ; and after several expostulations (she not being able to satisfy him as to the use of it) he very prudently fled.

(f) Some distant, as well as neighbouring townships, which she continually vexes with litigious suits, about Filiations, Settlements, &c.

(g) The Government of the Township ; she being a kind of perpetual constable, Overseer of the Poor, Highways, &c.

rustic Amours, of the softer sex within your dominions (k).

Further, We will that when you approach the Mosques of the Gods, particularly that of *Worotin* (l); that your posture be decent, that you observe the religious ceremonies, and in all respects demean yourself as a true worshipper of the God *F O H E*, and his prophet *Confucius*: that your deportment be grave as becomes the Evening of life: That your dress (especially the Attire of your Head & Neck) (m) be

(k) This alludes to her well-known Practice of groping the Bubbies, Bellies, &c. of young Girls within her Territories, when 'tis whisper'd A MAIDENHEAD IS LOST. After close Examination, if she finds the unfortunate pregnant, she forces her to discover her Paramour; on whom her Highness seizes (under the sanction of a Warrant) with as much Fierceness as the Eagle her Prey.

(l) The Chapel of Ripponden; where when she comes to shew her Hunting dress, Baubles, and Bedlamantish Attire, she stands wailing in the isle scorning to come in a Pew, because she was not suffered to have her Lang-Settle, or old Form in its place, when, on rebuilding the Chapel, it was seated after a uniform and beautiful Manner: And even attempted to force an Audience of the Right Reverend the Bishop of Gloucester, to give this as a sufficient Reason why the Chapel ought not to be consecrated.

(m) In this she affects the most Girlish Airs: Tho' her

be modest, and free from those youthful *Airs* you seem to delight in, and are always the unerring Index of a contaminated *Mind*: That you appear no more in publick with your locket, ear-rings, and other juvenile trinkets : as you and all the world know them to be the wages of carnal and youthful Pleasures, and can never make you more agreeable than a spruce Baboon.

Lastly, It is our royal will and pleasure, That you make a full and general restitution ; allow your vassals and slaves all due and accustomed Measures (n) ; encourage Honestly, and not study to pervert truth and Justice (o) ; heal all intestine divisions.
extirpate

her Mouse-colour'd grissel hair scorns to bend, or lie in Ringlets, but keeps its most ancient posture, which is that of a——Sow's Tail.

(n) This our learned Mandarin confesses to be very obscure, and may have several Constructions; but inclines to believe, it hints at a certain antique Pot, or Cup, with a Piece two Inches deep out of its Top ; having been long, and too well known to poor Taylors, and other labouring Persons.

(o) Being ever ready & studving to torment her Husband (as well as others) she this Year sent her Emassary to the Labour of her own Niece, to persuade her to father her Bastard Child on him ; following immediately herself, and finding her persuasions ineffectual, she herself first used smooth and
flattering

extirpate perjury; banish false witnesses (p); eradicate strife; cultivate peace; and let the dead sleep in their Graves (q). Thus we take our Leave; expecting all due Obedience to this our royal and sacred Mandate, at the direful peril of our tremendous indignation-----: For such our Will and pleasure.

GIVEN at our seraglio, in our imperial city of *Twang Chew*, this 14th day of the 999th Moon of our happy Exaltation.

Sign'd, HOANTUNG.

flattering terms, then beich'd out deep imprecations to gain the point; but finding the Girl resolv'd to father it right, she sent for the Constable to force, or intimidate her to do it; but Mother Midnight being a Women of Sense and Spirit, told him, he was out of his Elements, and if he entered within her Jurisdiction, she would try whether his Scull or the Tangs were harder Metal; so he wisely desisted.

(p) As an old Lionsess is attended by her Jackal, so her shrivell'd Grimness has always in her Train one Phebe Dawson or some other, who can swear the Truth, the whole truth, and——more.

(q) She charged her Husband with being false to her Bed before Marriage; and would needs have a young Woman taken out of her Grave, who had been buried upwards of three Months; pretending a Suspicion she was with Child by him; and actually got the Coroner and Jury to the Place for this Purpose: But in this Article she was prudently over-ruled. Her

Her E P I T A P H.

*Reader stop here-----behold what death can do,
He's torn the Gew-gaws from Queen Bels's Brow ;
And made one Stone her Majesty suffice,
Who living did from many Pairs arise.*



PRICKSHAW-WITCH blown up :

O R,

The CONJURER Out-conjur'd.

To T. P. Esq.

S I R,

IT was a little before the last *Easter* that a Mixture of Malice and Envy between a Brace of Booksellers, produc'd two Auctions at the same Time in *Rochdale* ; where one of the Evenings, I, with other bookish Fellows of my Acquaintance, resolv'd to stay for a little Refreshment after the Shew was over.

It happen'd that among others, there drew in his Chair, an ancient man with
one

one Eye, a flouch'd Hat, and very meagre Countenance. Some of the Company (as usnal) on coming out of the Auction Room, complained of the Coldness of the Weather, Single-peeper answer'd, *Cowd it is, an ittle naw awter theese six Days.* I ask'd him how he could tell that? *Ho, weel enough* (said he) *becose ot Moon's oth' Cusp oth' thrid Heawse to Neet at Ten o'Clock,* Humph, said I, you understand Astrology, I perceive *Eigh,* (reply'd Blinkard) *Ive studit it e'er sin ir fifteen yer owd.* Why then you can calculate Nativities, tell Fortunes, and find lost or stolen Goods? *Eigh, Eigh,* (said he) *ive practic'd thoose Things oboon forty Yor, on winnow turn my Back o nobody.*

I seeing his Self-sufficiency, and that he was a kind of a Mungrel between Fool and knave, star'd at him with open mouth, as in great Suprize and Admiration. Ah Lord! (said I) I've often heard of such Folk, but never saw any before; Why, then you're a sort of a Conjuror? Here he smil'd, and answer'd, *Eigh, Im oft cow'd so; and sometimes Prickshaw-Witch.*

Prickshaw-Witch! Good Lord blefs us! said I, trembling----I've a little Girl of about six Months old, whose Fortune I would gladly know, but for the Sin of applying

to such Persons about it. *Sin ! now, now, its no Sin at aw ; its naw like Logic, or th' Black-Art, but as harmless as any Art ith Ward.* Very well. (quoth I) if it be so, what must I give you to calculate my Girl's Nativity ? *Ho---I con doot at ony Price, between one Shilling and Twenty.* Nay, if that be that Case, I ll have the best, tho' it cost me five Pounds.

Thus the bargain was made, and I was to meet him the *Tuesday* following, and the Party that did not appear, was to forfeit a Dozen of ale. Then, after a short Fit of studying and staring on the Ground, he requested that what I would have known concerning my Daughter, might be given him in Writing ; and, in particular, the exact Time of her Birth ; and I being a little on the Slack-rope, resolv'd to humour him, and immediately trump'd up the following Rhymes.

OCTOBER *th' Tenth my Girl was born,*
Ten Minuets after Four i' th' Morn ;
Brown Hair, and Eyes of fair Complexion,
And all her Limbs of good Connexion.
I want to know her Term of Life ?
If Competency, without Strife ?
Her Husband, whether good or bad ?
Her first Child, whether Lads or Lad ?
These things are wanted to be known,
And you'll be paid whene're they're shown.

I gave

I gave him the Paper, and, after perusing it, he said, *I con mey Rhymes, bo' now thus fast.* So after a while the Shot was paid and we parted.

When the Day of our Meeting was come I had forgot my Engagement, and consequently neglected to meet the Conjuror. So the *Friday* following he came to my House (when I happen'd to be in *Yorkshire*) and without knocking, or speaking one Word, bursts open the Door, runs to my Wife, takes the Child out of her Arms, and at the Window examines its Eyes, Hair &c. the better to peep into Futurity. So that my Wife, who knew nothing of the Matter, took him for a Madman. Then he ask'd her for a Pen, Ink, and Paper, and left me some worse than Namby-Pamby Rhymes of the little Child, and a strict order to meet him the *Tuesday* following, otherwise it would be to my cost, *i. e.* he would all-to-be-conjure me. This so rais'd my Spirits, that it put me on contriving a Way to be reveng'd on him, and fir'd me with a Resolution to meet him, whoever paid the piper.

Accordingly, I went to *Rochdale* a Day before the Time appointed, to find a proper Room, and a partner or two to assist me

me in the Plot, which I had laid to counter-
termine this modern *Faustus*.

Having light of a Ground-Room, and a couple of Comrades to my Mind, I bought a Pound of Gunpowder, and try'd how much would blow up a Chair, the better to guess what Quantity would lift a Conjuror. Then we took up a Piece of a Board from the Chamber-floor, and under the Hole placed a Shelf, where a large Quantity of well-mix'd T--d and P---s might stand, to be pour'd on his Head, just when the Gunpowder took fire, to prevent his burning: and spent the Evening merrily enough, in hopes of paying old *Merlin* well for his Study and Pains the Day following.

The Time being come, my Worship was the first that appear'd at the place of Rendezvous. I found the Landlord had discover'd the whole Plot to his Wife, and that she would not allow of the stinking Compound, (because the Tragi-Comedy was to be acted in her Bed-Room) but as much Water as we pleased. So I was forced to be content with a double Quantity of Water, which was plac'd on the Shelf over the Conjuror's Chair, and the Powder under it; with a train running

O

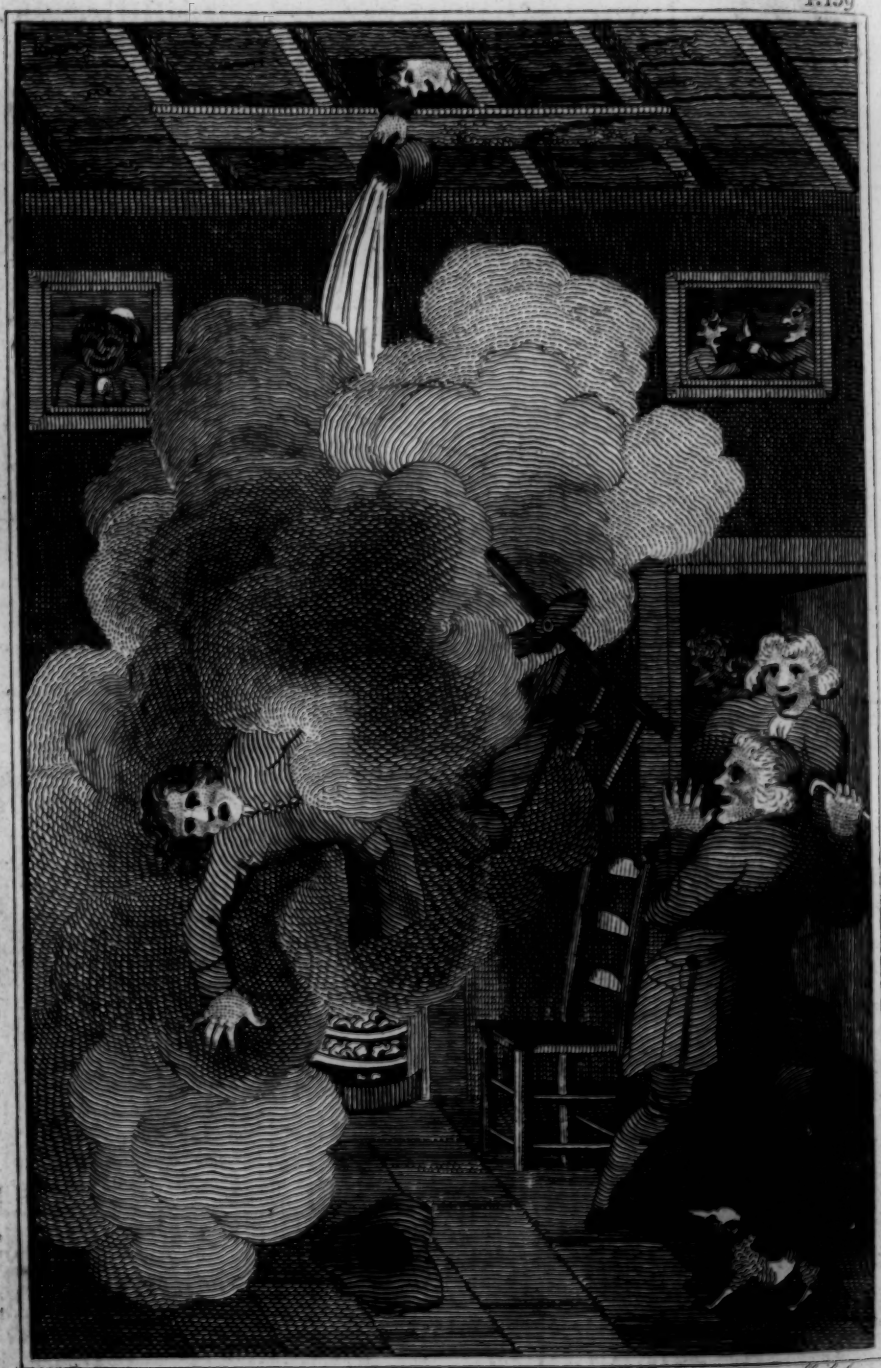
ning

ning from thence to the Fire End, where I plac'd a man as if drunk and asleep, with a stick in his hand, ready to put Fire to the Train ; and the Landlord above, as ready to empty the Pale on his Head when he saw the Gunpowder take Fire ; the Word of Command being, *O the wonderful Art of Astrology !*

All things being ready, I sat about an Hour very impatiently, and began to suspect the Conjuror had smelt a Rat ; when, to my great Satisfaction, old *Faustus* appear'd. I rose up with Joy in my Face, asked his Pardon for not meeting him as before appointed, and led him into the Room.

As I had order'd all the Chairs out of the Room but two, I, *sans ceremonie*, sat down in one, and the other of Consequence fell to the Conjuror's Share, with a Table betwixt us. Then I enquired if he had fulfilled my Desire about my Daughter's Nativity ? He answer'd in the Affirmative, and immediately produc'd a Paper-Book of sixteen Pages, writ, closely containing the Passages of my Girl's future Life, a Table of the twelve Houses, and a Speculum tolerably drawn. I took hold of it with as much seeming Veneration as if
it





it had been a *Sibyllian* Oracle, and begun to peruse it ; sometimes stopping as tho' I was overwhelm'd with Thought, and deepAdmiration; and sometimes groaning in the Spirit, like a full-blown Quaker, which I saw tickled the Conjuror's Vanity, and made him expect to be doubly paid for his profound Ingenuity.

After I had perus'd about one half of it, I rose up, and, with the Book in my Hand, walk'd soberly towards the door (having a particular Antipathy to Gunpowder) and cry'd out, *O the wonderful*, &c. at which the sleepy Man tickled the Train, and run out, which immediately fir'd the Grand Magazine ; this was met in the Nick of Time by the Water which I heard, but neither could see that, or the Conjuror ; all the Rooms in the House being full of Smoak in a moment

When old *Spyrophel* came out of the compound Cloud of Fire, Smoak, and Water, he found me in the passage with my wig and hat on the floor, as if frightened out of my Wits, and in a violent passion ; I pretended to strike him with my Halle-slick, but hit the Wall ; gave him a curse or two for putting the conjuration-tricks upon me, and then made off with the old

Knave's Notes, and left him the shot to pay. We all met in an appointed room, where I'll leave you to guess, Sir, at our Mirth, that the Plot had met with the desired Success.

After a while I enquir'd of the Landlady what was become of the Fortune-teller? She answer'd, He walk'd half a dozen Times across the Floor, brushing his Coat and then ask'd for me? She answer'd. that I went off in a great passion, but had not seen me since: *Well, (said he) bo if he knew aw, he'd be meety woode ot teyn obur'd me o this'n*: and then was for marching off. Hold, hold, says the Landlady, as you have frightened all my Guests away, I'm resolv'd you shall pay the Shot. *Od, but that's hard too too; bo I neer deawt Mr. Collier---'ll pay'th Shot.* I'll neither trust Collier, Tinker, nor Cobler; pay me for my Ale. So he was obliged to satisfy her, and after a few hums and haughs he budg'd his Way.

Since that Time I neither saw nor heard from him, before the last *Friday*, when I received the following Letter:

SIR.

S I R,

THIS comes to acquaint you, that if you do not pay me for the calculating your Daughter's Nativity, I will make Use of the Law to get it, and then you may expect to pay dear for your pastime ; for I do not find that ever you intend to pay me, for you have had Time sufficient to pay me already the small sum of Five shillings.

Note, If you neglect to pay me. I will send the Catchpoles in a few Days: all from

Your abused Servant,

Smalshaw, die

GEO. CLEGG.

Nov. 15. 1752.

The Day following the Receipt of the above, a Whim came into my Head to answer it in Rhyme, directed,

*To Mr. George Clegg, Conjurer-General.
would be, of the County Palantine of
Lancaster, at his nocturnal Study at
Smalshaw.*

FROM you, George Clegg, or Prickshaw-Witch,
Or Doctor Faustus, chuse you which :
It matters not :----but I've a Note
By one of you three lately wrote,

O 3

Which

Which intimates, that 'tis a Crime
With Conjurers to pass the Time.

Besides, it makes this queer Demand,
That I must pay into your hand
A crown of English Money straight,
Or Catchpoles soon must on me wait.

But hold, Friend *George*, not quite so fast,
You'll go as far with lesser haste :
I promis'd Payment, that is certain,
If you would tell my daughter's Fortune ;
But that 'tis done, I flat deny,
Since one half gives the rest the lye.
Nor was it Sterling-Coin I meant,
That being far from my intent,
But such as you received have,
And should be paid to ev'ry Knave,
Who roguishly would thus dispense
With reason, and all common sense,
And whilst their own they do not know---,
Pretend another's Fate to shew ;
Which was the case, or I'm deceiv'd,
When you 'twixt Fire and Water liv'd.

Again, consider, it's not hard,
After my Wig and cloaths were marr'd
With Fire and Smoak, then as you conjur'd,
That I must pay for being injur'd.

Nay, rather, you deserve a drub,
For raising up Old *Belzebub*,
Who every one did almost choak
With stinking Brimstone, fire, and Smoak ;
Which threw us into such a fright,
Two p---s'd, and three or four did sh---e.

But now, good *Faustus*, tell me true,
How comes five shillings thus your due ?
Was it for coming to my dwelling,
To cheat me with your Fortune-telling ?
As you've done many honest spouses,
By selling them your starry-houies,

Your

Your Oppositions, Quartiles, Trines;
 Your fiery and Aquatic Signs;
 Your Speculums, and Nodes i'th' skies,
 Cusps, Aspects, and ten thousand Lies.
 And don't you in your conscience think,
 Instead of fingering my chink,
 That you deserve. in high degree,
 To mount on *Rochdale's Pillory* ?
 Which is the only Place that cools
 That Heat of astrologic fools;
 And turns sometimes a cheat like you,
 Into a Liege-Man, good and true;
 But now, because I've shewn you mercy,
 You fall upon me arsy-verfy ?

No, no, good *Faustus*, 'twill not do,
 My Teeth as soon as Coin for you :
 And hope that this, my flat denial,
 Will quickly bring it to a trial;
 When I don't doubt to make you pay
 For all your Rogu'ries in this way :
 A Cat with nine-tails, wooden stocks,
 And Pillories, are for such folks;
 And sure there are some Laws i'th Nation.
 In Force against your conjuration :
 Or, what deserves more ample scourging,
 Your cheating folk, with Lies and forging.
 So if you squeak but in the Gizzard,
 You're try'd by th' Name of *Prickshaw-Wizard*.

From your affronted Master,

PILGARLIC the Great.

This, Sir, is the Truth of the Story,
 to the Date hereof; and should he play
 the Madman to that Degree as to make a
 Quarter

Quarter-Sessions Job of it, I hope you will take it in a favourable light, and stand my Friend : but I rather think he intends the common law, as I hear of a certainty that he has been at an Attorney of my Acquaintance, who had Sense enough to laugh at his simplicity, & honestly enough to decline being employed against me in this Case. What the Issue will be I know not; but if the Bedlamite be as determined to sue as I am to defend, there will be Smoaking between the conjurer and

S I R, *Your most, &c.*

T. B.



To Mr. JOHN SEPH'TON,

Brewer-General, in LIVERPOOL.

SIR,

Milnrow, Jan. 11th, 1760.

AS most of the Roast-Beef, Goose, and Minc'd-Pies, Tarts and Custards are devour'd in my Neighbourhood? I have now Time to reflect on, and perform the promise I made you, of sending you some *Lancashire Dialect*, and a few of *Hou-*
tung's

tung's Letters to the Empress of *Russia*
 All of which (could I have my Wish) should
 not be thrown by for two or three Years
 on some useless Shelf, a Corner, or Hole
 in a Garret, hid from the Sight of Mortals
 by Curtains of Cobwebs, but turn'd into
 Cash in a few Months, to be ready against
 the next Time I come to *Liverpool*. In short,
 vouchsafe to think on these two lines,

*Some write for Pleasure, some for Spite,
 But want of Money makes me write.*

Which, tho' they are but Heathen Rhymes
 are as true as the Gospel. But now I
 think on it, I ought to ask Pardon for
 this useless Hint to one whose Good-nature
 has been so conspicuous in this Way; for in
 the few Days I was with you in *Liverpool*
 I sold Fifty-two Bandyhewins, for which
 I thank you, Mr. *Eyes*, and a few more
 of my Friends,

When I reflect on, and compare the
 Humours I observ'd in your populous
 Town, with a few others I have lately
 been in; I cannot but think, that all cities
 and Towns are subject to youth and old
 Age; have their Constitutions, Dispositi-
 ons, beauties, failings, whims, and Fancies,
 like us two-legg'd Mortals; for Instance :
 The

The City of *York* seems to think as well of itself as a true-born Welchman; or, if you please, the House of *Austria*; (who each of them can deduce their Orgins from the Time of *Numa Pompilius*) and at present walks like a plain drest Nobleman of a royal House, and very extensive Revenues: who lives splendidly, and in Affluence, without desiring to increase, or so imprudent as to diminish, his paternal estate.

Leeds is a cunning, but wealthy, thriving Farmer. - Its Merchants hunt worldly Wealth, as eagerly as Dogs pursue the Hare; they have, in general, the Pride and Haughtiness of *Spanish* Dons, mix'd with the Meanness of *Dutch* Spirits; the strong Desire they have of yellow Dirt, transforms them into Galley-Slaves, and their Servants are doubtly so; the first being fastened with Golden, but the latter with Iron Chains.

Halifax is a Mongrel, begot by a *Leeds* Merchant, and a *Lancashire* Woman, and nurs'd by a *Dutch* Frow. They are eager in pursuing Gain, but not so assiduous as to forget Pleasure; and every Day at noon think it no scandal to lay aside business to eat Beef and Pudding.

Rochdale

Rochdale is like a growing *Haberdafter* or *Master Hatter*, black and greasy with getting a little *Pelf*; Whose inhabitants (like *Leeds* and *Halifax*) are great lovers of *Wooll* and *Butter*: not immediately to eat, but to fatten them in prospect. They don't study to oppress their Dependents, as knowing it to be impossible; for their Servants sometimes work hard, drink hard, and (being resolv'd to be independent) play when they please.

Manchester is like a--a-- I don't know what :-----hold ;-----why, 'tis like a lucky *London Merchant*, who by the assiduous Care and Pains of himself, and his servants round him, has made his fortune, purchas'd a large Estate in the country, keeps his Coach and fix, enjoys more Affluence, Ease and Pleasure, than ever his Fore-fathers dream'd of; which is demonstrated by his healthful constitution, his prominent belly, his rosy cheeks, and blooming countenance; and has ambition enough to aim at being the Monarch (and perhaps deservedly) of the whole County. But as your Town and *Manchester* appear to me to be as like one another as two *King-George-Halfpennies*, or a *Wa---hole* and a *Pu---ltney*; and as one
Cap

Cap will fit both their Heads, I'll refer its further Character till I come to your favourite Town, *Liverpool*.

Warrington within these thirty years is grown a busy tradesman; who by a lucky hit or two, in tow and Copper, has got new Life and Vigour, and with an equal Quantity of Hope and Resolution, dreams of being a great Man.

Chester seems to resemble an ancient Lord, of an old, but mongrel Descent; got between a Naked *Briton* and an encroaching *Sasson*, (or *Saxon*); has so much of the antique Blood in his Veins, that he's resolv'd his Servants shall still be one third *Welch*, and two thirds *English*. He's proud of, and boasts his Pedigree from the old *Aborigines*. Lives in great Magnificence; scorns to make any Alterations, or Additions, in his Great-Great-Grandfather's leather breeches, his trusty Armour, or his old Mansion-House; but is quite content with the old fashions, and his large ancient patrimony.

As for *Liverpool*, I'm at a loss for an Hieroglyphic, or a Comparison for it: Hold,----let me consider----ho, tis like a healthful Bee Hive. in a hot summer's Day. where all the Community (except a few

a few humming Drones) mind each their proper Business.-----No-----this will not do ;---- for Bees fly from bitter Ale, and the Fumes of Tobacco. Then 'tis like a broad ars'd Mynheer, who by bartering, buying, and selling, is resolv'd to get Money in this World, tho' he goes plump to the Bottom of the Sea, or even to the devil for it when he dies. No,---this last Part does not tally neither.---Well, then, 'tis like a Gamester, who is resolv'd to be a Knight, or a Knitter of Caps : This is the best Draught of the three, but a little unlike the Original still. And now, I own, I am quite gravelled, and am forced to be a little serious ; for *Liverpool*, and its Twin-Brother, *Manchester*, are certainly agreeable, merry, and brisk Towns. The people, in general, appear to be actuated by sensible, generous, and good-natured Spirits : yet for all this, I could as well live in Mount *Strombulo* when in a Fit of the Ague, or in a Passion, as in such flow-moving Clouds of Tobacco Smoke, as are puffed out in the public Rooms in *Liverpool* and *Manchester*.

Two Days ago I put on my old black Coat, which I lately wore with you eight or ten Days, but I soon whipp'd it off again,

for it is more strongly fumigated, and stinks worse, than an over-smoak'd red Herring; and I believe I must either send it to the Fulling Mill (as our Country Folks do p---s'd and sh---n Blankets) or pickle it a few Months in Mint and Lavender-Water, before it will be in any tolerable Season. But tho' it is so disagreeable to me, yet Smoke to a true *Liverpolian* seems a fifth Element, and that he could no more live out of it, than a Frog out of Ditch-Water in a warm *April*.

By the Time you have got thus far, 'tis very probable you'll think two Things; first, That this Epistle is too prolix; and that I write like no body else. I plead Guilty to both Indictments; and to prevent you thinking me incorrigible, I conclude, with assuring you,

I am, &c.

T B.



To T. P. Esq;
With HOWELL'S LETTERS.

SIR,
I HERE send you *Howell's Letters*, which I intended to have sent the last Week; but being in the Middle of their Perusal,
and

and otherwise busy, I could not get through them before to-day.

You'll find in this Author some useful Anecdotes, a great number of obsolete Words, and many Mistakes in the Orthography, which I think may fairly be divided between the Author and the Printer.

Were there no Date to any of his Letters, or any other Hint touching the times in which he liv'd ; his Stile, his Whims, and Notions, would tell you he liv'd in that most wise and learned Reign of our *Scotch-Solomon*, that famous and puissant Witch-monger.

Howell's Philosophy seems to be in its Infancy ; his Flattery at full Growth. His Faith was *Herculean*, like most of his Contemporaries. He thought those old boys, the primitive Fathers, Saints. Their Writings he took (as the Lay-Pagans did Oracles) for infallible : Tho' at the same Time he knew they contradicted, anathematiz'd, and sent one another to the Devil, almost as commonly as we country Folks do Penance for getting Bastards. He never disputed the Cure of Wounds by Sympathy, or Weapon Salve, though the Patient and Salve were a hundred Miles distant.

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Witches and Dæmons, he thought, were as common as Old Women and Crows (especially in *Scotland*). He made no Baulks of believing the Stories and Prophecies of the *Ten Sibyls*; though a Genius of small Penetration might see they were the Offspring of over zealous Christians, written on purpose to knock down Heathenism, and prop Christianity, that stood in no need of such ridiculous Crutches. Nay, the Throat of his *Welch* Faith was wide enough to swallow the eleven thousand Virgins.

ALL these, and many more such Boyish Trumpery, were the Dreams of our primitive Fathers, and the Monks, their Heirs and Successors; and vanish'd, in a great Measure, with that most high, and mightily-conceited, *James the First*. But let me quote this *Welchman Howell* for once; for he often tells his Friends, to whom he writes, " That talking of these Things
" to you, is like *Phormio's* talking of the
" Art of War to *Alexander*."

There is nothing you want, that I know of but Health; this I wish you sincerely, being,

SIR, your most &c.

J. C.



To Mr. ROBERT GORTON,

In SALFORD.

With the Picture of the Devil on Horseback.

SIR,

Milnrow, April 8th, 1760.

WHEN I began to form the Design of Old *Belze* on Horseback, which you and your *Newcastle* Friend, order'd; I repented I had not enquired particularly what sort of a Devil you would have, *i. e.* whether you would have a black, or a red Devil: as white, green, yellow, or blue according to all Authors, are out of the Question: and also, what Colour of a Horse; and whether if he rid on a Mare, it would not do as well: But these necessary Queries being unfortunately neglected, I have been obliged to guess at the whole, and have now finished the Piece, presuming you'll not be so ungenerous as to turn it on my Hands, because I believe it will suit no other Person alive but your whimsical Friend.

If we can believe most Authors, ancient and modern, Clergy, and Laity; there

are many Legions of these aukward Spirits, some of which go about, and roar like Lions : Yet tho' there are such incredible Numbers, and yell so loud, you cannot imagine how I stood staring with the Chalk in my Hand, being quite non-plus'd when I begun to hunt for an Idea, as having never seen the least Glimpse of any one of them. But reflecting that old *Lucifer* might possibly be a Child of some Man's Fancy, in Times of yore, I did not long hesitate, but thought I had as good Authority as any other mortal to make a Devil of my own : So I fell to it, and drew out my Design, which pleas'd me tolerably well.

But, alas ! when I came to the colouring Part, I was entirely gravelled, not knowing what Colour to make his Gallopper. Here I had Thoughts of annihilating my whole Design, and giving up all Thoughts of proceeding : But suddenly recollecting that I had heard old Folks talk of the Devil upon Dun, I gave a Jump, as thinking I had clear'd the most knotty Point ; But, alas ! two Circumstances soon quash'd this sudden Joy.----- One was, Whether this Dun must be a Horse, a Mare, or a Gelding ? And the other,

other, Whether it must be a fat, or a lean Nag? But not remembring any Author that had ever wrote on these abstruse points. I resolv'd to guess at them; and accordingly have not only made him a Dun, but a sprightly, able Dun Horse: Because 'tis agreed on all Hands that he goes with surprizing Expedition; especially when employ'd by Court-Ladies in their Gallantries, their Husbands in Amours, or Ministers of State in all Treaties, which tend to Faith breaking, leaving their Allies in a Quagmire, or robbing, ruining, or seizing their Neighbours Territories: and so much for the Horse.

As for the devil his Jockey, of whom I hinted before, that I could not tell whether to make him ride in red or black, I have taken a Method to obviate all Objections, and made him ride in both. In short, he has the Horns of a *Scotch* Bullock on his Head; a dragon's Tail; a Negro's Hands and Face; a Lady's scarlet Capuchin on his Head and Shoulders; a Rake's Ruffles; a Parson's Coat; a Beau's Breeches; a Taylor's Gamashes; a Jockey's Whip; and a Lawyer's Saddle: So if this Horse, and this Jockey, will not please your fantastical Friend, you may
tell

tell him when you write to him, that
I'll never pretend to paint a Spirit again,
whilst I remain, (as I hope I ever shall)

SIR, *Your most, &c.*

TIM. BOBBIN.



To Mr. ROBERT WHITAKER.

SIR,

Rachdale, Nov. 1755.

PERCEIVING that a *Dutch* Spirit of
Gain, and the modern Court-Notion
that Places were made for Men, and not
Men for Places, has slipp'd down from the
great Metropolis into this Parish; and
believing that I have as much reason to
be rich without deserving it, and to get
Money without working for it, as any
other in the neighbourhood: Revolving
these Things in my Mind, and consider-
ing the Utility of them, I have determin'd
to offer myself as a third Candidate for
the Place of Organist at our Church; and
as you live at the Court-End of the Parish,
where your Interest and Acquaintance
are petty extensive, I desire you'll acquaint
your

your, and my Friends, without loss of Time, with this my intention. In the mean Time, I'll improve myself in the Art of Music; for you know I have a Pair of rusty old Virginals in a Corner of the School, which have about eight Strings left out of forty-five, on which I'll begin to learn those godly Tunes of *Hackney*, *Coleshill*, and the *Babes in the Wood*, &c. with all possible Assiduity.

This Place, in my Opinion, was certainly made for me, and nobody else; tho' I must own Nature never intended me for a Musician, yet that is little to the Purpose; for you know our *Æsopian* Sexton has his Deputy, and why may not I? besides, Sundays and other Holidays will never interfere with *A, B, C*; or, if you please, with my haberdashing of Vowels and Consonants! and Five Pounds a Quarter would not hurt me.

As soon as you have felt the Pulse of our Friends, either separately, or in a full Meeting, let me know the Result; If the Conclusion be that I should stand, I'll immediately write a few Advertisements in the print Hand, importing:

“ That as I am undoubtedly the worst Player of the three (for which Reason I stand

stand the best Chance) I desire all Justices of the Peace, Gentlemen, Tradesmen, Weavers, Hatters, Taylors, Cobblers, Tinkers, and Colliers, to give me their Votes and Interest, in procuring me the snug Convenience of Twenty Pounds a Year : That I will not only keep and indemnify the Parish from all Charges of repairing the Organ, but free it from all Hoarseness, disagreeable Whizzings, Colds-Phthitics, and Consumptions whatsoever. And as our late Organists have pretended to be Organ-builders, and as it is strongly surmised, that whenever their wooden skill failed them in making any Pipe, that then pure Necessity forced them to filch, or cull out of its Belly, such as they wanted ; by which Means it has often been troubled with the Hiatus, or Windy-Cholic, and twice nearly gutted :

“ Now *Be it known unto all Men*, by this Advertisement, That I can bring indubitable Evidence, that I am no Organ-builder ; notwithstanding I will oblige myself not only to preserve its present State of Body, but add yearly and every Year (during the Receipt of the Salary) seven Pipes (*Chester make*) till its Constitution be as sound as a Hunting-Horn, and

and its Guts as full as any fat Landlady's in the Parish. And as to the Bellows, I have just now contrived a Way to make them puff and blow of themselves, as easily and naturally as a phthifical Pair of Lungs in going up the Church-Steps in a frosty Morning." So much for my Advertisement.

These Proposals of mine, I presume, you'll think very advantageous to our Parish, and I hope others will think so too; for which Reason I do not in the least doubt but they will be most eagerly embraced, especially by our little Monarchs, who rule all with a high Hand, nay even with a Stroke down the Face, a Nod, or a Look; and always are thrifty, in Proportion to the Smallness of their Families, and Largeness of their Bags, and Estates. However, I propose no more than shall be duly and honestly performed, by

SIR, *Your most, &c.*

TIM. BOBBIN.

LETTERS

IN RHYME.

To RICHARD TOWNLEY, *E/q.*

SIR,

'T WAS *Thursday* last, when I, *John Goosequill*
Went for some Odds-and-Ends to *Rochdale*
With Charge to buy some Beef and Mutton,
But these, alas? were quite forgotten:
For lighting on some Friends, I sat
An Hour (my Wife says two) too late.
However, Chance threw in my Way
Some Dutton-Cockles, fresh as *May*,
Which well I knew would please Wife's Palate
Better than any Lamb and Sallet.

Quite free from Care, I spent the Hours,
Till Time bawl'd out, To Horse, To Horse;
'Twas then the Wallet press'd my Shoulder,
And on I march'd, no Hussar bolder.

When I got Home (I hate to tell it)
I fell to emptying of my Wallet
Of Candles, Soap, and such like Stuff,
Of which Wed-Folks have ne'er enough:
But left the Cockles still at Bottom,
(Bought to keep Quietness when I got Home);
Then pour'd some Water out of Jug,
Mix'd with some Salt, into a Mug,
And turn'd the End of Wallet up,
For Fish (like other Folks) would sup.

'Tis

'Tis true, their crackling, empty sound,
 Chim'd ill with Cockles full and round :
 But, far from smelling any Rat,
 I took up this, and look'd at that,
 But all were empty-----then I curst
Bill Porky, as of knaves the worst,
 For selling Nuts but ne'er a Kernel,
 And wish'd him with the D-----l infernal.

Now searching on quite to the Bottom,
 I found some Stones ;----though I, ah, rot 'em!
 Poor *Billy Porky's* honest r
 Than th' best of my Companions are ;
 Unless the Fish could, all at once,
 Slip from their shells, and turn to Stones.

A while I stood considering
 The plaguy Oddness of the thing ;
 Grop'd at my Eyes, lest it should prove
 A Dream----but felt my eye-lids move :
 I studied how I might come off,
 Without *Moll's* frowning, or her laugh ;
 Thought I, my Rib will think I joke her,
 And brought home Shells just to provoke her ;
 Or frowning tell me some mad tale,
 Of minding nothing but good Ale.
 Then, sighing, rais'd my Maudlin-Head,
 Reel'd up the Stairs----and went to Bed.

No sooner up, but there's a Query,
 Put by my loving Wife : Hight, *Mary*,
 What Meat h'd bought ?----Why--nothing else,
 But Pebble-Stones----and Cockle-Shells.



To Mr. C O W P E R.

Wine-Merchant, in LIVERPOOL.

SIR,

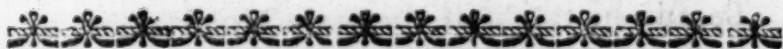
Dec. 24th, 1761.

A Dizzy Head, and Thoughts o'th' ramble,
 Makes me to write without Preamble,
 And bold as any Trooper ;
 To let my Friend at Distance know,
 The Plague and Trouble I go through,
 Because of Mr. Cowper.
 For my Crook'd-Rib, each now and then,
 Doth frowning ask me, Pray, Sir, when
 May I expect my Mountain ?
 I shrug my Shoulders----why----e'er long,
 'Twill be at Rochdale, good and strong,
 And clear as any Fountain.
 But as the Clock strikes at the Heels
 Of the last Hour----so Timmy feels
 His Ears stunn'd with this Question
 When will my Wine and Brandy come ?
 I clear my Wealand,——answer——mum——
 Tho' I've your Word to rest on.
 Perhaps your Pictures you expect,
 Before I feel the warm effect.
 Of your Care-killing Liquor !
 But hark you, Sir, the Days are Dark,
 And cold : On then I bete aw Wark,
 As ill as any Vicar.
 But in a Month, or two, at least,
 Except the Sunwheel back to th' East,
 You may except your Beauties ;
 But in the mean time must I fast ?
 Or guzzle Ale, not to my Taste ?
 Nay, hang me on some Yew-Trees.

I from

I from my Cot, this *Christmas-Eve*,
 Write with a troubled Mind,----believe,
 And Wife in doleful Dumps :
 For who can merry be, that's wife,
 While what he wants in *Lerpo* lies,
 And vex'd with Jeers and Frumps ?
 Pray send a Line, that I may say,
 To my *Crook'd-Rib*, on such a Day,
 Your Gossips' Nose shall job in
 A Tankard made of Mountain-Wine,
 Sweet Water, Nutmeg, Sugar fine.
 And set at Rest

TIM. BOBBIN.



The CUCKOW and OWL :

A F A B L E.

A CUCKOW many Years had rang'd
 Amongst the feather'd Kind,
 To see if he a Mate could meet.
 Would fix his roving Mind.
 He tried all ; he loves but few,
 For some too high did soar ;
 Some were too little, some too big,
 And some too ragg'd and poor.
 At last he would a courting go,
 To broad-fac'd Mistress Owl,
 Believing her the prettiest Bird
 Of all the winged Fowl.
 Transported with this odd conceit,
 Away the Cuckow flew,
 And in a very am'rous Strain,
 He thus begins to woo.
 Dear Madam Owl, my heart has been,
 Long Captive to your Charms,

Q 2

Nor

Nor can it have a Moments Rest,
 Till your soft Down it warms.
 This said, the Cuckow would have bill'd,
 The Owl she turn'd her Face ;
 As knowing Coyneſs whets an Edge,
 And gives a better Grace.
 The Cuckow would not be deny'd,
 But ſtruggl'd for a kiſs ;
 Which having gain'd, the Cuckow cry'd,
 What melting Joy is this !
 Thus thirteen Moons the Cuckow woo'd
 Her Ladyſhip, the Owl,
 Who thought her Sweetheart lov'd her more
 Than Miller loves his Toll :
 Becauſe he talk'd of Hymen's Nooſe,
 And needs would have her go
 To have it ty'd about their Necks,
 By Help of Parſon Crow.
 But as it chanc'd, the Owl was deep
 With Rev'rend Crow in Love ;
 And hoping ſtill to make him her's,
 The thing did not approve.
 But leſt ſhe ſhould not gain the Crow,
 ſhe would not flat deny
 The roving Cuckows queer Requeſt,
 Leſt ſhe alone ſhould lie.
 The Cuckow ſmelt the cunning Jilt,
 Too wiſe to be a Tool ;
 And carries on the Farce a while,
 To countermine the Owl.
 For long he'd lov'd, and was eſteem'd
 By the ſolitary Jay ;
 To whom he flying, weds, and leaves
 The Owl to Time a Prey.
 For ſhe not pleaſing Parſon crow,
 With'd ſhe'd the Cuckow then :
 But 'twas too late, the Time was gone,
 And would not come again.

Her

Her ruddy Face, so gay before,
 Is turn'd a tarnish white;
 Her sprightly Mind, and brilliant Thoughts,
 Are like the cloudy Night.
 So now she haunts the lonely Woods,
 And hoots in Barns by Night;
 Complaining of her fine spun Wit
 And hates to see the Light.

The M O R A L.

*THE Virgin thus in all the bloom of Life,
 Is lov'd, and courted for a happy Wife;
 But she denies----expecting nobler Game,
 Till Forty comes, and she's no more the same:
 For Time is gone;----then wishes vainly rise,
 She curses *Av'rice*, and a Maid she dies.*



The GARDINER and the ASS :

A F A B L E.*

P A R T I.

AN Ass with Poverty long strove,
 And pastur'd in the Lanes,
 Till, Hunger bit, he thus to *Jove*,
 In rueful tone complains :
 Ah ! hadst thou made me any beast,
 That laden by doth pass,
 Then had my Paunch been fill'd (at least)

Q 3

With

*There is something like a *Moral* at the End of this Tale ; but as *Timothy* cou'd not, wou'd not, or durst not, deduce it naturally, from the general Scope of the Fable, as it ought to be; he has left it (like a Skain of rusted Silk) for Hyperpolitical Critics to unravel.

With Straw----if not with Grass !
Jove hears his Complaint, and soon doth end
 A Fox, with this Advice,
 Chear up, and look more brisk my Friend,
 Hunger should make thee wise :
 Behold how gay the Fool and Knave,
 Do stiffly strut along :
 The Rat is sleek, I fat and brave,
 With Murder, Theft, and Wrong.
 Look thro' that Fence, where spinage sweet,
 And Coleworts green do grow,
 The Lettice, and the juicy Beet ;
 Then who'd be hungry now ?
 The Ass pricks up his slouching Ears,
 And into the Garden peeps :
 He longs the more, the more he stares,
 Then thro' the Hedge he creeps.
Balaam promiscuously doth brouze
 On Herbs, and choicest Flow'rs,
 Till *Tom* the Gard'ner, doth him rouse,
 And all his sweetness scours.
 For lo ! a heavy Club cries thrang
 Upon the Ass's Side ;
 He starts at this unwelcome Bang,
 And o'er the Beds doth stride.
 The fine Glass Bells and Pots are broke,
 Carnations fully blown,
 Alike are ruin'd at a stroke,
 And wholly overthrown !
 The Gardiner distracted, sees
 The Havock which he makes,
 He flatters much, ---desires a Peace ;
 And thus the Ass bespakes.
 So, honest *Balaam* ; so, my Lad ;
 Stand still.---I pr'ythee stand ;
 The club is lost which late I had,
 As witness now my Hand.
 Thus, fawning, he with cautious Strides,
Lays

Lays hold on *Balaam's* Ears,
 Anst out of Paradise him guides,
 To pay for all Repairs.
 For 'tis resolv'd old *Hob* must pay
 And *Balaam* stoop to th' Yoke,
 By fetching Pots and Glafs next Day,
 Instead of those he broke.

H.

THE Morning scarcely peeps, when *Tom*:
 Between the Crates is got,
 And busy thrashing *Balaam's* Bum,
 For blunders past, God wot !
 The Ass bewails his dismal case,
 And groans for freedom lost ;
 And longs his Rider to displace,
 From his triumphing Post,
 When, lo ! he sees behind a Ditch,
 Two thorny Bushes, where
 He straight runs thro', as if bewitch'd,
 And quits his Rider clear.
 The Crates and *Tom* are left behind,
 He sprauling in the Mud,
 His Face is scratch'd, his Peepers blind
 With mixed Mire and Blood.
 Thus Crates and Saddle which, of late,
Tom dauntless did bestride,
 Mount in their turn----thus mighty Fate
 Doth humble human Pride !
 He scrap'd his Clothes, he wash'd his Face,
 And then for *Balaam* stares,
 And saw him nibbling at the Grass,
 Discharg'd of worldly cares.
Tom swore by *Jove*, reveng'd I'll be
 On thee, by Hook or Crook ;
 So with some pains and Flatt ry,
 Again he *Balaam* took.
 The Ass is saddled once again,
 And *Tom* again him mounts ;

Resolv'd

Resolv'd to ride with careful Rein,
 And make him clear Accounts.
 He then bang'd on about a Mile,
 Where he'd a Bridge to pass,
 And *Balaam's* ready with a Wile,
 As any other Ass :
 For he was dry, or did pretend,
 At least, for to be so ;
Tom thinking he'd no other End,
 So lets the Bridle go.
 The Ass puts down his shaggy Pate,
 Then tosses up his Rump,
 And tumbles *Tom* from off his Seat,
 Who lights i'th Water-----plump.
Balaam now thought he'd freedom gain'd,
 But as he march'd away,
 He found his head was still restrain'd,
 Tho' *Tom* i'th' Water lay,
 For he'd the Bridle in his Hand,
 By which the Ass did draw
 Him bravely sous'd unto the Land,
 Ill chagrin'd in his Maw.
Tom had no sooner found his Feet,
 But banged at the Ass,
 As if on purpose to be beat,
 As Iron is, or Brass,
 But now his Cudgel waxeth short,
 And cooler grows his Ire ;
 Yet mounting Steed is not his Sport,
 Or trotting his Desire.
 For hanging Bridle on his Arm,
 He walks before the Ass,
 As fearing that some greater Harm
 Might quickly come to pass.
 So time, who sees the End of things,
 Doth half his journey see.
 Where *Tom* his Pots and Glasses rings,
 Poor *Balaam's* Load to be.

NOW

III.

NOW *Tom* his brittle Ware doth pack
 In Straw well mix'd, with care,
 And lays them on the *Ass's* Back,
 Which made him grunt and stare.
 Howe'er, with Patience *Balaam* went,
 Until he came unto
 The Place where Will, or Accident.
 So late his Master threw.
 Nature, or Man's Contrivance, made
 A high and lower Way ;
 The one for such as love to wade,
 One o'er a Wood-Bridge lay.
 The *Ass* by Chance, or Choice, had got
 Upon the higher road,
 When *Tom* began to dread the Lot
 Of his precarious Load.
 No farther durst he drive the *Ass*,
 Nor could he bring him back ;
 And *Tom* in such Dilemma was,
 As put his mind o'th' Rack.
 Fear and Vexation fiercely mov'd
 Like Light'ning thro' his breast,
 Until his Fury Master prov'd,
 And then he smote his breast.
 The blow on *Balaam's* Nose did light,
 Which drove his Head askew ;
 A Foot behind slips off for Spight,
 And all the rest o'erthrew.
 Now, topsy-turvy, Bell and Pot
 Do jingling tumble down.
 And *Balaam* lies with four Feet up,
 Quite dead !-----or in a Swoon !
 The Gard'ner, with uplifted Hands,
 Extends his Mouth and Eyes,
 And like a Marble Stature stands,
 In terrible Surprise.

A neigh-

A neighbouring Tinker by doth come,
And shakes him by the Nose ;

Tom answers with a Haw and Hum,
As People in a dose.

Then Index Finger he doth stretch,
And points at all his Woe ;

For look, said he, that clumsy Wretch
Is tumbled down below.

Well, tho' tis so, the Tinker says,
An Afs is but an Afs :

Tom quick replies, That's not the Case,
He's broke my Pots and Glafs !

The Tinker owns the Story bad,
But says-----Thy standing here

Will never mend it-----come, my Lad,
Let's view thy broken Geer.

Tom and the Tinker now agree,
And soon unloose the Afs ;

Then roll him off the Crates, but he
Seem'd deadly stiff, alas !

Then both of them began to throw
Away the broken Ware ;

But those they found in *statu quo*,
Are pack'd again with care.

This done, the Tinker takes one Crate
And Saddle on his Back,

Tom lifts the other on his Pate,
And homeward both do pack.

As on the Road they jogging went,
Tom told the Story o'er ;

The Tinker did his Case lament :
But still he roundly swore,

Tom was Fool in grain, to think
Of coping with an Afs ;

Since more we stir, the more we stink,
In every dirty Case.

The Afs now left-----Contention fore
Arose between these two ;

Tom

Tom thought him dead----the Tinker swore

“No more than I, or you.”

All Authors since do vary here,

In this mysterious Case.

Some write “he broke his neck”, some swear

“He out-liv’d this disgrace.”

Be this as’t will, we’ll leave him here,

’Twixt doubtful Life and Death;

Expecting Time will make it clear,

If he still Live and Breath.

The M O R A L.

SO have I seen a Ministry bestride,
A Common-Wealth, in all the Pomp of Pride:

Who for the Public-good ne’er laid a Scheme,

But dear Self-interest was their only aim;

And Nestl’d in the Umbrage of a Crown,

Rode Jehu-like, nor dream’d of tumbling down.

Brib’d S--n--rs, sold Vet’s, to make us Pay,

Three fifths to those, who squander’d all away:

But now such Taxes ne’er before were known,

Yet Knaves cry up the Times, when Freedoms flown.

O glorious Times! when Candles, and the Sun,

Must yield them Thousands, or all’s dark at Noon!

The Red-streak Apple Golden-juice must yield,

Like bits of Paper, or the steril Field:

We feel the Yoke, and fatal ruin see,

Yet dare not struggle for lost L---y,

But tho’ at present all Things smoothly pass,

Take care ye Jockies, lest ye Ride an ASS.



The three conceited BEAUTIES.

A F A B L E.

1st. **T**HREE Country Bumpkins chanc’d to meet,

Whose Phizzes look’d like Vizards:

The first, the second, thus doth greet;

The

- Thy Face is like some Wizards!
 The ugliest of the ugliest sort,
 Thou art, or I'm mistaken:
 Sure nature made thee all for sport,
 Or fight has me forsaken.*
- 2d. *But thou'rt all Beauty in thy looks,
 And ev'ry Feature's pleasing!
 This I won't swear on Twenty Books,
 But for my sin encreasing.
 For sure thy Nose, thy Mouth, thy Eye,
 Wou'd suit no other mortal;
 Pluto and Jove will throw thee by,
 On entering grim Deaths Portal.*
- 3d. *The third, and ugliest of the Three,
 Said, Lord! how your conceited!
 I cannot stand a Mute, and see,
 Two neighb'ring Friends, thus cheated.
 I wonder why such Mortals shou'd,
 About their Beauty fall out:
 Were I as ugly, I ne'er wou'd.
 From my poor Cottage crawl-out.
 For with an Ax, and Owler-tree,
 I'd make two Men as handsome:
 Or live a Slave in Tripoly
 And never Sue for ransom.*

THE MORAL.

*THIS is an Emblem of all human kind;
 We every one to our own Faults are blind:
 Nay, tho' they're blazing, them we cannot see:
 They're Beauties all, or pass from Censure free,*

~~~~~  
**Lancashire Hob, and the Quack Doctor.**

A T A L E. 1762.

**A** THRIFTY Carl was tir'd of lonely Cor,  
 Because the Tooth-Ach he so often got:  
 Six Teeth were all he had to chew his Food;  
 All gave him Pain, but none could do him good.  
 Hob hearing Rockdale Town did then contain  
 A famous Quack, that drew Teeth without Pain

To him he flies, and, in a Voice as loud  
 As Stentor's, thus bespoke him thro' the Crowd  
*Ho---onist Men whot munneh gi' ye to drea*  
*A Tush ot pleagues me awmust Neet on Dea ?*  
 Six-pence the Quack replies.---Hob spoke a  
*On conneh do't me, thinkneh, beawtmich Pein !*  
 Ho, well enough.---Quoth Hob, *Suppose I two,*  
*Yoan do for Neenpunce ? That I will not do.*  
*Heaw monny then for Twelvepunce winneh poo ?*  
 All that thou hast.---Quoth Hob, *Tbey're just enoo.*

The Doctor took this for a Country Joke,  
 'Till he saw Hob hard pressing thro' the Folk,  
 And mount the Stage.----Quack now some Mirth  
 And sily for a Pair of Pincers sends ; [intends  
 Thinking he'd met one of those puny Fools  
 Would run away from such inhumane Tools.  
 Hob takes the Pincers *Vara Weel*, said he,  
*If they'a fit yo, i'm shure they win fit me.*

Hob now aloft is seated in a chair,  
 With open Mouth, in which the Quack did stare ;  
 Who laughing said, You have but six, I find,  
 And they're so loose, they'll wag with ev'ry Wind.  
*Better for yo, yo known ; do yo yer job.*

Yes, yes, and quickly too, my honest Hob ;  
 Hold up your Head---Ob----here is one you see ;  
 Come, hold again --here's two---Would you have  
*I think ot Mon's-a Foo ; we bargint plene,* [three ?  
*Poo theese aw.cawt, or set tboolein ogen.*

If that be th' Case, hold up again, my Friend,  
 Come, open wide, and soon the work we'll end.

Hob now extends his his spacious Jaws so wide,  
 There's Room for Pincers, and good Light beside.  
 Cries Quack, here's three here's four Hob bawls out Ob,  
 Hold, hold, says Quack, there's something more to do :  
 Come. gape again ;--here's five--here's six--and th' last,  
 And now I'm sure thy Tooth-Ach Pains are past.  
*That's rect quoth Hob, gi' me meh Teeth, on then*  
*I ll pay os freely os some Royaler Men.*

The Quack complies, and *Hob* his Twelve pence,  
Then, in dismounting, to the Mob thus said, [paid  
*They're arran Foes ot Six pence pein for one,*  
*While for a Shilling I ha six jobs done.*

*But still they're bigger foes that live a pein,*  
*When good seawnd Teeth mey choance to come ogen.*

The Doctor stares----and hastily replies-

They come again ! not till the dead shall rise  
One single Tooth no more thy Jaws shall boast,  
I hold a Crown thou ev'ry Tooth hast lost.

*Tis done quoth Hob :----and stakes a Charles's crown*

The Quack as nimbly throws five Shillings down.

Hob takes up all and in a Neighbour's hand

Secures the Total : then makes his Demand.

*Measter-ye know eawr Bet is, that I've lost*

*My Teeth ; and that I have not none to boast.*

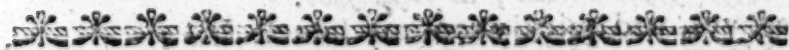
The Quack replies 'tis true ; and what by that ?

*Why, see I've six new o' eb meh ewd Scull-bat.*

*Ne sur, if yoan geaw wimmy Whom, I'll shew*

*To e'ry Tooth, ot e meh meawth did groo.*

The Quack ill-vex'd he such a Bite shou'd meet  
Turn'd on his heel, while Hob said, *Sur--good meet.*



## The PLURALIST and Old SOLDIER.

*A Soldier maim'd, and in the Beggar's List,  
Did thus address a well-fed Pluralist.*

SOL. **A**T *Guadalupe* my leg and Thigh I lost,  
No Pension have I, tho' its right I boast;  
Your reverence please some charity bestow,  
Heav'n will pay double---when you're there--  
you know.

PLU, Heaven pay me double! vagrant---know that I  
Ne'er give to Strollers, they're so apt to lye :  
Your Parish, and some work, would you become  
So haste away---or constable's your doom.

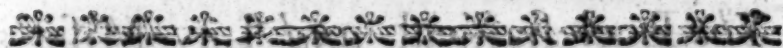
SOL. May't please your rev'rence, hear my case, and  
then, You'

You'll say i'm poorer than the most of men:  
 When *Malbro* siaged *Lisle*, I first drew Breath;  
 And there my Father met untimely death;  
 My Mother follow'd, of a broken Heart,  
 So I've no Friend, or Parish, for my Part.

*Plu.* I say, begone:---with that he loudly knocks,  
 And *Timber-Tree* began to smell the stocks;  
 Away he stumps---but in a roed, or two, [thro'.  
 He clear'd his weasand, and his thoughts broke

*Sol.* This'tis to beg of those who sometimes preach  
 Calm charity, and ev'ry virtue teach;  
 But their Disguise, to common sense, is thin,  
 A Pocket button'd;---Hypocrite within. (face  
 Send me, kind heav'n, the well-tann'd captain's  
 Who gives me Twelve-pence, and a curse, with  
 Grace,

But let me not, in house, or lane, or street,  
 These treble-pension'd-Parsons ever meet;  
 And when I die, may I still number'd be  
 With the rough Soldier, to Eternity.



### JOHN of GAUNT'S LEASES imitated.

*April, 1759.*

**B**Y this, R---d T---y, of B---d, doth grant  
 To *John Clegg*, the Dyer, three things he doth  
 The Dye-House, as he many years hath it held [want  
 With Leave for two tenters to stand i'th greave-field;  
 Which tenters do fence near the north and east sides;  
 One likewise the Field into two now divides:  
 The Brow, or the lower Part, of the said Field,  
 Together with all above mention'd, I yield  
 Unto the said Dyer, for his Life and mine,  
 Or whether lives longer: But then I confine  
 Him duly to pay me and mine, ev'ry year.  
 Three Pounds of good Money, and i'll Taxes bear.  
 One Half he at *Whitsonide* strictly shall pay,  
 The other as duly each *Martinmas* Day.



To shew that the Dyer this Lease did not steal,  
Behold, here I fix both my Hand, and my Seal.  
*Sign'd and Seal'd this Day, before*  
*Two sober Mortals, and no more.*



## A N O T H E R.

**I**R----d T----y, of B----d, the Younger,  
Do Grant to *John Collier*. for whether lives longer,  
The *Wheat-Field*, and th' *Bylings*, the Rent Four Pounds.  
Which payment neglected, are both mine again: [ten  
That my Heirs may take Notice, *Know all*, that  
this came

From my hearty good will, so I here write my name,  
*Sign'd this Day, sans Fraud, or Guiles,*

*Before* JAMES HASLAM,

Dec. 16, } and  
1758. - } J. FILDES.



## *The Ecclesiastical and Lay-Miser's* S P E C U L U M.

*A Ryming Sermon, on the Decease of Dr.*  
**F O R S T E R**, the Pluralist,

From *James*. Chap. v. Ver, 1, 2, 3.

*Go to, ye Rich Men, weep and howl, ye know*  
*Your Garments Moth-eat: Riches canker'd grow:*

The Rust shall eat your Flesh, like Fires that glow.

**H**EAR this, ye Gripes--ye blind infatig Crew,  
Whose Hoards abound--whose Heirs & Friend  
And your own Fate in *Forster's* glats here view [are few  
What's now become of all his griping Schemes,  
Of hoarding Wealth, which foster'd sicken dreams?  
The Flash is vanish'd like our Northern Gleams! (a).  
The sweetest Consolations Riches yield (b)

Fly

(a) Prov. xxiii. 5. (b) Luke xii. 20.

Fly quick, and whither, like a Flower o'th' Field (c)  
 You trust a broken Reed---a crazy Shield ! (d)

Woe to you Misers---you that live at Ease,  
 Who swallow up the Poor, your Wealth t'increase,  
 Your Mis'ries come: but tell me when they'll cease (e)

Can racking Tenants, and your treasur'd Wealth  
 Give calm Content, or purchase balmy Health ?

Or bribe grim Death from creeping on by Stealth ?

No,---here you're feeble!---tho' this gloomy  
 Thought,

Torments the Mind, that time will not be bought,  
 Tho' Bags, and Chests, with mighty Gold are fraught.

Consider, now, if sordid Pelf will gain

A seat in Bliss, or ease one dying Pain ?

If not, from squeezing of the Poor refrain.

Expand your narrow minds----your Bags untie ;  
 Nor tremble when you give a Groat, for why ?

Your God will slip you, when you come to die. (f)

Relieve the Wants, and cherish the sad Heart  
 Of your poor Neighbours, who endure the Smart  
 Of meagre Want, that pierces like a Dart. (g)

But *Forster's* gone, whose Life we thought was  
 wrong,

And tho' the Devil at the Court be throng,  
 He'll fetch---who starts ?---another e'er't be long.



From a Scotch Gentleman at *Glas-*  
*gow*, to his Friend in *Manchester*.

S I R,

I Mind your kindness, care, and pains

To shaw yer City, Streets, and Lanes :

Yer stately Faubrics, on yer Toors

Mognificent, bet net lik ours :

Then te yer Kirk conducted me

R 3

The

(c) Luke vi. 25. (d) James i. i, ii. (e) James  
 v. 1. (f) Prov. xxiii. 5. (g) Eccles. xi. 1, 2

The waa o' Worship there to see;  
 Wher auld Bog-whistles soonded high,  
 And Quiristers did joyn the cry:  
 But dills the soond to grate the ear  
 Of a North-British Presbyter.

The A N S W E R.

S I R,

**T**HOU you hawfe-brether Scoat de ken  
 My peins to shaw awr toon, whiot then?  
 Ye fleeright aur fawbricks, Streets an' toors  
 As neer so stately queer as yours:  
 Yet know, an auld Auk chest may hoold  
 Mare Wealth, than Screwtoore gelt with Goold:  
 And in aur streets mare Baubees pass to  
 Yen another, than a Glasgow.  
 But yet I've something to say mare man.  
 Ye do bet leek awr awld-kink Organ;  
 Bee think, a gude Bog-peep soonds sweeter  
 Thion than at Rawme play'd in St. Peter:  
 Bet where's the marvel of faw this?  
 7 rampets Bay Pigs, and Oels, and Geese.

An Original LETTER,  
 FROM A

Welch Constable to a Country Inn-keeper  
 To Etwant Tavis.

**I**WAS have it Warrant from too Shuffices Pace,  
 which make Orter upon me, to make Orter upon  
 you, to make your Peer, at M<sup>rs</sup>. Worrak of Ret-lion  
 FAUR, upon the 17th day of Shuly nels, to give  
 cose why you was nor take it te Licensse for sell  
 Ale like unto oter Peoples.—Ay—ant to give  
 it a very goot cose too; why te Shuffice which poth  
 all too, is very goot mans, will not give it his war-  
 rant upon you to levy upon your Goots and Kattles  
 —So (re) Worts of the W. rant is.

Ay

Ay——ant inteet; I to tell unto you, it is a very pig shame why you was not take it like all te Popolls in te *Comtoeth*. For what purpose our goot Prenin make it so goot Law, ant you was not mint hur? Hit was as goot for the Prenin, cot pless hur, make it no Law, as make Law, was no poty keep hur.

Ay——and you make te too pig fool upon our too Shustice ant tat is very true inteet——for they poth all too was sent to you too times, ant make Ipoke to you very fronteoll put yeu was very pig agry, ant passuant, ant say, cot tam our goot Prenin! Shustises! Parlamen! constapls an all!——Put now I will tell unto you, pi cot——the shusticees poth all took very much agar at you: ay ant inteet it will pe petter for you to come without making a pig troost: ay, ant a pig coffis upon yourself ant will hurt your Fameel.——I do devise you to take my conger, or it will be worse for you: for you to know I was upon my swear to my Smyth: And pi cot hur will to hur.

Tis is a very gut notice from me to you: ant I was summon hur upon te twenty too tays of *Shune*  
758.

*John Jones of Goskisa Gunstap—for the  
Wrexham Regi——una Beer——Timpy  
—ant John Skeftron is my Prother Gunstap,  
and was upon the same Thinks with me—  
in pett—p.th I was say ant to Farewell to you*

*8 2000 3000 4000 5000 6000 7000 8000 9000 10000*

## A Lancashire LETTER,

From the Original.

Directed to Mr. John Scolfield, in Church-lane, Rochdale:

December 10

1723.

**F**RAND John Sofeld I have send you a Barle of  
Olters by John Testler and I desire you to send  
me word on you Lick tham so I bock the Basse I  
could



The waa o' Worship there to see;  
 Wher auld Bog-whistles sounded high,  
 And Quiristers did joyn the cry:  
 But dills the sound to grate the ear  
 Of a North-British Presbyter,

### The A N S W E R.

SIR,

**T**HAVE you lawfe-brether Scoat de ken  
 My peins to shaw awr toon, whiot then?  
 Ye sleight aur Lawbricks, Streets an' toors  
 As her to stately qucer as yours:  
 Yet knaw, an auld Auk chest may hoold  
 Mare Wealth, than Screwtoir gelt with Goold:  
 And in aur streets mare Baubees pals to  
 Yen another, than a Glasgow.  
 But yet live something to say mare man.  
 Ye do bet leek awr awld-kirk Organ;  
 Bet think a gude Bog-peep sounds sweeter  
 Thon that at Rawine play'd in St. Peter:  
 Bet where's the marvel of law this?  
 An' rumpets flay Pigs, and Oels, and Geese.

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 To Etwart Tavis.

**I**WAS have it Warrant from too Shustices Pace,  
 which make Orter upon me, to make Orter upon  
 you, to make your Peer, at Mrs. Worrall of Ret-lion  
 FAUR, upon the 17th day of Shuly nels, to give  
 coile why you was nor take it te Lincense for sell  
 Ale like unto oter Peoples.—Ay—ant to give  
 it a very goot coile too; why te Shustice which poth  
 all too, is very goot mans, will not give it his war-  
 rant upon you to levy upon your Goots and Kattles  
 —So (se) Worts of the Warrant is.

Ay

Av——ant intect, I to tell unto you, it is a very  
big shame why you was not take it like all te Po-  
pols in te *Comtozeib*. For what purpose our goot  
Prenin make it so goot Law, ant you was not mint  
hur? Hit was as goot for the Prenin, cot pless hur,  
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A Lancashire LETTER,

From the Original.

Directed to Mr. John Scolfield, in Church-lane, Rochester.

December 10

1723.

**F**IRAND *John Sefeld* I have send you a Barle of  
Ofters by *John Tetter* and I desire you to send  
me word on you Like them so I bock the Baste I  
could

could in oll *London*; and the man said he wold hop-  
 ould them to kep a fornet. But I would hafe you  
 to youes tham. ascoun as you can ConfeneLy and  
 I desire you to sand me wordē whear you wel hafe  
 a hole Barel or hafe one the nackes Gorenne But if  
 ther be anē outhet sorte that you thank you canlike  
 Better nor tham that I hafe sand you, I desire you  
 to lat me no, and I will do Baft Lean for you in any  
 respeck, the ousters cost 3 shelen and I had rit to  
 you forenou Bout I hafe had no time to do nothing  
 atall for whe hafe had a sad mesforton atouer houle  
 for whe hafe had ouer house Brocke and whe hafe  
 about 40 or 50 poundesworth of plate stole out of side  
 Bourde, and asers Bede sad thaat sarfens most Be  
 gelte of et, and I was nefer in so much troubel a-  
 bout nothing in all my Life: But my mesters and  
 I whant to *Jobnten whild* thef Cakeher in the *ould*  
*Bale* & he toulds hou the got in house, my mestres sade  
 she was glad that har sarfeens was clare and there  
 was another hous Brouk thes Last nite in our stret  
 Bout got 20 shelen in hapens in a grofers shope  
 and the wack satham and the ranawase and I bought  
 a congel crouke for *Harry Bamfoad*. and et came  
 douns in a bockes to mrs. *stott* and I horderd thiam  
 to Lefard to you, and I relased 2 shilen tordet, and  
 and et cost hafe a croune, and I desire you to thiem  
 that tha ma grencke the 6 penes amonche them in  
 the shope Mr. *Sisfeld* I desire you to gite my sarfes  
 to hefere body that hackes haster me. sonomore bot  
 your most homble sarfant

*Robert Shore,*

## Another from the Original.

*Hollkom Fery 26 1752*

**R**Obert *Ashworth* you must order that Pes that  
 I Leveret you to this Pateran and you must  
 Goo to witet ber, and tak 1 pes of *Allecksonder Wei-*  
*kater*. It Is Rert op to chemlepes In Grates It is a  
 sienwon

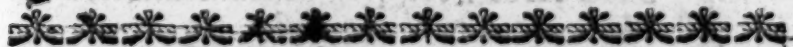
finewon that you moſt Get et A do boll blln and don  
your in Dever for me as I Lii o gret wee of for I  
want them In my Shop. Pot Som Sop to them and  
I will pee you.

## A Yorkshire LETTER

To an ATTORNEY, for his Advice.

SUR

**G** Anging dreely odt' Loyn anent t' Brigg weet  
cout odt' ton Hond, an o Poke o' Masfledin  
on him, an a bran Spau New Skeele it ruther, ot i'd  
guſt geanyan on Eleimpence for : two griesly Ill-  
fav'r'd Key o' *Jonny Lunds* lawpt fra amangſt Whinns,  
Or I thout they a baith a gaen full burr ower me :  
ſa I puncht Dout to gar him gan odt toan ſide, an  
he bein Skaddle ga file a Lawp ok if war ſore flay'd  
wad a ſwithurt ma intut Dyke. Sa I war fain to lig  
t'Skeele ot Grund an click hawd odt Poke, an  
while I war doin tat, yan odt Kye whimled ower  
it, trade ont, on dang it to tatters. Query Sur,  
Woont *Jonny Lund* be like to make Satisfackſhon ?



## E P I T A P H S.

On *Jo. GREEN*, late Sexton at Rochdale.

**H**ERE lies *Jo. Green*, who arch has been,  
And drove a gainful trade  
With powerful Death, 'till, out of Breath,  
He threw away his Spade.  
When Death beheld his comrade yield,  
He, like a cunning Knave,  
Came, ſoft as Wind, poor *Jo.* behind,  
And push'd him int' his Grave.  
Reader, one tear, if thou haſt one in ſtore,  
Since *Jo. Green's* tongue and Chin can wag no more.

On



On Mr. JOHN HAMER, Mathematician, late  
of Rochdale.

**H**O, Passenger ! see who lies here ;  
Perhaps 'tis worth thy knowing ;  
'Tis Hamer, the Philosopher,  
Whose Bellows have done blowing  
An arch and jovial Wight he was,  
And skill'd in Newton's Notions ;  
He could demonstrate by his Odds,  
The twirl o'th' heavenly Motions.  
Copernicus's System he  
Prov'd true, by Quam and candle ;  
And Harvest-Moons, familiarly,  
Like full Punch-Bowls did handle.  
Ah me ! what Pity 'tis he's gone !  
Say, Mortals, how it could be,  
That he was crann'd beneath this stone,  
Where Fools and Misses should be.

On Dr. Forster, late Vicar of Rochdale.

**F**ULL three Feet deep beneath this stone  
Lies our late Vicar Forster,  
Who clipp'd his sheep to th' very Bone,  
But said no Pater Noster.  
By ev'ry squeezing Way, 'tis said,  
Eight Hundred he rais'd yearly :  
Yet not a six-pence of this paid  
To th' Curate-----this looks queerly !  
His tenants all now praise the Lord  
With Hands lift up, and clapping.  
And thank grim death, with one accord,  
That he has ta'en him napping.  
To Lambeth's Lord now let us pray,  
No Pluralist he'll send us ;  
But should he do't, what must we say  
Why-----Lord above defend us !

The



The AUTHOR'S EPITAPH.

**A** *Yard beneath this heavy Stone,*  
*Lies Jack-of-all-Trades, good at none,*  
*A Weaver first, and then Shcool-Master ;*  
*A Scrivener next : then Poetaster.*  
*A Painter, Graver, and a Fluter,*  
*And Fame doth whisper, a C-----r :*  
*An Author, Carver, and Hedge-Clark :*  
*E Whoo-who-who, whot whofoo wark !*  
*He's laft um aw, to lie ith dark !*

**F I N I S.**

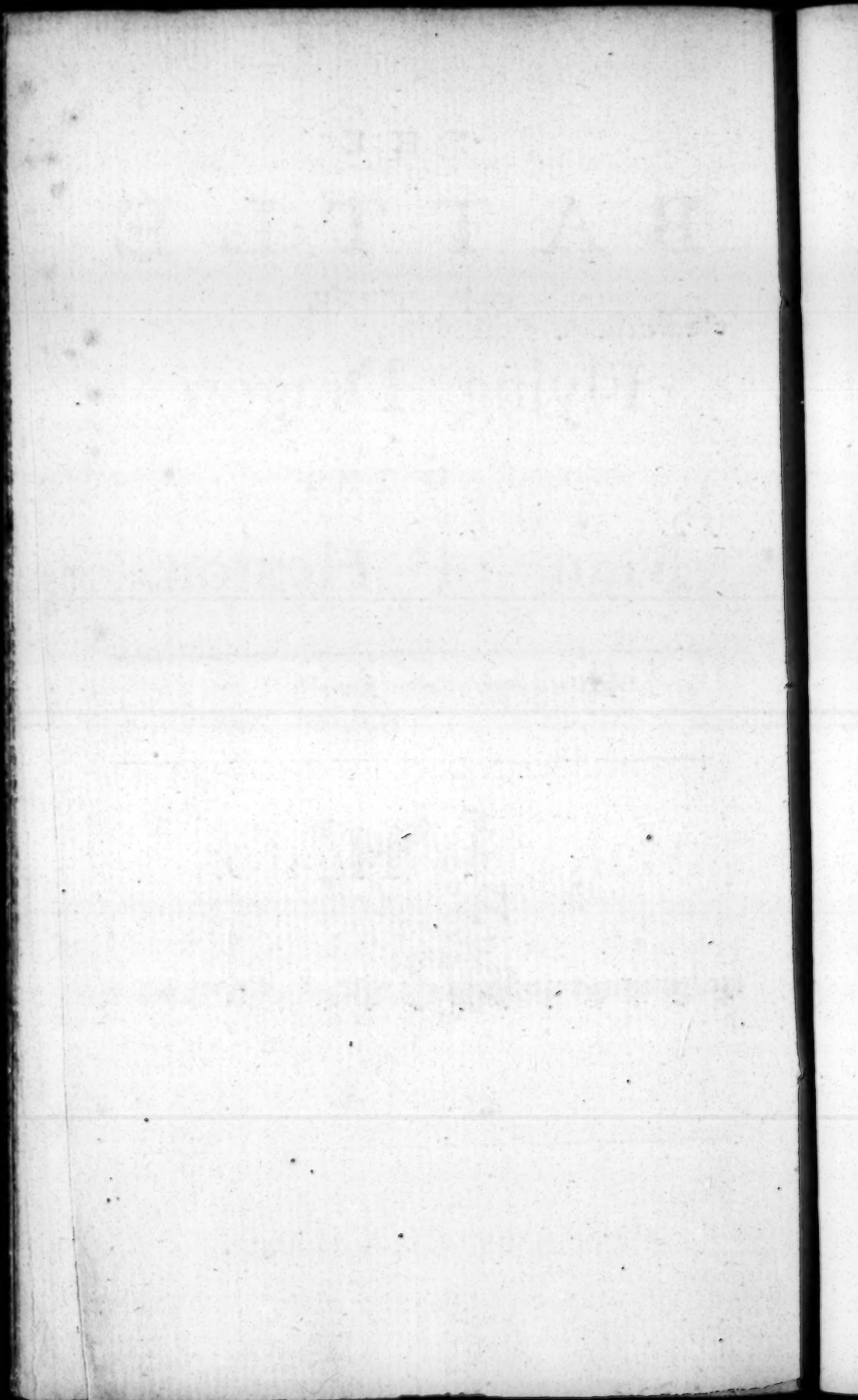




THE  
BATTLE  
OF THE  
Flying Dragon  
AND THE  
Man of Heaton.







THE  
BATTLE  
OF THE  
Flying Dragon  
AND THE  
Man of Heaton.

---

*Spectatum admissi risum teneatis ?*

Hor. Ars. Poet. ver. 5.

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Printed for the Author *Tim Bobbin*, and Mr.  
*Hastingsden*, Bookseller in *Manchester*.



TO THE  
READER.

I have very little to say to thee, O  
my Friend ; only, I hope by the  
following short Poem thou wilt  
see, that I wish Englishmen  
would be content to be English-  
men, both in Dress and Politicks.

FAREWELL.





---

T H E

# A R G U M E N T.

**A** Lancashire Beau being at London fell in love with the large Pig-tails and Ear-locks, and consequently brought the French Toys with him to Lancaster; business calling him to Sunderland, on that coast, and the day being uncommonly boisterous, he mounts his Courser, dress'd in the Pig tail, Ear-locks, &c. a la mode de Fra. The Toy roll'd on his shoulders till the blasts blew away both that, and the Ear-locks, they being fastned to the Tail with black Ribbons.

A Country man coming that way and seeing them blown about in the lane, takes the French medley for a Flying

Flying-Dragon, and after mature deliberation resolved to kill it. This produced three Battles ; at the latter end of which (the wind ceasing, and the Pig-tail lying still) he thought he had manfully perform'd. Elated with the exploit, he twists his Stick in the Ear-locks, and carries all before him aloft in the air, as Boys commonly do Adders ; till meeting the Rector of Heysham, he was, with much ado convinced ; and then in great confusion sneak'd away ; leaving his Reverence in possession of the monster ; who still keeps it at Heysham, and often shews it with much diversion to his friends.



T H E

# Flying Dragon

A N D T H E

# Man of Heaton.

**W**HAT Man alive tho' e'er so wise,  
With Spaniel's Nose, and Eagle's Eyes,  
Can tell this hour, what th' next will fling  
us,

Or whether joy, or sorrow bring us ;  
That no dispute there needs of this,

The



The Man of Heaton witness is ;  
A man he was, and very stout,  
But whether quite so wise, some doubt,  
And as my muse dare not decide,  
The foll'wing facts must be our guide.  
So leaving him in doubtful mood,  
Let's hint at one more understood.

Our other Hero, for we've two,  
Hight Mijnheer Skyppo Vanderloo,  
Was late arriv'd from that fam'd City,  
Half French, half English-ah, what pity!  
Where Courtiers, Pensioners, and place-  
men,  
By frequent In's, and Outs, disgrace men:  
Where doughty Squires to Knights are  
vamp'd;  
Where

Where half-thick Lords to Earls are  
stamp'd,

Where all the arts of Jockey-ship  
Are us'd, as at the Turf and Whip;  
Where one throws out his dearest brother  
And Statesmen Jostle one another ;  
Who lay their megrim brains together  
To make our feet find their own Leather ;

Our Eyes must see, sans sun or Candle,  
And in the day mope--dingle dangle ;  
Where Bribery's the chiefest Trade,  
And Laws against our Interest made ;  
Where Britain's fate is---hum---decided,  
And all'mongst W---s, and R---s divided !  
But stay ? shou'd I their actions paint

Our

Our heads wou'd ach; our hearts wou'd  
faint;

So leaving them, and their grand squab-  
ble,

My Muse of better things shall babble

This man I say was just come down,  
From that French-pig-tail foppish Town,  
As gay as Daw, in borrowed Plumes,  
And all the airs of Fop assumes.

His Ramille secundum artem,  
Was tofs'd up--, blefs me--, ah--ad fa-t-m!  
His Earlocks too--! nearEyebrows plac'd  
His Countenance genteelly grac'd,  
A Pig-tail dangling to his A---e,  
(O Truth, tis thou that shames my Verse)

Be'ing

Be'ing tagg'd with curious shining hair,  
 In various colours did appear;  
 With Powder dusted; smooth'd by Tonsure  
 He look'd as grand as Monkey Monfure!

His Nag high-mettl'd shin'd like Raven,  
 Both Sire and Dam, of blood in Craven:  
 He mounted, hem'd---fill'd Cheeks with  
 wind;

Spur'd Nag--(who answer'd from behind)  
 Away he flew---Now boisterous Boreas,  
 Vex'd to see Man so vainly glorious,  
 Resolv'd this Champion's pride to humble  
 And make his furious Courser stumble,  
 But finding soon this Scheme to fail,  
 He aimed his force at the Pig-tail,



And whisk'd it round both back and  
 shoulder,

Still he rode on--and still look'd bolder!

Boreas chagrin'd and gall'd with pain,

At Ear-locks blew, with might and  
 main,

Not dreaming of their b'ing ally'd,

And to the Tail so closely ty'd.

All Skyppo's head attire so gay,

The blast had nearly blown away,

When Fortune raising ruff'd hand,

Kept Wig, and Beaver on their stand;

But Pig-tail with the Ear-locks new,

Away with Boreas waving flew,

Our Hero spruce ne'er miss'd the Toy,

But rode for Sunderland with Joy;

Thinking

Thinking to shew the fashion new;

Which fight wou'd make one laugh---or  
spew.

B: 2:

PART.



## P A R T II.

**B**UT who comes next---! The Man of  
Heaton,

Whose very name old time hath eaten:

For Authors in this point do vary;

Some call him *Roaf*, some *Will*, some *Harry*,

But I incline for private reason

To call him *Oamfrey*, at this season;

And sometimes *Noamp*, perhaps may fit,

As suits my Rhime, or helps my wit.

But on he comes---; and Fame rehearſes

His Noſe, two feet, before his A--ſe is;

A truſty

A trusty Knob-stick fill'd his hand  
 And thought no power cou'd him with-  
 stand.

When lo---! his lifted Eyes assail  
 A long, black, thing; with Wings and tail  
 The Wings quick moving with the wind;  
 The Tail in curls, turn'd up behind:  
 So *Oamfrey* stops his fauntering course,  
 And unto musing had resourse.  
 Then stamp'd his Knob-stick on the  
 ground,  
 And crying in amaze profound,  
 I'th neme o'Jesus, say--whot' art;  
 That two black tungs sto meawth con-  
 dart?

Whooas twist'd Body's like the Hurn



O'that fem'd becoft the Unicorn !

I fay, whot art ? Ith' neme o God--!

My ftick fhall---howd--I've heard a rod

Of Willow, will demolifh foon

The direft Snake below the Moon.

With that flout *Noamp* his Thwittle  
drew,

And on the edge three times he blew ;

Then from the Hedge, he in a crack,

Brings a tough Willow with him back ;

But whilft the leaves he from it ftrips,

Acrofs the Lane, the Dragon fhips !

Quoth he---I fee theaw'rt marching off,

Boh howd o bit---; this Willow tough

Shall, if ftrengh fail not, ftop thy flight ;

So

So strikes the Pig-tail with his might,  
 And cry's out boh--! then quick returns ;  
 Then gives a stroke--then backward runs,  
 The monstrous Animal up flew,  
 And Oamfrey starting, quick withdrew :  
 His Eyes oth' stare; his face grew pale;  
 With open mouth he view'd the Tail,  
 Which briskly wanton'd in the wind ;  
 Then swore---It's of the Dragon-kind !

On deep reflection he grew tardy,  
 And thought it fin to be fool-hardy.  
 If I con seve meh sell; quoth he,  
 Whot's Flying-Dragon's unto me ?  
 There con no wisdom be I trow  
 In feighting things we dunnaw know ;

For should it chonce fly e meh fece  
I'm deeo'd osTripe--witheawt God'sGrece  
So Oamfrey he the Wand threw down;  
Took up his Stick, and march'd for Town..

P: A: R: T: .



## P A R T III.

**T**WO Roods he had not gone before,  
 A blast of wind the Monster bore,  
 Within two Yards of *Oamfrey's* Stick,  
 Which vex'd our Hero to the quick.  
 Quo *Noamp*, be this I plently see  
 It mun be oather thee, or me :  
 And fin 'tis so, I'll never run,  
 Boh kill, or dee before eh done.

Then in a Passion from his hand,  
 He threw his Stick and fetch'd the Wand;  
And



And poor Pig-tail with Courage fresh,  
 And all his might began to thresh;  
 But still the Dragon kept the Field,  
 Cock'd up his Tail, and scorn'd to yield.

This furious Combat by report,  
 Did last till *Oamfrey's* Stick grew short,  
 And a cessation, as Fame reckons,  
 Continued, till he got fresh Weapons.  
 But *Oamfrey* having luck to find,  
 A Weapon to his murdering mind,  
 Says softly thus unto himself,  
 Theaw feights for Honour, not for Pelf;  
 And if theaw gets this direfoo beawt,  
 Thy Feme will bleze, on ne'er gooa out.

Then

Then hemming twice---spits on his  
Hand,

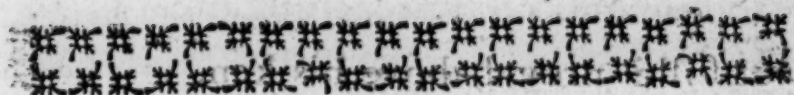
And snatches up the Magic Wand,  
Resolv'd to do a feat to brag on,  
So strikes with all his might, the Dragon:  
And thus the Battle was renew'd,  
And both sides to their Tackle stood.

Again fierce *Oamfrey's* Stick did dwindle  
Into the length of common Spindle ;  
But thinking now the Battle gain'd,  
Because he with no Blood was stain'd ;  
Resolv'd to fetch another switch,  
To kill outright this Dragon-Witch.

Now while this third great Duel lasted,  
Fierce *Oamfrey's* strength was almost wasted

The

The Dragon too, now wanting breath,  
 Had syptoms of approaching dreath ;  
 And ev'ry Member seem'd to fail ;  
 He hardly stirring Wing or Tail ;  
 For Boreas likewise tir'd at length  
 Had quite exhausted all his strength,  
 And all was hush----so Fortune gave  
 The Field, and Battle to the brave !  
 And Pig-tail lies as still as Stone,  
 As tho' to live, it ne'er had known  
 And thus the Dragon here was slain,  
 Whilst Oamfrey lives, to Fight again.



## P A R T IV.

**O**U R Hero's Courage none can  
doubt ;

Nor love of Fame was he without,

For when this glorious Feat was done

And such a Victory fairly won,

Ambitious *Oamfrey* in a crack,

Put Kersey Coat, on sweating back ;

And then with cautious stare he view'd

C

The



The Dragon ; which he'd hack'd and  
hew'd ;

But still it prov'd above his ken,  
And as it might do, to wiser men,

Here *Oamfrey* musters up his senses,  
And pride threw down all meek pre-  
tences ;

So he resolv'd he'd boldly bear  
In triumph, all the spoils of War.  
With this intent his ample Foot,  
Held down the Pig-tail, whilst he put  
His stick within the frizzl'd Hair,  
And thus before him did it bear.

Ten Furlongs he'd triumphing past;  
 But met no mortal man or beast :  
 When lo---! he met with Heart full glee-  
     some,  
 The Rev'rend Rector, stil'd of Hey-  
     sham.

The Parson star'd, whilst *Oamfrey* held  
 The Dragon, which he'd lately kill'd :  
 And after clearing up his Weafand,  
 He query'd thus, to know the reason.

Why *Oamfrey*, man ! what have you  
     got  
 Upon your stick ? That I know not.

Where did you find the Tawdry  
Thing?

Tawdry---! quo, *Noamp*---! why, 't has  
a Sing.

A Sting Man--! <sup>♪</sup> nay, no more than  
you :

Byth' Mafs good Parson that's naw  
true :

Look at its Tungs---; its Sting's ith  
Tele,

Or else I'm fure my senses fail.

True---; quoth his Rev-rence, that may  
be ;

And in that point we both agree :

But if my Eyes, like thine, don't fail

It

It is, tho' large, a French pig-tail.

A Pigtele Pars'n ! That's good fun :

No moor thin Bacco-pipe's a Gun :

Why, 'twas alive ten Minutes since,

An that I'll swear, be King or

Prince ;

Nay, more thin that, it flew abeawt,

An that no Swine-tele, or his Sneawt

Cou'd ever doo, sin Noah's flood :

An this I will maintene for good.

The Rector laugh'd, and Noamp look'd

four,

For to convince he wanted pow'r :



Nor cou'd *Noamp* to his thoughts give  
vent,  
As anger cork'd up argument.

His Rev'rence then began again-  
To reason thus ? Why, look ye Man ;  
This is Black Silk ; and this is Hair :  
Feel---and believe---you need not stare.  
Not stare ? Why Pars'n did naw  
you  
Affirm just neaw, o thing naw true :  
Did naw yo sey it wur a Pig-tele,  
Which 'tis no moor thin 'tis a Snig-  
tele :

Why

Why Man! but so they call the  
Thing;

You see't has neither Head nor Sting;  
These Ribbands are to tie it on,  
As you shall see; I'll do anon.

His Rev'ence then his Wig took off,  
And *Noamp* began to hem and cough;  
His doubts he found to disappear,  
And that he'd got wrong Sow by th'  
Ear:

For as the Parson was adjusting,  
Things grew the more, and more disgusting,

But when he put o'er all his Wig;

“The

" The D---l ta' yer Tele o' Pig--- !

" What sence is there e Tele so black,

" That's teed toth' Heed, an rows  
o'th Back :

" If they'd ha' Things weh netur jump,

" The Tele shou'd awlus ston o'th  
Rump ;

" That Fok moot know oytch foolish  
Brat

" For Munkey greyt, or Meawntin Cat

" Boh Gawbies neaw gin Kerf'n nemes,

" To things, naw hardly fit for flames."

So Oamfrey grumblin budg'd away,

But neither bad good Night, or Day.

The

The Rector laugh'd, and laugh'd again  
 At *Oamfrey's* notions thro' the Scene,  
 And took the Pig-tail with him home,  
 For sport to friends in Time to come,  
 And keeps it to this very Day.  
At Heysham, as my Authors say.

F I N I S





